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No. 518

October, 1933

Vol. 261

1. After the Verdict.
2. Chamberlain: The Second Phase. By Sir Ian Malcolm K.C.M.G.
3. The Fascist Idea in Britain. By W. E. D. Allen.
4. Leeuwenhoek and his Little "Beasties." By S. Wood.
5. Anglophobia in Japan. By H. Vere Redman.
6. The Clergy and Social Science. By The Rev. Clement F. Rogers.
7. The Vindication of William Bligh. By Owen Rutter.
8. Blue-Shirts and the I.R.A.
9. The Machine and its Purpose. By W. F. Watson.
10. John Wesley. By Gilbert Thomas.
11. Ferrero on War.
12. Some Aspects of Disarmament.
13. Some Recent Books.

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 518.—OCTOBER, 1933.

Art. 1.—AFTER THE VERDICT.

1. *The Lawbreaker*. By the late E. Roy Calvert and Theodora Calvert. Routledge, 1933.
2. *Courts and Judges in France, Germany and England*. By R. C. K. Ensor. Oxford, 1933.
3. *Psychology in Court*. By a Doctor. Williams and Norgate, 1933.
4. *The Health of the Mind*. By J. R. Rees, M.D. Faber, 1929.
5. *The Psychology of the Criminal*. By M. Hamblin Smith, M.D. Methuen, 1925.
6. *Report of the Commissioners of Prisons, 1931*. Command 1933, No. 4295.
7. *Boys in Trouble. A Study of Adolescent Crime and its Treatment*. By L. le Mesurier. Murray, 1931.

To give a fair verdict on the evidence must always be the foremost duty of a criminal court and no enthusiasm for the wise handling of offenders can safely be allowed to interfere with its performance. This may seem a truism, but there is a tendency in some would-be reformers of our judicial system to ignore it. Among some members of Children's Courts, for instance, an enthusiasm to place a child under supervision is sometimes apt to obliterate their duty to ascertain first whether in fact the child has done what is alleged. Again, some ardent believers in psychotherapy as a method of handling offenders are apt to make a similar mistake. Thus Dr Hamblin Smith, until recently Medical Officer of Birmingham Prison, wrote in the book mentioned above that examinations made just after conviction are apt to be 'most misleading,' and he

Vol. 261.—No. 518.

pleaded that 'examinations before trial should be the rule.' From the point of view of psychology and treatment there may be much in favour of this view, but in advancing it this distinguished doctor ignored the vital fact that the accused person may not in fact have committed the offence with which he has been charged. A compulsory examination of an accused person before the verdict may give better opportunities to the psychologist, but it is not a procedure that public opinion is likely to approve.

Up to the point of the verdict our English system of criminal justice has very real advantages over those of other countries. It is undoubtedly full of anomalies, but it works well on the whole. Its greatest drawback is that it enables so many guilty people to escape their deserts. If the late Mr Roy Calvert (whose untimely death at the age of 35 is such a loss to the science of penology) was correct in writing, and it seems common-sense, that 'it is a commonly accepted principle that certainty of detection, arrest and conviction is far more potent to prevent crime than mere severity of punishment,' then we must admit that our system does less than it could to prevent crime. Our very high standards of proof, our rigid exclusion of all previous offences, and the vagaries of trial by jury (which applies, however, in practice to only 14 per cent. of indictable crimes and to no non-indictable crimes) might not unreasonably be regarded as an incentive to the commission of crime. The chances of 'getting off' when detected are considerable. Another drawback of our system is its very high expense. This will in future be checked now that the Grand Jury has once more, and we may hope finally, been abolished, but still a criminal trial in one of our higher courts costs the public considerably more than does a similar trial elsewhere. But the escape of many offenders and the heavy cost of trials are prices that we are willing to pay in order to ensure that so far as is humanly possible the innocent shall not be convicted.

In fundamentals there is very little criticism that can be brought against our system of trial up to the verdict. But criticism may fairly be brought against some of its details. One illustration must suffice. When an accused person is not legally represented at the trial (and only

a small proportion are), our methods do not work well because they are based on the cross-examination of witnesses. All the witnesses for the prosecution have to be called and the accused has the opportunity of cross-examining them before he is given an opportunity of explaining his case. But as a rule laymen cannot cross-examine. The accused is often snubbed into silence when, invited to cross-examine, he begins to pour out his story, which is the natural thing for him to do. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, an unrivalled master of our laws of evidence, used to complain that the accused, 'not knowing how to cross-examine, is at last reduced to utter perplexity and thinks it respectable to be silent.' This, he said, 'is a scene which most lawyers know by heart, but which I can never hear without pain.' But this scene can still be witnessed almost daily in our criminal courts. As remedies for such defects in our system a Public Defender or universal legal aid have been put forward, but either course would be extremely expensive. A substantial improvement might be attained by a simple change of procedure that would cost nothing. An accused who is not represented by a solicitor or counsel might be invited to tell his story at an earlier stage than is now permitted and be relieved from the task of cross-examination, a task that can be done far better by the judge or magistrate, but which the judge or magistrate cannot do until he is informed of the case of the accused. Our present rule, framed in the interests of the accused, that the prosecution must prove its case before the accused is invited to tell his story, does not work well when the accused has no legal assistance. That matters in this respect have not improved since the days of Fitzjames Stephen can be shown by the following passage from 'A Doctor,' who is also a Justice of the Peace: 'When told, as is the custom, that he may ask the accusing witness questions, he begins a statement; and when ordered to shut up, as also is the custom, he subsides into mortified silence which too often is taken as acquiescence in the charge.' No. 9 (2) of the new Rules for the conduct of Children's Courts (which are to come into force on Nov. 1, 1933) accepts the principle of the change here advocated. When accused children are not legally represented, the court is to put 'such questions as

it thinks necessary' to the witnesses for the prosecution, and in order to know what questions are necessary the court 'may question the children' before they give their own evidence.

But details apart, we in this country may fairly claim to have evolved a fairer system for ascertaining guilt than any other country, and this is said by one who is not as a rule prone to join in the chorus of self-praise in which English lawyers perpetually indulge. The same cannot be said of the work of our criminal courts when a verdict of guilty has been pronounced. After the verdict our system is far from being as good as it could be, and does not compare favourably with some other systems. Our judges and magistrates in this country have a unique position and the public confidence in them is very high. In any proposals for reform nothing must be done to jeopardise these advantages, but there is a danger lest we allow the prestige of the Bench to blind us to defects which our increasing knowledge is revealing. Those who scrutinise our judicial system dispassionately cannot escape the impression that our Bench is better equipped for, and more successful in, its task of ascertaining guilt than in its work of dealing with offenders when found guilty. The praise that is lavished, and deservedly so, upon our Bench is mainly because of its work before the verdict. In all that happens to offenders against the criminal law after the verdict very substantial changes have been made during the present century, but our Bench remains as it was.

In the first place it is necessary that we should realise that our system does not require any training for the Bench in the conduct of a criminal court after the verdict. Our Bench, whether composed of lay justices, stipendiary magistrates, Recorders, or High Court judges, receives no training in penology. This generation has witnessed the provision of an increasing number of alternative methods for dealing with convicted offenders; we have (save in a few cases of which murder is alone important) no minimum sentences such as exist in Germany and elsewhere, and notoriously in America; Probation has come and is capable of almost unlimited elasticity; modern psychology is teaching us many new methods for curbing criminal propensities; our prison system is being reformed

in the endeavour to reform the offender, and so on. But in spite of these and other developments the choice of the method of handling the offender and the duration of his sentence remain in the decision of men who have had no training to guide them. As Mr Ensor has recently written, 'the English judge, while an expert in conducting a trial, is usually quite an amateur in passing sentences,' and the same applies to Recorders and stipendiary magistrates; the lay justices, the 'Great Unpaid,' are experts neither before nor after the verdict. Mr and Mrs Calvert went so far as to say that 'most judges and magistrates are not only untrained for their task of determining treatment, but they are most of them ignorant of the nature of the treatment which they prescribe.' No thoughtful student of our criminal courts can gainsay this, especially if he moves among those who work on the Bench. Nor can we honestly deny the relevance of this simile from the same book: 'Imagine a hospital where the question of admission was decided not by a doctor, but by an untried layman whose word was final, the hospital being compelled to accept such patients as he chose, and to retain them for the length of time which he specified.' The prestige of the Bench must not be allowed to preclude us from saying these things or from thinking out possible improvements in our system. This generation has seen a disturbing extension of the judge-made doctrine of 'contempt of court'; when, in 1742, Lord Hardwicke established the principle that criticism of the higher Bench could be punished, he was dealing with 'scandalising the court itself.' Few would dispute the necessity for penalising such conduct, though the facts that magistrates, who come most closely into touch with the people, have no such protection and do not suffer from its absence, should convince us that very rare use should be made of this procedure. In recent years, however, the scope of procedure for 'contempt of court' has been considerably widened. In the 'New Statesman' case in 1928 very mild criticism of a High Court judge was penalised and in the 'Truth' case in 1931 it is difficult to see that the administration of justice suffered by what was written. Though these doctrines only apply to our higher judges, the doctrine of 'contempt of court' has permeated right through our judicial system. It is possible to have the

highest respect for our Bench and to be free from any desire to bring it into contempt and yet to believe sincerely that to-day we need an abundance of honest criticism. Where, for instance, courts make no substantial use of the Probation Acts, there should be an outcry, restrained but firm, yet there are courts to-day where Probation is a dead letter—and nobody takes action. When a court, even a Bench of lay magistrates, criticises a public body, it is very seldom that any reply is thought permissible, and there have been cases where considered public policy has been deflected merely because some one on the Bench, who could not have been in possession of the full facts, has made some criticism of the hitherto existing procedure.

It is important that the public should realise that in all our criminal courts the fate of delinquents is in the hands of those who have been through no training in penology. It is also necessary that it should be realised that a knowledge of penology does not come from experience in the criminal courts. There is learned the art—and it is a great and invaluable art—of conducting a trial fairly. Long practice in the criminal courts may train a man in all the essentials for a criminal judge up to the point of the verdict, but it will give him no knowledge that will equip him for his work after the verdict. It is worth while to remember that the essential qualities necessary to conduct a criminal trial fairly can be acquired elsewhere than in the criminal courts. Many men have reached even the High Court Bench who have never, or not since their earliest days at the junior Bar, been inside a criminal court. Sometimes such men make criminal judges of even greater eminence than many who had vast experience of criminal trials when at the Bar. In a former generation Sir James Willes (Judge of Common Pleas, 1855–1872), Sir Robert Lush (Queen's Bench Judge, 1865–1880), and Lord Lindley (Judge of Common Pleas, 1875–1881) were all great judges in criminal causes, but none of them had any considerable experience in the criminal courts before their appointments. Of the last-named so experienced a criminal lawyer as Sir Harry Poland said that he was 'one of the most satisfactory whom I have ever practised before.' In our own day Lord Atkin was a distinguished criminal judge from 1913 to 1919 without having had any recent or continuous



experience at the criminal Bar. The explanation of these phenomena is that our civil courts have conducted their work on much the same methods as our criminal courts, so by a training in the civil courts a barrister, if he has the judicial mind, has been qualified to conduct a criminal trial—up to the moment of the verdict. We may not unreasonably doubt whether this will long continue to be so, for, happily for civil litigants, our civil courts are drifting farther and farther away from the methods of criminal trial. The demand for speedy and cheap justice is breaking down the historic methods of civil trial. A barrister whose professional life has been spent in the invigorating atmosphere of the Commercial Court or of the New Procedure is not likely to feel at home in the conduct of a criminal trial, with its rigid adherence to the laws of evidence and its insistence on formal proof of all relevant facts; already legal gossip has tales to tell of startling performances in criminal trials by commercial lawyers suddenly elevated to the Bench. But the main point here is that whether a judge, Recorder, or stipendiary magistrate has or has not the abilities of a good criminal judge, and whether he has previous experience in the criminal courts or not, the fact is that for all his work after the verdict he is entirely untrained. For these responsibilities it may even be a drawback if he has practised much in the criminal courts as a barrister, for, having thus seen much of sentences, he may tend when promoted to the Bench to perpetuate the methods of his predecessors and to be ill-disposed to make use of new methods for handling delinquents.

How little the points so far made have been realised either by the general public or by lawyers or the Bench can easily be seen in some of the proposals for reform that are put forward to-day. The suggestion is, for instance, often made that the 'Great Unpaid' should be superseded by stipendiary magistrates, a suggestion that is not entirely disinterested when, as often happens, it emanates from members of the Bar. Such a change (which would, of course, be very expensive to the community) could only be justified if it were shown that the lay justices tend to give wrong verdicts, since for the problems of a Police Court after the verdict the lay justices have both as much and as little training and

knowledge as stipendiary magistrates, Recorders, or High Court judges. The ex-Mayor, the local doctor, the senior trade union official, or even the retired colonel, may well possess on the Bench as much knowledge of penology as the professional administrator of the law; if, as happens in many cases, the lay justice has, on his appointment to the Bench, set himself to study the problems after the verdict, he may even know more than his professional brethren. Some lay Benches are far better than some stipendiary magistrates. This is not the place to say to what extent the strictures of the anonymous 'Solicitor' in his trenchant book 'English Justice' are well founded, but it is significant that so bitter a critic as he is not in favour of supplanting the lay justices by stipendiary magistrates. Merely to supersede the lay justices by ex-practising barristers might (though this has not been proved) improve the quality of the verdicts given, for laymen would give way to experts; but such a change would do little to improve the quality of sentences, since amateurs would be superseded by amateurs.

A strange fact has to be faced in this connection. Some of the lay Benches may be as bad as 'Solicitor' paints them, but among many of them a greater keenness and eagerness to study penology is shown than among the professional magistrates, Recorders, or judges. The Magistrates' Association is almost entirely composed of the lay justices; with two notable exceptions the stipendiary magistrates have given it but little assistance and have practised an Olympian aloofness. But this Association has many reforms to its credit and it is in constant touch with the Government Departments concerned with the administration of justice. It would be very difficult to point to any change that has been made in the law as the result of suggestions from the professional Bench. This unfortunate feature of our judicial system—the indifference of the professional Bench to the need for reform—runs right through our courts. When Parliament, in the endeavour to secure that our methods for administering justice shall be kept up to date, has decreed that our 'pukka' judges or magistrates shall meet together periodically for mutual deliberation, the results have been strangely meagre. Sometimes there has even

been a refusal to obey the law, as in the case of the High Court judges who ever since 1873 have been bound to meet and report annually on 'any defects which may appear to exist in the system of procedure or the administration of the law in the High Court or the Court of Appeal or in any other court from which any appeal lies to the High Court' (which includes all our ordinary courts of justice). In fact, the Council of Judges has met about half a dozen times and very few annual reports have been made. In the cases of County Court judges and the London stipendiary magistrates the prescribed meetings have been held, but it is rare for constructive proposals for reform to emanate from either; they appear to be mainly social functions, valuable as such, but not what Parliament intended. The professional Bench in this country has always been prone to criticise changes when others have put them forward and very seldom, if ever, has it advocated reforms itself. The big reforms in our judicial system have come as a rule from independent thinkers via politicians and Government Departments and in recent years the 'Great Unpaid' have contributed their full quota. Hitherto, as was pointed out in an article in the 'Quarterly Review' of last July, appointments to our professional Bench, high or low, have tended to be given to those who after a strenuous life at the Bar 'long for the quiet and ease of the Bench.' When this happens, it is not surprising that a reluctance to accept and a refusal to initiate reform are characteristics of the professional Bench.

In order to secure the wisest treatment of offenders has not the time arrived when by some means or other all those who conduct criminal trials should be equipped with a minimum knowledge of penology? For several years the Home Office has endeavoured to secure that our under-paid Probation Officers shall be trained in many aspects of penology and doubtless further steps in this direction will be made in future. How can this movement be limited to those who carry out the decisions of the Bench? Yet so overwhelming is the prestige of our Bench that it has never yet been suggested that the Bench itself should be trained, and the very suggestion may seem to some like 'contempt of court.' But in this connection recent developments in Holland are both

instructive and significant. In 1930 the Dutch penal system\* was overhauled and we English may take pride in the fact that many of the recent reforms in our prisons were copied. But while we reform our prisons, we do not reform the courts that send people there. The Dutch have done both. They have recognised that the judge in criminal cases needs both special knowledge and practical experience and they have accordingly separated those judges who do civil work from those who conduct criminal trials. For the latter a three years' course in criminology, psychology and sociology has been prescribed. As this system matures, it should produce remarkable results. It would be difficult to give such a formal training to our criminal Bench because our judges, Recorders and stipendiary magistrates are appointed in mid-life from the practising Bar and only an earthquake would make us change this system. But none the less we should do well to consider this Dutch innovation and investigate how far its commendable spirit could be engrafted on to our system. There is also a fine idea behind a recent innovation in Germany where under 'Nazi' rule it has been decreed that embryo judges shall spend three weeks in 'a community camp,' doing the normal fatigues of camp life. The purpose is to break down class barriers and to ensure that future judges shall know what manual labour is.†

Not only does our system provide no training for those who have to decide the fate of offenders, we do not expect of our Bench that its members shall equip themselves for this work after they have been appointed. A strange feature of our system is that, despite the great advances made in penology during this century and despite the many new methods now available to our courts for dealing with offenders, very few members of our Bench have any doubts about their competence to sentence offenders wisely; nor has public opinion generally reached the stage of having any doubts itself. We all seem to assume that ordinary common-sense is all that is required. Mr Ensor tells this story in his book: 'During the latter half of the late Lord Alverstone's long career as Lord

\* These facts have been taken from an article in 'Tribunal' (Howard League), by Judge N. Muller, of the court of Amsterdam.

† 'The Times,' July 12, 1933.

Chief Justice [1900-1913] the present writer once asked him at dinner whether he was interested in books on criminology and penology. He replied that he never read any, adding in his downright way, without the slightest suspicion of its absurdity, "I prefer to rely on common-sense." Mr Ensor tells the story as something remarkable, but even to-day ninety-nine men out of every hundred on the Bench, from High Court judge to lay justice, would, if he too were 'downright,' say the same. Our Bench always relies on common-sense rather than on knowledge. Common-sense is an invaluable quality and without it no expert knowledge is of much use in a criminal court, but more than common-sense is required in the criminal court of to-day. A few members of the Bench pay occasional visits to prisons, such visits sometimes proving as artificial as the inspection of a regiment by a general. But those on the Bench who have visited prisons are but a small minority, and it is very doubtful if any of those in our higher judicial posts have ever been inside a Borstal Institution, a Remand Prison, a Home Office School, a Hostel, etc. It is not without significance that many women are still sentenced to 'hard labour' when in fact 'hard labour' for women was abolished many years ago.

In the days when the choice of the Bench after the verdict was merely between binding the delinquent over and sending him to prison, or between a long and a short sentence of imprisonment, it did not matter much that the Bench was not acquainted with penological theories. Common-sense and humanity were all that were required, and for those qualities our Bench in modern times has always been, as it is now, conspicuous. But our need to-day, realised by all experts who have offenders under their control, is for a greater understanding of the offender and for the choice of a method of dealing with him that is the most likely to reform him. Our present prison system rightly requires that wherever possible attempts be made to send the delinquent out a better man than he was when he came in; it is slowly being re-modelled in the effort to curb the offender's criminal tendencies. Can the Bench that has to decide the mode of his handling and the duration of his sentence remain unaffected by this spirit? The development of Probation as a method

of dealing with offenders who are reclaimable demands greater knowledge on the Bench than ever before, for it is a system of almost unlimited elasticity. Under Acts of Parliament of 1907 and 1914 all our criminal courts from Police Courts to Assizes can place almost any offender on Probation, may choose a Probation Officer, and may lay down for the probationary years any conditions which 'having regard to the particular circumstances of the case' the court may 'consider necessary for preventing a repetition of the same offence or the commission of other offences.' The offender may be ordered to live in a named institution and there is a wide choice of these; he may be ordered to undergo medical or psychological treatment, and so on. To use these wide powers wisely requires, one would think, immense knowledge in the Bench, both of modern theories of penology and of existing institutions. But save in rare cases this knowledge is not to-day in the possession of the Bench. Common-sense is not an all-sufficing substitute, greatly though it helps towards a wise decision.

Much exaggeration is written and spoken to-day in the name of psychology. Crime, we are told, is a disease; Dr Hamblin Smith has written that 'the freedom of the will' has 'no place in any scientific scheme'; Dr Grace Pailthorpe has written in her somewhat unconvincing book 'What We Put In Prison' that 'we should look upon the so-called criminals . . . as psychologically sick or defective persons,' and so on. Such expressions of opinion do not help; they tend to bring into ridicule those who are contending for the more intelligent handling of delinquents and to justify those whose vision is closed to modern theories. As Dr Norwood East wrote in the last annual report of the Prison Commissioners, 'no medical psychologist, as far as I know, has as yet any extensive experience in this method of dealing with crime.' But a smile at the exaggerations of some psychologists is not inconsistent with a whole-hearted belief that in many cases and for certain kinds of offence psycho-therapeutic treatment can be very valuable. To quote Dr Norwood East again, 'one is certainly faced from time to time with prisoners for whom a more complete psychological investigation seems well worth a trial.' One of our more moderate medico-psychologists, Dr J. R. Rees (deputy



director of the Institute of Medical Psychology), has written: 'There can surely be few things more important than that it should be impressed upon society at large, and upon those responsible for dealing with delinquencies of various kinds, that they are *in every case* illnesses. Punishment may be necessary, and in a few cases, if wisely thought out, is of advantage; but the essential thing is that illness, whether it be physical or mental in nature, should be treated.' Few will be inclined to accept the words 'in every case' that have been italicised above, but of many types of anti-social conduct these opinions of Dr Rees are entirely true.

Space does not permit of many illustrations. What can be more perplexing to a Bench than a person, possibly married and apparently happily married, found guilty of 'indecent exposure'? Both the motive inducing the offence and the satisfaction obtained by the offender must be mysteries to every lay mind, and both common-sense and humanity are inadequate to enable any one to decide how best to deal with the offender. Indignation at the offence and sympathy for the insulted people are alike felt, but the main duty of the Bench is to do what is humanly possible to prevent a repetition of the offence, and how can this be achieved without the fullest understanding of the offender? The way in which these cases are dealt with to-day shows very clearly the weakness of our present system. The last year for which official statistics exist is 1931. According to the volume of Criminal Statistics for that year (issued in 1933) 1548 persons were brought before the courts for this strange offence and of these 1300 were found guilty. Four hundred and twelve were sent to prison without the option of a fine and 649 were dealt with by fines, this entailing neither treatment nor supervision. Can we be satisfied with either method? Only 119 Probation Orders were made; in these 119 cases the offenders were allowed to continue their normal lives, but were placed for a year or more under the supervision of a Probation officer and psychological or other treatment may have been, but in most cases probably was not, ordered as well. In all only 14 of the 1300 were sent to institutions other than prisons. Valuable information is also given in the Report of the Commissioners of Prisons for 1931 (also

issued in 1933). According to this report 560 persons were imprisoned for this offence, 127 of these reaching prison in default of paying fines. Of these 560 persons sent to prison 20 were between 16 and 21 years old and 187 were between 21 and 30. No reasonable person believes that all these 560 cases could have been successfully handled by psycho-therapy, but the probability is that a large proportion of them could have been so dealt with, especially the 207 who were under 30 years old. The public is ill protected from future insults by this type of offender—and surely this should be the main object of punishment—by locking him or her up for a few weeks or months in prison; what may well have been a prominent cause in inducing the offence may continue unabated in prison and by very reason of the life in prison the prisoner may well be worse on discharge. It is significant that of the many men and youths sent to prison for this offence in 1931 no less than 255 were 'known to have previous proved offences'; of the 78 women prisoners no less than 70 come under this category; 169 of the 482 men and youths and 49 of the 78 women were 'known to have previous sentences of imprisonment.' If the Commissioners could state the proportion of the 1300 persons found guilty of this offence about whom the Bench received medical or psychological reports before dealing with them, the results would alone fully justify what is written in this article. The result of relying solely on common-sense seems clear in the above figures. To say this is not to claim that prison can always be avoided in these cases; psychological treatment will not avail unless there is co-operation on the part of the offender, and unhappily plenty of sexual offenders and exhibitionists have no wish to be rid of their habits. But before a sentence of imprisonment is imposed, the Bench should surely satisfy itself through expert assistance that there is no alternative.

Mere common-sense fails even in elementary matters. In 1931 our courts sent to prison 6593 husbands and fathers for not paying the amounts ordered for the support of their wives and children. That figure rises and falls year by year with the rise or fall of the percentage of unemployment. In 1931 that percentage was 21·3. In 1917, when the unemployment percentage was 0·7, there

were only 1195 of such imprisonments. These facts, which have compelled the appointment of a Departmental Committee of inquiry, indicate that an elementary study of social conditions, as well as a study of penological theories, would not be amiss as a training for work on the Bench.

There is another feature of the judicial attitude towards penology that is to-day an anachronism. Not only is our Bench composed of those who received no training in penology before their appointment, not only is no training or education required after appointment, but our system after the verdict deprecates any help or suggestion being volunteered to the Bench by those who have the greatest opportunities for studying the offender. It should never be forgotten that the occupant of the dock is frequently in a bewildered condition. His demeanour during his trial is often a valuable guide to the Bench, but it is at least equally often misleading. Some accused appear truculent by very reason of their shyness; others appear modest and penitent because they are merely cowed. It stands to reason that Court Missionaries and Probation Officers, or Governors and Medical Officers of prisons where an accused spends a week or more on remand, are better able to understand the accused than a Bench that only sees him during the trial. One of the most valuable services rendered by Police Court Missions is that their Court Missionaries are able to see the accused in private, to investigate his circumstances and to fathom his motives. They are in a position to estimate his moral attitude and to learn if he is of the type that would abuse non-penal treatment. But in many of our criminal courts there are no Court Missionaries and where they exist only the more enlightened Benches allow them free and easy access to themselves. When accused persons are remanded in custody the prison staff have the best opportunities for understanding them. But in general the rule of old-fashioned parents and pedagogues is applied both to Court Missionaries and prison officers; they may only speak when they are spoken to. In practice their opinions are frequently asked and happily many on the Bench make a habit of consulting them after the verdict. But it is equally true that many on the Bench do not

consult them and that if an uninvited opinion were offered, the Court Missionary or prison officer would be rebuked for his interference. And even the best of Benches do not realise how important it is to receive reports before making their decision.

One illustration will make this point clear. In London a special block of Wormwood Scrubs prison is reserved for young men between the ages of 16 and 21, the most difficult age at the present time. An organisation of voluntary workers has been formed there to inquire into the accused lads and their circumstances.\* Visits are paid wherever possible to their homes, their school records are obtained, information about previous work is gathered, and during the remand period the lads are medically examined. When, therefore, the lad appears before the court for final adjudication, invaluable facts about him are available. But this information is only given to the court if the court asks for it, and in about four cases out of five the court has not asked for it. So this material is merely used in the prison and filed for statistical purposes. The court makes its decision on common-sense alone. So strong is our assumption that the Bench knows best and only needs help when it asks for it that even when an enlightened Bench asks for reports, such reports are, except at Wormwood Scrubs, frequently meagre and so deferential in tone as to afford little help. Prison officers and Court Missionaries dread few things more than a rebuke for exceeding their functions. It is rare for prison officers to make positive suggestions as to how an offender should be dealt with, even when they are asked to do so. Even when Parliament has decreed that inquiries shall be made by the Bench before sentence, such inquiries have in fact been sorely whittled down. Thus section 10 of the Criminal Justice Act of 1914 (dealing with offenders whom it is proposed to send to a Borstal Institution), requires that the court shall, before arriving at its decision, 'consider any report or representations which may be made to it by or on behalf of the Prison Commissioners as to the suitability of the offender for such detention.' These words seem to make it clear that the Governor of a prison is entitled to express a

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\* See 'Boys in Trouble,' by Mrs L. le Mesurier, who until recently was the leader of the voluntary workers at Wormwood Scrubs Boys' Prison.

candid opinion as the result of his observations and inquiries, even when he has come to a conclusion that is opposed to the apparent intentions of the Bench. But in practice, despite this section in an Act of Parliament, few Governors would dare to say, for instance, that in their opinion the offender would be likely to respond to Probation and was not considered sufficiently advanced on the criminal path to justify detention in a Borstal Institution. In fact these reports from prisons deal with little else beyond the offender's mental and physical fitness for Borstal. If the Governor is of opinion that the delinquent youth is mentally and physically fit for Borstal, but not bad enough to require such a drastic step, his report to the Bench has to be extremely guarded and vague. And if a Borstal report has not been asked for by the Bench, it would be very rash for a Governor to recommend Borstal. Yet one of the bad features of our present system is that courts persist in giving short sentences of imprisonment in cases where it should be obvious that lengthy training such as is given in a Borstal Institution is required. Our whole system is based on the principle that nothing must be done that could injure the 'amour propre' of the Bench.

This feature of our judicial system is all the more difficult to understand because the individuals on an English Bench, whether High Court judge, Recorder, or magistrate, are seldom arrogant personalities. Humanity is their strong point. This apparent vanity has arisen because of our English veneration for the independence of the Bench, again an invaluable quality within proper limits. Our Bench fails to ask for reports or to permit suggestions merely because it is working in a fundamentally conservative atmosphere. Our system has not yet realised that the change that has come over our prisons and criminal law generally necessitates a new vision on the Bench; it fails to distinguish between the wrongfulness of interference with the Bench before the verdict and the wisdom of co-operation with the Bench after the verdict. Has not the time come when Parliament should clearly lay down the principle that in all cases, whether Borstal sentences are under consideration or not, all criminal courts in all cases shall 'consider any report or representations which may be made to it

by or on behalf of the Prison Commissioners' and that such reports shall be free to make definite suggestions for dealing with the offender? And should not our Probation Officers also have a similar right to report and advise? The final responsibility would still remain with the Bench, and it is difficult to believe that any reasonable Bench would be other than grateful for such assistance.

This suggestion may seem very simple to the uninitiated, but in practice it would work a revolution in our criminal courts. At one stroke it would remove the weakest feature of our criminal administration. The work of our courts after the verdict would be greatly improved without any interference with the independence of the Bench, and the public would feel assured that our courts had the advantage of hearing the opinions of those who were most in touch with modern theories of penology and who knew most about the offender. Such a reform would mean that in London, for instance, every court would automatically have the benefit of the reports made out by the Governor of the Boys' Prison after the full investigations of his medical officer and his voluntary workers. Throughout the country offenders would only be sentenced after adequate inquiry. Every offender who could be deterred from future crime by treatment would be ordered that treatment. To-day we cannot claim that our system produces these results. As 'A Doctor' says, 'in and about the courts I have watched and listened; and every visit has increased in me the conviction that what is needed is more and more and more understanding of the point of view of the person principally concerned,' namely, the offender himself. Only since the Criminal Evidence Act of 1898 has the accused himself been competent to give his own sworn evidence in court; has not the time come when our courts should have the benefit, not only of the accused's own story, but also of the opinions of those best able to understand him? Too many of our courts are content with only police reports. Such reports are as a rule wholly excellent for what they purport to be. The police put themselves to unlimited trouble to inquire into the record of the offender and never hesitate to ask for a remand if their inquiries are not complete; they report not only about previous offences, if any, but about home conditions



generally and the views of those who have employed the offender in the past. But far more than police reports are necessary if courts are to know and understand the cases that are before them.

To-day even when medical or other reports are called for from prisons the contacts between the Bench and the prison are inadequate. For instance, something may be said in court during the trial by a relative that indicates to the Bench the need for a report as to the mental condition of the offender. A report is accordingly asked for. But the unfortunate prison doctor has to write his report without being told why the report has been asked for. He is not informed of the statement of the relative or of the reason that makes the Bench suspicious that the offender is mentally defective. The offender may in the past have been sent to a Special School for Mental Defectives, or may at one time have been in a Mental Hospital, or he may have been guilty in the past of other offences that indicate mental abnormality. The prison doctor is not told of these things, for the Bench does not as a rule pass on the information that has come to it. Sometimes a Bench will take the trouble to write or telephone to the prison, but this is rare. Machinery exists whereby prisons can obtain from the police a list of any previous convictions, but this takes several days, and besides a mere list of convictions is but a poor guide to the prison doctor. A Bench that had knowledge of penology would instinctively realise the importance of communicating to the prison, when asking for a report, all such information in its possession as would be helpful to those who will make the report.

But there is yet another impediment to adequate inquiries, one that cuts at the root of the present organisation of our higher criminal courts, namely, our system of a peripatetic Bench. In London all judges and magistrates can remand cases for inquiry without difficulty, for all London's criminal courts are in regular or frequent session. But elsewhere Assizes and Quarter Sessions meet at intervals of many months and then only for a few days and sometimes for a day or part of a day. The judge or Recorder visiting a small town holds a sitting of a day or more and expects to dispose finally of all his cases; very often the accused persons have already been

waiting many weeks for their trial so there must be no further delay. There will be no further court for many months. How can this system result in adequate inquiries? Our whole conception of circuit judges and of periodical visits from Recorders, a system which is deeply embedded in our legal history, is out of date. The historic idea is to have a 'general gaol delivery'—the phrase is still in use—at which all the accused persons are speedily and finally disposed of, but this idea is antiquated, a relic of the days when decisions after the verdict merely meant decisions about the length of the sentence of imprisonment or whether the offender can be bound over. This conception is quite incompatible with our modern need to make adequate inquiries into the offender and into the possibilities of deterring him from future offences without resort to prison.

The present writer is often impatient with those optimists who claim that all offenders can be improved by treatment or that all punishment is an archaic survival. But none the less all the work of all our criminal courts after the verdict needs to be re-examined in the light of modern knowledge and modern needs. In that re-examination it will soon be found that both the progress already made and the changes needed in future compel reforms on the Bench, greater knowledge of penology, more and better reports, freer access on the part of the experts, and a more scientific arrangement of court sittings so that remands for adequate inquiry may always be possible. It is idle to hope much from our prison reforms or from Probation if the Bench itself is working on the ideas of the last century.

The suggestion has often been made that the functions of a criminal court should cease at the verdict. The latest adherent to this idea is Mr Ensor who has written that 'much might indeed be said' for taking away from the Bench the duty of sentencing the offender 'and transferring it to a new section of the Home Office, by which, after the judge and jury had found the facts as now and recorded a conviction, an expert decision would be reached in the light of the fullest knowledge and scientific experience.' Mr Ensor limits this proposal to the senior Bench and is content to leave the fate of those who are dealt with in Police Courts in the hands of magi-

strates; he reveals a faith in stipendiary magistrates that does not appear to be born of much experience. If the proposal to take away the duty of sentencing from our courts is sound, it must surely apply all round, for it is quite wrong to think that our minor criminal courts only deal with minor crimes. But this proposal is not sound and would never be accepted by public opinion. Very few would accept the idea that decisions as to sentence should be transferred from the Bench in open court to a body of experts sitting in camera. Even if such a transfer seemed desirable on the ground that no Bench can be fully expert in penology, the drawback would still remain that it is necessary to consider more than the personality of the offender. A criminal court has two questions to ask: (1) how best can we deter this offender from further offences? and (2) if we deal with him as is best for him, shall we encourage others to commit offences? This second question cannot be decided by experts in penology and is often ignored by them, but it is vital. The best example is the man who commits murder; many such would be deterred from further crime by Probation, but there might be many more murders if murderers were not punished drastically. In addition to this important factor, it is very difficult while a man is in custody adequately to gauge his suitability for ordinary life. Those who have the final decision (though sentences might often be elastic) must have seen the offender in the background of his offence; they should see those whom he has offended. Only the court that tries the offender can have these opportunities. A man may be an excellently-behaved prisoner, but yet be quite unsuited for a return to normal life. As the Departmental Committee on the Persistent Offender reported, 'compliance with prison routine is no evidence of a change of attitude or of any reform of character. It is common to find that the men who persistently revert to crime when at liberty are well behaved while in prison.' Expert prison officers can no doubt make shrewd guesses as to an offender's suitability for release, but very few of them would appreciate the responsibility of having finally to decide the sentence. What we need to-day is a combination of the views of the experts in the prisons with the impressions of the Bench, those impressions

being fortified with adequate knowledge and training. As a nation we have a healthy distrust of the expert and usually prefer that finality shall rest with laymen. That principle underlies the whole of our political organisation and is not likely to be removed from our judicial system. But to believe that the Bench must retain the responsibility for all decisions after the verdict is not inconsistent with a belief that the Bench should have some training in penology or with a demand that the decisions of the Bench shall only be made after the experts have had the fullest opportunities for reporting and for making such suggestions as they may think necessary. These are our needs to-day. We cannot expect our Bench to be fully expert in all branches of penology, but we can reasonably expect some knowledge of, and much sympathy for, these sciences, so that the Bench will be able to spot when the services of experts are necessary and to make intelligent use of them. Our Bench is an amateur Bench after the verdict and an amateur Bench it is likely to remain; but an amateur golfer does not rely on common-sense to teach him to keep his eye on the ball or to follow-through.

Somehow or other our methods of administering criminal justice need to be re-moulded so that (1) all who conduct criminal trials, judges, Recorders, stipendiary magistrates, and lay justices, shall be acquainted both with modern theories of penology and with our institutional system for detaining and training offenders, and (2) in all cases the experts, social, disciplinary, medical and psychological, have ample opportunities for making reports and recommendations to the court before the fate of the offender is decided. Until in some way or other these two principles are established, we shall have no right to be satisfied with our judicial system, and all statements to the effect that our system is the best in the world will merely reveal the prejudices of those who utter them.

## Art. 2.—CHAMBERLAIN: THE SECOND PHASE.

*Life of Joseph Chamberlain.* Vol. II. By J. L. Garvin. Macmillan, 1933.

THE way of the Biographer is hard. His composition must occupy a vast canvas, with a background filled in by a skilled scene painter. He must be a Frith to mobilise a crowd of secondary and minor characters; a Hogarth and a Zoffany combined to indicate in *genre* and 'conversation' pieces the leading events of the period; an Orpen to present us with a brilliant portrait of the principal figure in the foreground, whose personality shall dominate the picture. And the master hand must permeate the whole work with that mysterious genius which alone can convey charm and continuity to the spectator. Judged by these very high, and perhaps impossible, standards, the second volume of Mr Garvin's biography of Joseph Chamberlain hardly fulfils the promise of the first; though that is not to suggest that any other living author could have written it better or so well.

We are faced with a preliminary mystification by the opening words of this volume: 'With the fall of the Gladstone Government (1885) we issue from confusion.' Would it not have been truer to say that greater chaos never existed, falser prophecies were never made, stranger combinations never were attempted or destroyed, more contradictory policies never promulgated by opposing sections of the same party, than during the twelve months that intervened between the downfall of Mr Gladstone's administration in June 1885 and the second advent to power of Lord Salisbury in August 1886? That was the period during which, in its first half, Mr Gladstone kept his Home Rule ace up his sleeve and 'enveloped his own procedure in a profound and necessary ambiguity for over four months'; when Mr Chamberlain launched his 'Unauthorised Programme,' for the double purpose of destroying the Tories and damaging the Whigs and Gladstonian Radicals, in the sure and certain hope that before very long Sir Charles Dilke and he would be respectively Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer; when the 'infallible' Mr Schnadhorst was prophesying that 'the next Parliament would be Radical, and later Parliaments

more Radical still'; in Chamberlain's own words to Dilke, 'a prolonged, and I hope permanent, occupation.' Packs of cards, castles in the air; down they came with a crash. Everything went wrong for those Boanerges twins. Mr Gladstone did *not* retire, as they had hoped and expected; Chamberlain's efforts to get Parnell to accept a Local Government Bill for Ireland completely failed; Dilke's troubles in the Divorce Court put him out of the running for good and all; Randolph Churchill had *not* 'got his foot on Lord Salisbury's neck'; and finally the 'Grand Old Man' returned to office with a majority (December 1885), but with an Irish vote holding the balance between him and Lord Salisbury. No 'permanent occupation' there; but a bitter tug of war on the edge of a precipice.

For those who are interested mainly in the life of Chamberlain there is little reason why they should re-read the old story of Sir Charles Dilke's unhappy affairs which has so often been told. It is sufficient to know that Chamberlain stood by him as a gallant friend and colleague. Nor need they be particularly concerned with the long narrative of his well-intentioned efforts, conducted through the ill-chosen intermediary of Captain O'Shea, to persuade Parnell to a more reasonable course in Ireland, all of which came to nothing; nor need they examine the pages of unnecessary and unsolicited testimonials to the brilliance of Chamberlain's speeches whilst preaching his doctrine of 'ransom' and the rest of the 'Unauthorised Programme.' The shrill crescendo of superlatives in which these speeches are indiscriminately belauded becomes wearisome and a little too deafening to be convincing. We do not really settle down to this volume until Parnell has issued his programme of Independence and Mr Gladstone has to all intents and purposes become a Parnellite Home Ruler. Then the battle is set; though not joined until a few weeks later, when Mr Gladstone has formed his third Administration, of which he invites Chamberlain to become a member. It is not easy to appreciate why he did so: the two men were in thorough disagreement on nearly every political question under the sun. The 'Unauthorised Programme' was anathema to Mr Gladstone, because in essence it was socialistic; and in this description of it he agreed with Lord Hartington



and with Mr Chamberlain himself: only Mr Garvin disagrees (p. 78), and assures us that 'of course it was not.' Moreover, as regards Ireland, they were as the poles apart. Yet, in spite of these incompatibilities, Mr Gladstone did so invite Mr Chamberlain, who accepted office under his old Chief. Once more he was alone; for his more prudent Anti-Home-Rule Liberal leader, Lord Hartington, stood apart from the mischief that was brewing; and Chamberlain had just had brisk quarrels with his old friend John Morley, 'announcing the end of our political connection' (p. 148), and with his *alter ego*, Sir Charles Dilke. And what is more, the older statesman, pledged to Home Rule by this time, allowed his younger colleague to join the Cabinet on condition that the latter should have 'unlimited liberty of judgment and rejection on any scheme that may ultimately be proposed. . . .'

We seek in vain for some better explanation than Mr Garvin gives of this indication of the indispensability to Mr Gladstone's Ministry of Mr Chamberlain, with only a handful of parliamentary voting strength in his pocket; we are perplexed to know why, under these circumstances, he accepted his Chief's rebuff when he asked for a Secretaryship of State for himself and suitable official recognition for his faithful henchman, Jesse Collings, and was refused. So we must be content to read that, with all the latitude of opinion and action for which he had bargained, he ultimately became President of the Local Government Board. And we may further assume that he took this office partly to promote the claims of his old love 'the betterment of the people'; and partly, perhaps, to keep a watchful and destroying eye on Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill from the moment of its birth.

But whatever the innermost motives on either side may have been for this impossible association, there can be no doubt but that Chamberlain joined it with a brooding head and a heavy heart. He had been grievously disappointed at the results of the December election. Schnadhorst's figures prophesying a clear Liberal majority had gone hopelessly astray; his own 'Unauthorised Programme,' as regarded Disestablishment and Free Education, had brought him no votes; he saw the new Administration existing at the pleasure of Mr Parnell, and Mr Gladstone irrevocably committed to a Home Rule

Bill which Mr Chamberlain knew that the English would never accept. He was in great difficulties as to his proper course; and he did not diminish these by separating himself from his old friends Morley and Dilke, or by invoking the intervention of unstable and astute men like Labouchere and Harcourt to get at the real mind of Mr Gladstone. In a word, he entered the new Radical Cabinet as he had left the last one: a man of iron, isolated, intractable, disappointed, but convinced. He was faced by a matchless 'old Parliamentary hand' as adamant of will as himself, but far subtler in method; he was hemmed in by enemies, Whig, Tory, Radical, and Irish.

To recapture the situations leading up to the Election and the formation of the new Government we recommend Mr Garvin's rushing narrative as one of the best things in the book. And so we pass on quickly to the inevitable dénouement: the Grand Old Man produces his Home Rule Bill for Cabinet discussion on March 13, 1886; Chamberlain declines to consider it and offers his resignation on March 15, a decision which he implements on March 26 by the words, 'Then I resign,' and shuts the door of the Cabinet room behind him. Readers of political history may remember, in Lord Morley's 'Recollections,' a passage in which the author recapitulates a conversation at Marlborough House in 1892:

'Rosebery and Chamberlain were talking together, and asked me (Morley) to join them. They were discussing the disruption of Cabinet in 1886. C. said that when he went into Cabinet that morning he had no notion of breaking away, but that Mr G. had gone into it with his mind made up to drive Chamberlain out. Rosebery shared C.'s impression. They wished to know mine. I said mine was much the same.'

And the same view was expressed by other colleagues at an earlier date. No doubt what was passing through Mr Gladstone's mind only foreshadowed a later communication in 1892 from Sir William Harcourt to Lord Rosebery, a few weeks after the latter, under pressure, had joined Mr Gladstone's fourth and final Administration: 'a Government without you would have been ridiculous; with you it is merely impossible.' So Chamberlain went out into the wilderness alone. Mr Garvin truly observes: 'In the valley of peril none could save him but himself.' The *débacle* followed, and is brilliantly recounted by our

author who, although a perfervid admirer of his hero, is none the less generously fair to his opponents. All that we need say is that, stimulated by Chamberlain's super-human and sustained efforts in debate, a united Tory Party in Parliament, backed by their supporters in the country with a zeal that brought thousands of Liberals over to the Unionist side, defeated the Bill on June 8, and brought about the resignation of the Gladstone Government on July 21, 1886. Here we close this final phase of Chamberlain's long association with the Radical Party, adding two pregnant quotations from Mr Garvin :

' Mr Gladstone : " I don't care *that* for Mr Chamberlain." '

' Mr Parnell : " There goes the man who killed Home Rule." '

In the summer of 1886 Lord Salisbury returns to office and power, with a clear Unionist majority of 118, numbering among them Mr Chamberlain and a dozen or so of his firm personal adherents. He offers the Premiership to Lord Hartington, a *beau geste* that should never be forgotten. But the offer is refused because Lord Salisbury excluded the admission of Chamberlain to Cabinet office, saying that in his opinion, ' it would be too sharp a curve for him (Lord Salisbury) and Chamberlain to sit in the same Cabinet ' ; and Hartington declined to lead without his old ally beside him. The loyalty of that refusal and the renunciation of a noble ambition should not be forgotten either. Then follows the most interesting and instructive story of Mr Chamberlain's growing co-operation with the Conservative Party. Lord Hartington said somewhere in private—it is recounted in Mr Bernard Holland's ' Life of the Duke of Devonshire '—' Chamberlain spent half his life in escaping from bad traditions ; it was not until 1886 that he found his way to Damascus.' That we think is true ; truer than Mr Garvin's dictum (p. 226), that Chamberlain ' was to be the soul of constructive energy in the Unionist alliance from beginning to end.' Indeed, our author must not claim too much for one to whom all gratitude was accorded by the party with which he strove and achieved so well. For example : he must not say in this connection (p. 643) that ' From Lord Beaconsfield he never borrowed a thought or purpose ' ; for he is immediately refuted by

the words of his hero in the 'Nineteenth Century' for November 1892: 'The Conservatives in their latest legislation have only returned to their old Tory traditions'; and, on Dec. 6, 1894, at Birmingham: 'Much more must be done in the spirit of Lord Beaconsfield.' That, however, is in parenthesis, and we pass on to review the years (1886-1895) when Chamberlain, having reached 'Damascus,' was beside or behind 'the throne.'

To those nine eventful years Mr Garvin dedicates little more than half of the second volume; the earlier moiety being occupied, as we have seen, by an exhaustive chronicle of events between July 1885 and July 1886. Yet those were the years of 'bitter pilgrimage' for Chamberlain, during which, for a time at least, he was bereft of a guiding star and very nearly forsook the path of politics for good and all. Valiantly he strove, now with and now against old colleagues—men of violently differing temperaments and ideals—to wipe Gladstonian Home Rule off the map in order to reunite the Liberal Party on its old programme of progress and reform. But no common denominator for negotiation could be found, and the Round Table Conference soon came to an end. Looking elsewhere for political comradeship, we are told that he did not trust Lord Salisbury or the Tory Party, but he felt strangely attracted by the volatile and brilliant personality of Lord Randolph Churchill, with whom he shared certain political ideas, though we may not call them principles. But that brief combination broke down when Lord Randolph resigned from Lord Salisbury's Cabinet and Mr Goschen quietly assumed office and reigned in his stead. I do not remember feeling at that time that, in Mr Garvin's words, 'politics were on the eve of an earthquake threatening to topple the whole Unionist fabric.' As a matter of fact, the change of chief at the Treasury was effected immediately and with no trouble at all, though there was great and widespread disappointment in the ranks of the Tory Party that the intrepid young politician on whose career so many hopes were justly founded proved in the event too wayward and impulsive to be the Statesman of their dreams. Lord Salisbury did not lose a single vote by Randolph Churchill's defection.

'A constructive Ishmael' is Mr Garvin's flashing

description of Chamberlain at the opening of the session of 1887. He was the dynamic leader of the Liberal Unionists, who followed where he led. But he made it plain from the beginning that the new Tory Ministry 'had not obtained any pledges of unconditional support from any Liberal' (p. 290), thus hotly repudiating Churchill's stinging taunt that the Liberal Unionists were nothing better than a crutch to support a tottering Conservative Administration. During this Session, Ireland and its future was the all-absorbing topic: the Crimes Act was passed, and Chamberlain was instrumental in improving it: the National League was suppressed, and Chamberlain went into the lobby against the Government, giving a vote which raised faint hopes in some Liberal breasts of a possible reunion with him. But, as Mr Labouchere took pains to point out at the time, 'if Gladstone is the Radical's Christ, Joe is their Anti-Christ; you have no idea of the feeling against him.' So that he would have found no warm welcome in the bosom of his old party if he had suggested his return to it on the strength of a single vote. Here we quote again from the biography:

'He was in the most execrable plight. Never had he been more exasperated with Gladstonian ideology or more saturnine towards Conservative and Whig convention. In regard to Chamberlain, the urgent question for the Government was what on earth to do with him. That he was in a mood to turn away from the scene of domestic politics and to leave the country they knew' [p. 317].

At this point Providence or some other unseen power intervened, and Chamberlain accepted (with relief, we are told) the offer to go to the United States as Chief Commissioner for Britain to help to settle the Fisheries Dispute. He was abroad for six months, returning in March 1888 with a Treaty signed, 'an honourable and a just settlement,' as he described it; with a clearer vision of a Federated Empire; and with the sweet promise of Miss Endicott, his bride-to-be. What a home-coming; what a welcome; from the Queen, from Lord Salisbury, and from 'his own people' at Birmingham! It was to these last that he announced, on the morrow of his return, something of his dream of a federated Empire; an idea which, as we learn from this biography, had been working

within his sub-conscious self since he was President of the Board of Trade. Then back to immediate politics: helping to pass Ritchie's Local Government Bill, abandoning all hope of reunion with the Radical Party, smashing the Caucus in Birmingham, and substituting for it that impregnable fortress of Unionism the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association, which remains inviolable to this day. At the close of the year he led Miss Endicott to the altar in Washington. Of her, what better words can be used than those spoken by one of his children: 'She unlocked his heart and we were able to enter as never before.' To which we must add the bridegroom's own tribute: 'She brought my children nearer to me.'

Space forbids us to deal with the long and lurid story of the Parnell Commission, to which Mr Garvin devotes a chapter, or to do more than indicate how wise an influence Chamberlain exercised on Unionist policy until Lord Salisbury's great Administration came to an end in 1892. Of this there can be no shadow of doubt, although some readers of this volume may not be prepared to subscribe to Mr Garvin's inference that 'alone he did it.' Nor need we do more than point readers of this review of Volume II to Chapters XLI and XLII if they desire to study our author's penetrating appreciation of Chamberlain's character in public and in private life. It is probably of more general interest to pass on to the eve of the Election in 1892 when their output of legislation during the past six years boded well for the Unionists and the 'Newcastle Programme' was the grand hope of the Radical Party. Never was a General Election fought with greater vigour. Chamberlain was now Liberal Unionist leader in the House of Commons, replacing Lord Hartington, who had been called to the Lords as Duke of Devonshire; Arthur Balfour led the Conservatives in the same assembly, in the stead of the late W. H. Smith. These two generals, now intimate friends and allies, threw their hosts into battle with consummate skill, and with the surprising result that the Schnadhorst prophecy of 100 majority for Mr Gladstone proved to be only 40 all told, with an English majority of 71 against Home Rule. 'Too small, too small,' sighed Mr Gladstone, knowing that his cause was lost in advance. Nevertheless, true to his obsessions or convictions, that Grand Old Man heroically introduced



his Home Rule Bill and fought for it with magnificent courage against a fanatically united and brilliant opposition led by Balfour and Chamberlain for nine long months, only to see it contemptuously rejected by the House of Lords in September 1893. We should do very much less than justice to this volume if we failed to persuade its readers to give particular attention to Chapter XLV, with its dramatic account of all the turmoils and turbulences that accompanied the passage of this famous measure through the House of Commons, and dragged down the reputation of the Mother of Parliaments to a level from which it took many years to recover. But, strangely enough, once the battle was over, 'no dog barked.' It is pathetic to recall Mr Gladstone's sad premonitory reflection, uttered before the ill-fated Election of 1892, which brought Home Rule once again to the fore :

'The Irish question is everything to me. It is my sole link with public life, my primary and absorbing interest, and so it will remain. When the Home Rule Bill comes before the House of Lords it will be a great question for the Empire at large, a greater question possibly for themselves.'

The veiled threat contained in the last sentence was the seed, assiduously watered and tended by men of far more extreme views than his, which brought forth its fruit nearly twenty years later and radically altered the balance of the British Constitution.

After the defeat of Home Rule the Liberal Unionist influence in the House of Commons was greatly increased, thanks to the courage and parliamentary skill of their dauntless leader. Moreover, Chamberlain, at long last, had acquired the gift of making friends with those with whom he was working. Through his own merits he had gained the whole confidence of Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour, who consulted him at every turn, making allowance for all his difficulties and respecting his life-long convictions. All this made co-operation between them a comfortable and happy arrangement, which was further cemented when the Employers Liability Bill was shelved by the Radical Government and the Parish Councils Bill became law with the help of Chamberlain and the Unionist Party, thus avoiding the possibility of further attacks on the House of Lords during the present Session. At this

point Lord Rosebery steps rather sadly into Mr Gladstone's shoes as Prime Minister, to the utter discomfiture of Sir William Harcourt, who had (not without reason) expected the succession as of right. A pretentious eighteen months followed, with a Liberal majority of about forty to keep the Government in power *if* the followers of Rosebery and those of Harcourt could all be persuaded to vote together. Yet with this precarious majority Harcourt managed to pass his famous Death Duties Budget of 1894, for details of which Chamberlain and some of his friends occasionally voted; he also introduced a Local Veto Bill, which Chamberlain was instrumental in killing; and a Welsh Disestablishment Bill, for whose Second Reading Chamberlain voted, as all the Tories knew he would. This hectic legislation was known as 'filling up the cup' and 'ploughing the sands'; operations which gave Chamberlain a wide field for his particular gifts of sarcasm and invective, of which he was not slow to take advantage.

It was obvious that the Government could not last for long; internal and external evidences were too strong to admit of any other conclusion. Therefore the time had come for the two branches of the Unionist Party, not yet joined in one, to set their house in order and to prepare to form a joint Administration if they should be returned at the next General Election. A Concordat was soon reached, and it became certain, not only that a Unionist Government could be formed, but that Chamberlain would be a prominent figure in the next Cabinet. For a moment, and only for a moment, there was a breath of disturbance wafted over this historic union. It concerned a bye-election at Leamington, and the question of whether a Liberal Unionist or a Conservative should have the seat vacated by Speaker Peel. Mr Chamberlain felt hotly on the subject; he was inclined to give up politics and retire into private life. Swiftly did the Conservative leaders step into the breach and demand of their followers that this quarrel should immediately cease, and that the same heart-felt union should exist between the two sections of the party as existed between Mr Chamberlain and themselves. From that moment all went well, and Chamberlain, a few days afterwards, proclaimed the solidarity of the Unionist Party.

We need not linger so long as did Lord Rosebery's

Government in bringing the story of this unhappy period to a conclusion. Dragging on for a few weeks longer, the Ministry was finally defeated on June 21 on Mr Brodrick's Cordite Vote, and two days later they resigned. A General Election followed, with the result that the Unionists were returned by a majority of 152—the largest known since 1832. Not many days later Chamberlain was Secretary of State for the Colonies; bent, as he wrote to the Duke of Devonshire, on 'doing something which will make this Government memorable.' As we close this volume we come to the end of an important period in Chamberlain's career. No longer is he fighting a 'lone hand,' surrounded on all sides by enemies. He has plenty of them in the Radical camp; but now beside him stand the Conservative leaders, who are his friends, and a party with which and for which he will fight to the death against Home Rule. He has become a great Imperialist, with strong views on commercial union between the component parts of the Empire and strong doubts as to the sanctity of Free Trade. With all that he remains a foremost exponent of the necessity for Social Reform at home. The Conservative Party, 'always more progressive than the Liberals in social questions,' as Chamberlain wrote in the 'Nineteenth Century' for November 1892, and true to its traditions, easily introduces into its body-politic the programme of social reform suggested by Chamberlain after consultation with Lord Salisbury.

A critical contemporary might perhaps be justified in saying that, as compared with Vol. I of this biography, Vol. II is a little lacking in balance. Mr Garvin has furnished us with a very strong magnifying-glass, through which to examine succeeding episodes as they arise. With its aid dislikes and antipathies appear as hatreds, political differences are magnified into crises, and passing events assume a proportion which in reality was never theirs. This is the penalty of brilliant and arresting writing, which, to use the metaphor of the shooting-gallery, whenever it hits the bull's-eye sets a bell ringing as if to advertise that something quite abnormal has occurred. And it seems to us also that Mr Garvin demands for his hero, all through the latter half of this volume, an overmastering influence which Chamberlain never claimed for himself; upon him Mr Garvin turns all his limelight, leaving the rest of the

stage in darkness. That is a very natural temptation to a sympathetic biographer who shares all his subject's political ideals; but it distorts the picture. We should have preferred the writer to tell us that, from the day when Mr Chamberlain allied himself and his small party with the Conservative side of the House, Tory statesmen and Tory democracy admired his fighting qualities and his fierce conscientious objection to nearly the whole of Mr Gladstone's programme; but that they realised, as Chamberlain admitted, that he was still a Radical social reformer, and they did not give him their full confidence at that time. Indeed, the rank and file were shocked, much more so than were their leaders, when he occasionally supported Mr Gladstone, or later, Sir William Harcourt, in the lobby.

There was, therefore, a prior reason (*not* Mr Chamberlain's personality and 'drive') why social reform was so eagerly pursued by the Unionist Party on their return to power. The betterment of the condition of the people had been part and parcel of Tory policy from the days of Mr Disraeli; the arrival of Mr Chamberlain on the scene had not produced that policy, although undoubtedly he added impetus to its fulfilment. But his schemes of social reform might have had to wait longer for fruition; they might indeed have been looked upon with suspicion, had it not been for the implicit trust which the people (and not only the Tories) reposed in Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour and the Duke of Devonshire. If men like these sponsored and supported Bills for social reform, from whatever quarter, there was a general feeling that such measures ought to be passed into law. Therefore we submit that, in apportioning credit for progressive legislation passed under Tory or Unionist Administrations, the moral and numerical forces employed by the Tory leaders should not be left out of account. In striking this more accurate balance, we do not detract by one iota from Mr Chamberlain's great influence during those many years of beneficial legislation. Our sole purpose is to mark the identity of purpose that signalised the effective co-operation of the two parties which for so long had fought together against Home Rule, and which from 1895 onwards was to be known as the Unionist Party.

IAN MALCOLM.

## Art. 3.—THE FASCIST IDEA IN BRITAIN.\*

1. *Greater Britain*. By Oswald Mosley. B.U.F. Publications, 1932.
2. *The Menace of Fascism*. By John Strachey. Gollancz, 1933.
3. *A Modern History of England*. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Cape, 1932.
4. *Civilisation as Divine Superman*. By Alexander Raven. Williams and Norgate, 1932.

MORE than ten years have elapsed since that march on Rome which established a revolutionary Fascist Government in power over the Italian peninsula. Fascism seemed, at that time, to be a spontaneous and intellectually unorganised reaction against certain conditions which were peculiar to the post-war situation in Italy. The very spontaneity of its development over a brief period of time in the din of factory brawls, sudden ambushes, and confused street-fighting, its sweep of a great nameless mass-movement out of nowhere, took the orthodox students of politics and the social theorists unawares and found them incapable of appraising its significance. For Fascism appeared, even in its initial stage when half Italy did not comprehend it, to be something far deeper than the 'Blanquism' of Spain and the Latin-American Republics, something more potent than the ineffectual Liberal-military reaction which had just suffered such complete eclipse in Russia. Even Mussolini—that occasional phenomenon of the ages which embodies a synthesis of the 'man of action' and the serene philosopher—appears earlier to have failed to appreciate the import of the movement which he had invoked, when he preferred to regard Fascism as peculiarly Italian in character. It was only later, when Fascist political and

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\* The writer of this article, formerly a Conservative Member of Parliament, was closely identified with Sir Oswald Mosley in the formation of the New Party. He has since made a special study of Fascist theory, both in Italy and Germany, and has an intimate knowledge of the recent development of Fascist thought in this country. The 'Quarterly Review,' while welcoming an honest and interesting statement of the kind, cannot associate itself with all the opinions and expressions used, nor are our readers to suppose that, in printing it, the 'Quarterly' is departing from its traditions of 124 years.—ED. Q. R.

economic theory began to transform the character of Italian life, when the Fascist ideal awoke the Italian nation to a sustained devotion, and when the Fascist conception had proved sufficiently urgent to inspire a national revolutionary movement in Germany, that it was generally admitted that, for good or ill, a new idea had been called forth which was to mould or to modify the destinies of the twentieth century.

Fascism, both as a philosophical concept and as a political creed, differs from the various brands of Liberal-Rationalist democratic thought, from Socialism and from Communism, in that it has behind it no elaborate pedigree of theory. That expression of the mind of a war-hardened, disillusioned generation is shocking to the pedant, as it emerges, raw and ruthless, out of the wreckage of the world of the last century. If we may be permitted an historical comparison which may seem somewhat obscure—the new crude creed of Islam which ran like fire through the heterogeneous communities of the Byzantine-Magian world must have appeared equally unreal, unreasonable, and incomprehensible to the pedants and wiseacres of Constantinople, Ctesiphon, and Alexandria. Yet Islam, in its day, was a young, realist, ‘protestant’ creed, cutting through the fictions and the fancies of an older world. It, too, had revolutionary economic bases, a physical fire and a spiritual urge to creative action.

The political and economic aspects of Fascist belief are now fairly well known, even if—outside Italy and Germany—they continue to be both misrepresented and misunderstood. Nationalism—the idealisation of the nation as the supreme synthesis of a group of individuals with a communion of linguistic and historical traditions and of regional and economic interests—is, of course, not peculiar to Fascism. Nationalism was strongly developed both in pre-war Liberal Europe and particularly in the post-war democratic (and mostly Socialist) republics which emerged as political entities after the war. Nationalism is, indeed, a definite characteristic of our modern European civilisation in contrast to the civilisations of the Mediterranean and the Near and Middle East, which preceded it. It probably arises from certain fundamental conditions of geography which have controlled the direction in which the various European



cultures have developed towards the present stage of civilisation. The Fascists have at once expanded and stabilised the conception of Nationality. In fact, their idealisation of the nation represents a reaction against the demoralising effects of the mechanistic conditions of life which the uncontrolled development of modern capitalism has produced. In this respect the attitude of Fascist thought, both in Italy and Germany, may be compared with the movements inspired by Gandhi in India and by De Valera in Ireland. The Irish and Indian movements, each in its way, constitute definite reactions against the mechanistic conception of life, but they differ from the German and Italian movements in that they are more politically ingenuous, and at the same time more pessimistic. Both Gandhi and De Valera have shown lack of original political inspiration in that they seek to adopt and to adhere to political methods which have already proved outworn and ineffectual. At the same time they turn their backs altogether on the machine. They revert in hopelessness to the land and to small industry. They bury their heads in the Irish bogs and the Indian jungle, invoking the old gods of the Gael and the Hindu to save them from the horrors of the modern world. The Italians and the Germans, more sophisticated and instinctively more practised, show the vigorous determination of building and conquering races. They do not hope to escape from the Machine, they do not want to smash it, but they are determined to master and to use it as the servant of their nations. The mastery of the Machine involves the mastery of innumerable technical and economic problems, and by implication, the control and transformation of the Capitalist System, which is, in fact, the Machine in Action. Capitalism is fundamentally unnational and international, and Fascist Nationalism, which requires the control and ordering of the Nation as a unit of disciplined life, must in its struggle with Capitalism—in its effort to master the Machine—adopt a strictly national basis, at least during a protracted period of transition. The great majority of modern men and women recognise the economic necessity for the radical transformation of the present system of production and consumption. They yearn also, with less definite knowledge of themselves,

for some interpretation of the world in which they live, which shall give them stability, poise, outlets for their energies, and some reasonable degree of happiness. Fascism answers them, first, by a reversion to the old values. It raises up the nation as a supremacy for which to live in constancy rather than to die heroically. It respects the old primal values and holds in honour the continuing traditions of the Nation. At the same time, Fascism is revolutionary in its emphasis on discipline, that fine mean which the plutocrats threw down, to the democratic applause of those poor mobs whom they were about to chain to the Machine. Fascism is again revolutionary in its mastering contempt for the formulas and theories by which the old 'democratic' groups have bought themselves the freedom to waste and to abuse the government of their respective countries. In sweeping away the inhibitions of Democracy, they have ranged from the muzzling of a millionaire-owned 'free' Press to the sterilisation of the unfit.

But the emphasis of Fascism on the conception of the nation does not preclude that Universalism which is the antithesis of Internationalism. A revolutionary movement, developing in different countries as the expression of the will-to-power of a generation already decimated by war, would hardly seem likely to envisage the initiation of new wars as the over-riding objective of its inspiration. This, however, is the interpretation put on the Fascist conception of the Nation by such recent Social Democratic critics as Mr John Strachey. Neither Mr Strachey nor his book is essentially important, but as a pathological type he is of some little interest as a specimen of the 'bourgeois' democratic mind at a certain stage of dissolution. The mentality of the governing class, and of their intellectual parasites, in the countries in which Democracy has become the existing political system, is conditioned by what we may describe as 'the surrender complex.' The historical causes of this peculiar attitude of mind may be traced to the fact that the democratic system of government, to which the political classes of the West profess complete allegiance, itself derives from periods of class-revolution, during which the small but rising groups of commercial capitalists were impelled to advocate the subversion of state

authority in order to establish the dominance of their own sectional interests.

Mr Stirling Taylor, in his admirable 'Modern History of England,' has adequately developed this theme. In the great days of the Tudors and their succession of competent and ruthless ministers were laid the foundations of a national state of a seriously planned economy. In those brilliant days of English history the control and regulation of capital was a definite aim of state policy. The economic freedom of the individual—freedom, that is, from starvation—was assured by a system of provision for and control of the conditions of labour, and assistance for the destitute, which was without parallel in contemporary Europe. Had the Elizabethan system been maintained the coming of the Industrial Revolution and of the Age of Mechanics might have been a slower process, but it must undoubtedly have been steadier and more ordered. But against the weaker hand of the Stuarts the rising 'bourgeois' class mutinied in greedy wrath. Mr Stirling Taylor shows in a few memorable pages that the reforms of Strafford, and particularly his enlightened measures for the relief of poverty in the North, brought down upon his head the vengeance of Parliament. Our history has been written for so long by Whig historians that we can hardly discern now that the struggle for 'the freedom of the Englishman' in the Parliamentary Wars was in great degree a rather sordid struggle for the 'Freedom of the Market.' The City of London financed the Parliamentary armies who overthrew the national monarchy and set up, in effect, a system of group-dictatorship, through the corridors of the House of Commons, of the new 'bourgeois' capitalist power. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, in her flapperdom, made quite a passable Joan of Arc.

From the scaffold of King Charles the victorious Whigs marched in triumph into the nineteenth century. The Tories harassed their flanks, and occasionally, in war periods when the imposition of some degree of national discipline became inevitable, grasped the power. But with the final elimination of the balance between industry and agriculture and the political extinction of the landowning class, Tory patriotism came to be almost indistinguishable from Whig commercial imperialism.

The old Tory party and the landowning interest—with all their faults—were of their very nature national. They were interested in the land of England. Commercial capitalism is, on the other hand, essentially internationalist. 'Free Trade,' for which the Whig democrats always stood, implies in its essence 'Freedom of the Market'—'Freedom for Capital.' If one flies in an aeroplane to-day over the wide land of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland one sees that those who cared so greatly for the 'Freedom of the Market' cared not at all for the well-being of their country. The Highlands have been depopulated, as if by plague. The farming lands of England are being deserted, as if from invasion. Ireland has been thrown away, as not worth the holding. The same political and economic policy of 'laissez-faire' which sacrificed the land to international trade was led, when circumstances required, to sacrifice industry also. The replacement of 'paternal industry' by the joint stock company has achieved the final emancipation of capital. The capitalist who takes the trouble to pick up his telephone can switch his capital literally 'from China to Peru.' Capital remains within the authority of no national government—it is supremely international. Just as Parliamentary democracy proved to be the political product of Capitalism in an earlier stage of development, so Internationalism becomes the political corollary to the attainment of international 'Freedom for Capital.' The one grew out of that legalised anarchy of group-interests which resulted from the overthrow of national-state authority in the 'bourgeois' democratic revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The other requires the complete subordination of the national state to the interests of international capital, and brings with it the ultimate degradation of the European nations among whom the Industrial Revolution first took shape, to the economic level of those backward nations who represent at once the cheap labour and the markets of the East.

It would be quite unscientific to pretend that the complicated historical process which we have outlined is the result of a policy which has been consciously followed by the succeeding generations of the governing

class, even since the latter part of the last century, when men like Disraeli and Rhodes foresaw the ultimate culmination and uttered their unattended warnings. A revolution, such as the 'bourgeois' revolution of the seventeenth century, and its economic sequel—the so-called Industrial Revolution—not only creates its own theoretical background, its series of interpretations, but a whole miswritten history of its own. And many generations of men, some single-minded patriots in their own consciousness, others seeking the perpetuation of their own class predominance with the cunning of instinct, have worked to the blind end that the Internationale of Wealth shall rise above the desert fields of England. Parallel with the governing class, at once antagonistic and supplementary to them—in fact, parasites upon the system which they pretend to aim at altering—are the professional leaders of the working class. Mr Strachey, in an earlier book—which was as profound as his present essay on Fascism is superficial—has shown how the interests of the Social Democratic leaders and the Liberal capitalists are ultimately common. The Social Democrats, of their very nature, can only function within the framework of the democratic capitalist state and are dependent on it. History has illustrated this with her conclusive cynicism in the Russian Revolution of the period March–October 1917, and in the first German Revolution of November–December 1918. The more recent fate of the German Social Democrats and of the British Labour Party confirms the inherent impotence of Social Democracy to emancipate itself or to distinguish itself from its more genteel sister Liberalism. The posturings of that fashionable barrister, Sir Stafford Cripps, on the subject of Dictatorship, only appear the more ridiculous when we observe his seniors and predecessors in the leadership of the Labour Party safely ensconced as the chiefs of a Liberal-Labour-Tory coalition.

The bases of Social Democracy lay in the subversion of the authoritarian states of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and when a system which finds its original justification in a subversive philosophy is forced to formulate a methodology of power, that methodology can only be developed in terms of surrender. The Whigs themselves, representing ill-disciplined factions

in the possession of irresponsible power, were impelled by inevitable tendencies to develop a political machine which extended to the wider and more incoherent factions of the people vast and vague powers of intervention which they had neither the capacity nor the intelligence to use. With the surrender of their sectional prerogatives, the governing class, practised at least in politics, were impelled to develop the ingenious technique of government by deception, for it is only by deception that the implications of surrender may be avoided. As, under the influence of the Industrial Revolution, an increasing proportion of the population became detached from the land and from interest in the ownership of small properties, and as a new generation grew up as the mere tenders of machines, an animosity against private property developed among the great masses of the people who had been deprived of all association with direct ownership. The development of mass-production tended to restrict the opportunities for real economic independence among each new generation of individuals, and as men became less independent in their private lives, they were fobbed off by the concession of a greater degree of political 'liberty'—at once useless to themselves and dangerous to the state.

Under the Tudors England was going through a process of national integration, and the policy of the Cecils extended that process to Britain as a whole. Throughout the democratic period the tendencies to disintegration have been cumulative, in contrast to the reverse process which was taking place throughout the nineteenth century in imperial Germany, and to a lesser extent in nationalist Italy. Politically this process is the direct result of the democratic methodology of surrender, and it has reached finality in relation to India and Ireland, where a panic policy of almost forcible disintegration has been pursued by the British political class. The whole process of political disintegration, which appears to be a definite phase in the history of every imperial society, has been interestingly considered by Mr Raven in his 'Civilisation as Divine Superman.' He treats the process as biological, and hardly differs in the pessimism of his conclusions from the author of the 'Decline of the West.' But Fascist thought holds that



even if the Raven-Spenglerian analysis be accepted as a relatively incontrovertible interpretation of past history, our present European civilisation, as the master of vast scientific resources which were not available to the men of previous cultures, can overcome the diseases inherent in its hitherto uncontrolled development. Modern man is at least within reach of knowing himself.

The first problem is a political one—the mastery of the state. Only when the state has passed into the hands of those of its citizens who are prepared through discipline to submit themselves and to sacrifice their own individual interests utterly to the service of the nation, only then can these masters of the state turn to the more formidable problem of the mastery of the Machine—and the process of mastering the Machine implies, of course, the complete subordination of Capital, which is, in fact, the Machine, in so far as the Machine is conscious, functioning, and alive. The cult of the State is not a Fascist end in itself. As Hitler has explained in 'Mein Kampf'—'the main principle which we must observe is that the state is not an end, but a means. It is the foundation on which higher human culture is to rest, but it does not originate it. It is rather the presence of a race endowed with capabilities for civilisation which is able to do this.'

The negation of Democracy, the complete repudiation of the orthodox 'game for power,' which is inherent in Fascist political philosophy, has frightened and inflamed the exponents of Social Democratic theory into paroxysms of hysterical dialectic. Mr Strachey, who is a very typical specimen of 'the relaxed mind' of the English 'bourgeois' intellectual in its disintegrating phase, has started to scream that 'Fascism Means War.' It is characteristic of the confused throbbing which passes for thinking among these people that in setting out to write a book on the 'Menace of Fascism' Mr Strachey has not even taken the trouble to study the speeches, or even the party affiliations, of the men whom he selects for attack. He takes a few obscure extracts from speeches made not long after the war by Mussolini, and ignores all reference to the Duce's great 'peace speech' at Litoria, while at the same time he passes over the Italian Disarmament proposals and the important implications of

the Four Power Pact. He identifies the German conservative leaders, von Papen and Hugenburg, quite erroneously with Nazi party policy, and relegates Hitler's remarkable analysis of the European situation before the Reichstag to a footnote. It is, of course, by no means extraordinary that the Social Democrats are of their very nature the most stupid type of war-mongers (anti-Slavery, Armenian Massacres, 'Self-Determination,' League 'intervention,' etc.). To the sedentary man war can always remain a subject for sentimental hysteria, since it is not likely to become for him an unpleasant personal reality.

We have already observed that the fact that Fascism represents in every country, to a greater or less extent, a revolutionary movement of war-veterans should establish the truth that further wars can hardly be a primary objective of the supporters of Fascist movements. The Fascist tendency in economics to concentrate on the consolidation and development of the internal resources and life of the countries in which Fascism has come to power should further exclude the necessity of war, which generally arises—in terms of Social Democratic analysis—from the frictions engendered by the conflict of rival capitalist interests. Fascism does imply a most astounding economic revolution, which, if it succeeds, will be found to have altered the whole basis of world trade as it has developed during the last century, and which will introduce profound modifications into the inter-relations of national states. But Fascism, which is a European movement directed towards the revival of European culture, does not and cannot envisage a European war which would bring in its train the destruction of that culture, which to Fascism is the most precious creation of the human mind. To the disintegrant Internationalism of Social Democracy, Fascism opposes the concept of an integral Universalism, which, building around the old and sure foundations of European racial culture, shall assure to Europe, peace—and to the world, order. Sir Oswald Mosley, when he was moving towards Fascism, said, in a telling phrase which has now become almost hackneyed, that we could not delay the reorganisation of the life of Great Britain 'until every Hottentot had joined the I.L.P.' This phrase in effect appraises the attitude of

Fascist Nationalism to Internationalism. The nations who have contributed to the creation of European culture must not destroy and betray that culture in internecine struggle. They can combine in the cause of their own destinies, and in the defence of their peoples against political demoralisation and economic degradation. But there are powers in Europe whose peoples are physically confined, and who seek a natural expansion for their national life beyond their existing frontiers. If these powers are not to be impelled by circumstance to turn in upon their neighbours within the European community they must seek relief in alternative directions. And it is not the business of Englishmen, nor is it in the interests of British policy, to continue to preserve the immunity of the plague-spots of the world.

The historical events of the last ten, and more particularly of the last two, years have established Fascism as a European movement of the greatest scope and significance. It was fashionable at one time to treat Fascism as a purely local expression of the Italian political genius. The accession to power of a Fascist party in the German Reich has disturbed the calculations of even the most optimistic advocates of Social Democracy as the ultimate expression of human political capacities. In the lesser European states, notably in Hungary, Finland, Holland, and Austria, Fascism is proving that it makes a wide appeal to all sections of the nation, irrespective of class. Even in France, the hitherto impregnable stronghold of Social Democratic theory and practice, there is developing a strong tendency towards a 'fascisme du gauche.' England and America, the original hearths of Parliamentary democracy, and the strongest fortresses of financial capitalism, remain as yet apparently firm in their confidence in the efficacy of their long-tried methods of government. But in America the new Roosevelt Administration is attempting to introduce many of the methods of Fascist economics in an emergency effort to reorganise American industrial life. The explanation why it would appear impossible to carry out a Fascist economic policy without the framework of a Fascist state is not within the scope of this paper. The Americans have always been remarkable for a political ineptitude and a slipshod idealism, from the most disastrous effects

of which they have been saved by the illimitable natural resources of their own country. The European nations, including Great Britain, cannot afford to remain satisfied with an economic system which is proving unworkable, and with political methods which—whatever their past merits in earlier circumstances—now appear to be not only obsolete but incapable of sustaining the confidence of the peoples who are called upon to operate them.

The influence of Whig historians on the political outlook of succeeding generations of Englishmen has lent the stability of fact to the popular delusion that Parliamentary institutions are the peculiar product of the Nordic Protestant mind, and that these institutions are particularly adapted to the English genius. In actual historic fact it can be shown that the origin of representative institutions cannot be located in any one country, and that, like feudalism, Parliamentarism had its beginnings in the special economic and social conditions of a certain period of European history. The earliest development of democratic institutions over the field of European culture was in those areas where the 'bourgeois' class, as the result of special trading conditions, first attained a weight in politics. Democratic institutions are, in fact, the political expression of the phase of capitalist economics. This is clear enough in the history of the Greek and Italian trading cities of the earlier Classical culture, and parallels can be established further back in phases of the Ægean and Egyptian cultures. In the history of modern European civilisation democratic institutions first assumed importance in just those areas where feudalism had given place to a capitalist system of society—in the Italian cities and in Catalonia, and in the Flemish and Hanseatic towns.\* As the economic importance of the Italian and Catalan trading areas declined, the power of the 'bourgeois' capitalist class—and with it their political institutions—also fell into decay. These areas passed under the control of neighbouring feudal-imperialist monarchies. At the same time, with the expansion of trans-Oceanic trade, a tremendous impetus was given to the capitalist communities in England and Holland, with the result

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\* Compare 'Cambridge Mediæval History,' Vol. vii.

that they ultimately perverted the national development of the feudal-agricultural states in which they were situated, and the political institutions, suitable to the expression of the power of their special economic class, became the dominant and permanent institutions of all classes in their respective countries. It follows that Parliamentary institutions—far from being the expression of the natural political genius of the Englishman—are the expression of the natural political genius of the 'bourgeois' class, which has evolved through these organs of virtually fictitious representation a perfect mechanism for the perpetuation of the dominance of the interests of particular sections of the nation as against those of the nation as a whole.

Parliamentary institutions were no more original to Britain than were any of the other movements and institutions which have affected or directed the course of European history. Roman law, on which our legislation is based, had been subject to ancient Oriental influences. Pan-European Catholicism was a strange amalgam of Asiatic dogma, Mediterranean vision and organising power, Germanic emotion, and Celtic mysticism. Protestantism, which came into England out of Germany and Bohemia, had its many obscure and diverse origins among the strange sects of the Byzantine Empire, where the radical sophistication of a dying civilisation had mingled with the crude puritanism of untutored barbarian peoples. The Rationalism of the eighteenth century was essentially the creation of the new city mind of all Europe. Englishmen, Germans, Scotsmen, Frenchmen, and Czechs were its prophets, but even here the earlier Rationalists were influenced by the state-socialism of the Peruvian Incas,\* and others, such as Voltaire, by the passivistic thought of India and China. It follows, then, that Fascism is a movement no more foreign to the British genius than was Dutch Parliamentaryism, French Republicanism, or German Socialism, and it is in far greater degree a movement expressive of the European political mind than is the Asiatic Communism of the Russians, which has borrowed from Europe only a Jewish Messiah.

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\* Compare 'Cambridge Modern History,' Vol. I.

Fascism has, so far, found in England a recent but not inadequate exponent in the figure of Sir Oswald Mosley. And those who dislike his personality—they are not few, those who disparage his abilities—they are fewer, and those who fear his policies—they are many, have either to admit that he is the most startling, the most objectionable, or the most stimulating among the men who have created or disturbed the politics of post-war Britain. At thirty-six, Oswald Mosley is already an experienced parliamentarian. None of his generation and not many of his contemporaries can claim the same continuity of practical experience of politics through the history of the two post-war decades. His changes of political allegiance, which have aroused the hostility of the older parties, seem rather to represent the unsatisfied search for a valid creed by which so many other men of his years have in their own minds been troubled. During the Coalition Parliament he first appeared as the associate of Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, and Colonel Aubrey Herbert, in a forlorn effort to represent something of a new Tory idealism in that ill-assorted and heterogeneous assembly. Again, with others of his generation, he suffered disillusion in the ranks of the Labour Party, and emerged to attempt a leadership of his own. Oswald Mosley, two years ago, was generally admitted by judges of political form to have an important political future. His isolation, more recently, from all orthodox political associations and from all Parliamentary activities is not without significance. This young and undeniably powerful political mind stands or falls by the success or failure of the Fascist conception in Britain. He has built up an organisation which has, from the beginning, been given little publicity, but which is now upon a national basis, and which is gathering impetus from month to month. His early failures, and the ridicule which has been heaped upon his movement by the owners of a Press who quite naturally dread its success, have tended to lull the democratic parties into a sense of complacent security. The present writer remembers a similar sense of security in Berlin less than five years ago, when a prominent Conservative, now closely identified with the Nazi Government, referred to Hitler as a man of fantastic



ideas, representative of no coherent body of opinion within the Reich.

Oswald Mosley, in his book, 'Greater Britain,' and in more recent speeches and writing, which have taken his ideas still further, proclaims the need for a disciplined corporate consciousness which must prelude the drastic reorganisation of the political and economic structure of Great Britain on lines compatible with the needs of the twentieth century. His policy requires the comprehensive readjustment of the capitalist system, and while modest ownership in property would not only be preserved but expanded so that it found a broader basis within the community, it cannot be disguised that the private control of great accumulations of wealth, and its use in directions which were not considered to be in the interests of Great Britain, regarded as an economic unit, would be rigorously curtailed. The whole Parliamentary system, which has been so developed in the interests of powerful sectional groups as to make continuity of national policy impossible, and the authority of the executive abortive, would be liquidated. It would be replaced by a system based on the representation of the productive forces of the country—agriculture and industry; and such a body might be expected to enforce a policy which would ruthlessly ignore all interests which could not be shown to operate to the direct benefit of the people of Great Britain. The application of Fascist principles, rather than the present democratic theories, to certain problems of empire, would, of course, completely transform the present situation, in which our Parliamentary leaders are awaiting the results of a process of disintegration in a spirit of placid and impotent optimism.

But the political and economic implications of Fascism are not so significant as the sequence of moral and spiritual reactions which derive inevitably from the Fascist faith. Through the stale and weary streets which modern Capitalism has permitted to its industrial millions, from the emptying, blighted fields that fed Britain to her greatness, men are called to revolution. But it will be a national revolution, carried in the cold anger of a disciplined intent to integrate the race. 'What I fear,' said Mosley in his resignation speech from the Labour Government, when his mind was already feeling its way subconsciously towards Fascism—

'What I fear much more than a sudden crisis is a long, slow crumbling through the years until we sink to the level of a Spain, a gradual paralysis beneath which all the vigour and energy of this country will succumb. This is a far more dangerous thing, and far more likely to happen unless some effort is made. If the effort is made how relatively easily can disaster be averted. . . . What a fantastic assumption it is that a nation which within the lifetime of every one has put forth efforts of energy and vigour unequalled in the history of the world, should succumb before an economic crisis such as the present.' \*

At the present juncture, when the tempo of crisis is tending to arouse the awareness of the people, Fascism appeals alike to those elements of the younger-minded middle class who are conservative by temperament and strongly nationalist in spirit, and to those rarer and more dynamic individuals who, naturally revolutionary in their outlook, have been disappointed and exasperated by the failure of all leadership from the left to approach any fulfilment of their aspirations. Such are the classic social elements who have in other European countries germinated Fascist revolution. The British character, in the placidity of which the democratic parties repose, perhaps, an exaggerated degree of confidence, will not fail, in the event, to respond to the proper stimulus. Just before the war the widespread movement directed against Parliament, in sympathy with the Ulster loyalists, assumed formidable proportions within two years of its initiation. That movement, psychologically limited as it was, and directed only to the safeguarding of certain limited objectives, would—had not the war intervened—have developed into a formidable revolt against the whole theory and system of Democracy in Britain. The Ulster movement was, in fact, the first Fascist movement in Europe, and its spontaneous development, not only in Northern Ireland, but everywhere throughout Great Britain, is the best answer to those sophists who proclaim that the principles of modern Fascism can find no response in the British character.

W. E. D. ALLEN.

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\* 'Hansard,' May 28, 1930.

## Art. 4.—LEEUEWENHOEK AND HIS 'LITTLE BEASTIES.'

1. *Antony van Leeuwenhoek and his 'Little Animals.'* By Clifford Dobell, F.R.S. Bale, Sons and Danielsson, 1932.
2. *Microbe Hunters.* By Paul de Kruif. Jonathan Cape, 1930.
3. *Opuscula selecta Neerlandicorum de Arte Medica:* Antony van Leeuwenhoek. Amsterdam: Sumptibus Societatis, 1930.

'So, naturalists observe, a flea  
 Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.'

THESE well-known lines of Swift were inspired by the work of a Dutchman with the cumbrous name, Antony van Leeuwenhoek, pronounced simply Laywenhook, who was born just three hundred years ago at quaint old Delft, the town of many canals, painted so graphically by Vermeer, a contemporary, whose birth is entered in the New Church register there on the same page as that of Leeuwenhoek. This man, hereafter called Antony, a draper by trade, also held the municipal appointments of chamberlain, surveyor, and wine-gauger, which provided him with means to indulge a hobby that was to set the learned men of the time agape with astonishment. He knew that by peering through a lens it was possible to see objects invisible to the naked eye, but the lenses that came his way were not good enough for him, so with true Dutch phlegm he set to work with his own hands to fashion better ones, much to the amusement of his friends and neighbours who thought him crazy.

He was a stubbornly independent man and declared that he would see things for himself before believing them. He learned the art of grinding glass, and even troubled to smelt ore, doubtless burning himself in the process, to provide frames for his tiny lenses of which he made hundreds during a lifetime devoted to research. His early observations aroused the interest of De Graaf, a fellow-townsmen, already known in scientific circles, who sent to the Royal Society of London a short paper dealing with his friend's work on the bee. Antony had removed the eye of a bee, and while examining the interior perceived

a shadow of the same shape as the cell of a honeycomb, which made him believe that the insect does not build a comb by art or knowledge, but by the pattern of the light received in the eye. In addition, he saw on the head of the bee two arms which he supposed were employed in making the comb, also two scrapers and a wiper used in gathering honey and wax. All these five limbs when not in use lay snugly under the head 'in very good order.' These observations, accompanied by an apology for 'the liberty I take in setting down my random notions,' were contained in his first communication to the Royal Society in 1673, and this was succeeded by no less than two hundred letters, covering a period of fifty years, describing a wide range of microscopical discoveries. His superlative lenses, far better than those much-talked of employed by Eustachio Divini in Italy, placed him in a position to which rivals could not attain, especially as he jealously kept the best lenses and a 'special' method for his personal use alone. The pattern of the microscopes he devised was quite unlike the modern imposing instrument; it was simply a wee biconvex piece of glass, ground to less than an eighth of an inch in diameter and mounted between two thin plates of brass or silver, with an awkward arrangement of screws at the back to bring the object, which was often stuck on a pin with 'glew,' into focus. When the correct adjustment was achieved the whole apparatus was picked up in the hand and turned to the light in the manner that a telescope is used. In the making of the lenses he aimed at producing a bright and clear image rather than a high degree of magnification.

The most diverse objects were subjected to examination, and he did not hesitate to inspect things he would have been excused for avoiding, such as scales from the skin of a leper, and other unpleasant materials. A sea-captain brought him the eye of a whale, and his maid was supplied with a small glass tube for the reception of fleas which she was to catch 'without injuring them.' His little servant had a quick sight, but perhaps her fingers were not of the flea-catching variety, for we read that to ensure a regular supply Antony tried to 'bring up' fleas, but was unable to keep them alive longer than twelve days. However, his researches led to the interesting discovery that the pupa is attacked by a parasite; while

another instance of the 'balance of Nature' was seen when he set himself to find out why the canals of his country were not choked with fresh-water mussels, as they would be if all the mussels born lived to maturity. The reason was plain, as under his glass he saw the young shellfish eaten alive by hordes of minute creatures which thrived as the mussel diminished. He witnessed through the lens another incipient tragedy when he saw a small animal torment a larger one by running upon its body and then by clinging so fast to one of its horns that all efforts made by the unwilling host failed to shake it free; at last he discerned that the horn had been torn off in the scuffle. From fleas Antony turned his attention to a scourge in the granaries—the weevil, hitherto supposed to originate by spontaneous generation; and after four months' delicate work was able to prove that this tiny insect has parents, and that the mother is specially solicitous for her offspring's welfare. With her trunk-like nose, furnished at the end with nippers, she pierces a hole in the grain and lays there *one* egg. Around the egg she crumbles the kernel to provide room for growth and a ready supply of nourishment for the young weevil when it emerges from the egg.

In the course of his inquiries he wished to know whether silkworms would grow in the autumn, and so, to keep the eggs at an even temperature, he carried some about with him in a leathern case and took them to bed at night; by this 'natural' incubation he found that the hatching period could be reduced to one-fourth of the usual time. His wife, who, he says, 'was always warmly clad,' was also required to promote the good work by carrying some enclosed in a little box in her blouse! In the early part of 1676 Antony drew off from his yearly cask of vinegar one-third of a pint of the fluid into a glass which he covered with a paper to keep off the dust, and placed it in his study. In eleven days small eel-like creatures began to appear, and at the end of three weeks had multiplied considerably. Unknown to Antony, these eels had already been described by an Englishman, Henry Power, who called them 'snigs,' by Kircher, the Jesuit priest, and others; but not content with seeing the creatures our enthusiast must needs find out how the young eels were born. With infinite patience he did a

'Caesarian section' on a female, and discovered that it was viviparous, or capable of bringing forth living young. The mother measured only 1.5 mm., but he managed to take out four living baby eels, each twisted on itself 'very nice and pretty,' and thus placed on record the first research on the reproduction of *Anguillula aceti*. When he heard it suggested that the sourness of vinegar was due to these eels pricking the tongue with their pointed tails, he argued that it could not be so because vinegar remains sour when the eels are absent or dead. Some ladies in his house who saw the writhing creatures under the microscope shuddered with disgust and vowed that they would never again use vinegar. 'But they would be still more discomforted,' says Antony, 'if they knew that between their teeth they carry more animals than there are people in the whole of Holland.'

It was natural that water should be subjected to examination by this fanatically inquisitive man, and here he found his greatest delight. One day, in 1676, he took a little water in a hair-like glass tube which he had learnt to make at a fair, set it before his lens, and discovered his 'little beasties,' the present-day bacteria. For the first time a mortal eye saw these very small organisms swimming gently among one another, moving as gnats do in the air, and larger ones moving far more swiftly, tumbling about and then making a quick diving movement. Another kind seemed to stand on end and swirl themselves around like the spinning of a top; the water teemed with them and other living creatures—altogether a very pleasing sight to behold. Minute animals similar to these had decimated armies and laid low the mighty, but Antony did not know that. Sufficient for him the amazing fact of their existence, and of this he must write forthwith in yet another letter to those learned gentlemen of the Royal Society in London. He had often wondered why pepper is hot, and early in April 1676 he placed a small piece of whole pepper in a little water, and so made an organic infusion which, though regularly inspected, failed to supply the required information but yielded amazing results in another direction. In three weeks the water was alive with little animals of various kinds; some had short, thin legs attached to the head—he called it the head because it always went in front during movement;



these were often seen tumbling and rolling over sideways. Others were shaped like plovers' eggs and burst when stranded in a dry place. These oval animals multiplied exceedingly till there were at least eight to ten thousand in a single drop of water in addition to vast numbers of bacteria which were still smaller. Antony kept watch on the oval variety because even when they appeared to be at rest the bacteria around them were driven off as a feather is blown away by the breath; from this he inferred that these creatures had legs, a supposition which proved correct, for a few days later, using his 'special method,' he says, 'I now see the little feet or legs moving very prettily and so swift that 'tis incredible.' He was now able to see that the body was studded with points like that of the skate and thornback, and after much careful scrutiny, which 'put him into a sweat,' he discerned the head and sharp-pointed tail—at such perfection in this minute creature he 'did greatly marvel.' Another puzzling thing about these oval animals was that they never seemed to have little ones; they always appeared the same size, never having to grow up, yet they increased in a marvellous way. Antony, as a rule, would not countenance the theory of spontaneous generation—everything living, he said, has parents or a parent. Mussels were not generated from sand and mud, eels did not arise from dew, as the learned thought, and the smallest creatures, like the greatest, were born from seed. Moreover, the Creator, whom he revered, had fashioned the tiniest animal or insect with as much perfection as the greatest. But he was clearly entertaining the idea in connection with the strange oval animals when he said, 'Can they be put together in an instant (so to speak)?'

When the pepper-infusion had almost dried up, Antony replenished it with snow-water that had been bottled and stored in his cellar for three years; he thought this water was sterile and that no interloping snow-animals would arise to spoil the experiments with his pepper-water beasties. But he was surprised to see that a fresh and varied collection of creatures soon appeared which kept him busily employed in noting their shape and behaviour as they swam or floated before his wondering eye. He became so absorbed in the study of this great family which seemed ever to increase in number and variety

that we find him observing at all hours of the day, by the light of a candle at eleven o'clock at night, and as early as six in the morning. Some of the animals had tails, and at the head a crooked bend like a parrot's beak; others were long and thin, and moved slowly with bendings like an eel, but swam as well backward as forward. Next appeared beasties that wallowed, rolling sideways over and over, 'wherewithal they didn't much hurry themselves,' and others so swift in motion that 'tis not to be believed.' He noticed a further species, pointed at each end, which progressed with a tremulous movement—a pretty sight; and he saw besides numberless particles like 'thin little hairs off men who haven't shaved for a fortnight,' except that those he was observing had a kink in them. The speck of water the size of a millet-seed would now appear to be somewhat congested with beasties, but, in addition to bacteria too small to describe, there were myriads of tiny eel-like animals which provided Antony with the most marvellous sight he had ever seen. He calculated a hundred thousand in one drop of water; they were so numerous that the water seemed alive with them, and next day they had increased to numbers unspeakably vast. Now see what a persistent man this Hollander was. Engrossed as he must have been with these wonders, he still retained at the back of his mind the original purpose of his experiments, for when he had finished with the pepper-infusion he threw away the water and tasted the pepper. It was still hot!

At the end of 1676 Antony found himself a busy man. His long and important letter on animalcules in pepper-water and other infusions being sent to London, and 'off his mind,' he turned his attention to quite a different matter. By virtue of his office as Chamberlain he was required to act as trustee of the estate of Jan Vermeer, the great artist and fellow-citizen, who died in 1675 at the early age of forty-three, leaving his widow with eight children, no money, and some of the finest pictures ever painted. In the midst of legal worries connected with this matter a letter arrived from the Royal Society asking for particulars of the apparatus used in his last observations when he saw a hundred thousand animals in a single drop of water—a statement so incredible that it needed to be substantiated. To counter this unbelief Antony

enlisted the aid of public men to write personal reports of what they saw through the lenses. One of these gentlemen was Sir Robert Gordon, a great traveller known at his home at Gordonstoun as 'Sir Robert the Warlock,' a mighty wizard, probably because his activities in an underground laboratory there savoured of the supernatural. Another witness was the Lutheran minister at the Hague, Hendrik Cordes, much esteemed by Spinoza as an excellent preacher. In addition, five other people and a notary public testified that they had seen the 'little beasties' and found them even more numerous than they had been represented. Antony tried to check the enthusiasm of his witnesses by instructing them to write down only half the number of animals they saw, else the actual number would seem so large as not to be credited. One gentleman calculated forty-five thousand in a speck of water the size of a millet seed, and it is amazing to read that Antony himself could discern yet another host of still smaller creatures through the glass that he reserved for his own use. He forwarded these testimonials to the Royal Society and assured the Fellows that he never overstated a case, rather the reverse: he was so careful not to exaggerate that in some cases specimens were too long under examination and were destroyed by mites. He declared that he saw the smallest sort of the animals as plainly as we see flies or gnats sporting in the air; those of a larger kind as distinctly as mice running before the naked eye, and in a ginger-water infusion he had seen creatures that hopped like magpies. If he could be proved wrong in any particular he was ready publicly to acknowledge his error. Regarding the suggestion from London that he should get help in his experiments he says, 'There are few persons here who could assist me, and as to visitors from abroad I have just had one who was much rather inclined to deck himself out with my feathers than to offer a helping hand.'

Meanwhile, the authorities of the Royal Society had requested Robert Hooke, an expert microscopist, to repeat Antony's experiments, with the result that pepper-water held first place at the meetings where the little beasties were on view and gave great satisfaction to all who saw them. Charles II, Founder and Patron of the Society, was very pleased with the demonstration, and at a gather-

ing, on Nov. 15, 1677, the animals were witnessed by Sir Christopher Wren, Dr Nehemiah Grew, John Aubrey, and others, so that there was no longer doubt of Antony's discovery. In the following year Hooke published an account of these minute creatures in which he departed from Antony's conservative estimates when he wrote, 'the animals are so exceeding small that millions of millions might be contained in one drop of water.' The Royal Society, now satisfied that Antony's work was genuine, sent out to him a diploma of Fellowship in a silver casket with the Society's arms graven thereon: Antony was delighted, and said it was 'the greatest honour in all the world.' As a result of his work he became a celebrity, visited by scientists and royalty, until after suffering the questions of twenty-six visitors in four days he begged to be left alone to pursue his observations in peace. Peter the Great, passing through Delft in a yacht, invited him aboard to demonstrate his wonders, which for two hours highly interested the Tsar, who was specially pleased to see the circulation of the blood in the tail of a baby eel. As a signal favour he shook Antony by the hand on resuming his journey.

A memorable year was 1683, when he made a highly important discovery in his own person. His teeth, he said, were very well-preserved because he rubbed them hard every morning, but in spite of his care a whitish substance remained between them after the toilet. He was curious, as usual, to know what it was, and mixing a speck with pure rain-water, placed it before his lens and was astounded to find that his 'clean' teeth harboured yet more 'little beasties.' Indeed, quite a variety came into view as he peered aghast through his glass. Some darted about like fish in a pond, some appeared like wriggling eels, others spun round and round, and yet more resembled tiny pieces of stick which were apparently lifeless. When his eyes were tired of gazing at these wonders he went walking, and met an old gentleman whom he thought an excellent subject for further investigation, because he confessed to never having been guilty of cleaning his teeth! Antony conducted him to his study, and preparing a specimen as before, looked and saw great numbers of living animals which swam more nimbly than any he had ever seen; the largest progressed with an

undulating movement and had the appearance of snakes. The obliging old gentleman was unconsciously harbouring a well-stocked aquarium of strange and very lively creatures in his mouth. But he was not entirely to blame, because the tooth-brush was not yet in general use: according to Verney's Memoirs, written about this time, it was then considered a 'new Paris luxury.'

Harvey had published his book on the circulation of the blood in 1628, but he could only speculate on the nature of the connection between arteries and veins which made the circulation possible. Antony, however, after failing with promising structures such as a cock's comb, a bat's wing, and the ear of a white rabbit, arranged before his microscope a very small eel which fortunately kept still, and in the tail he saw the enthralling spectacle of blood corpuscles being carried down by the blood-stream in the arteries, then bending themselves to get through the infinitely minute capillaries, and thence being carried on in the opposite direction in tiny tubes which gradually enlarged to become veins to convey the blood back to the heart. Thirteen years previously his acute mind had 'imagined' that the blood corpuscles must be very flexible to pass through the capillaries, and that in their passage they change into an oval figure, reassuming their roundness when they come to a larger space: this is an exact description of the behaviour of the corpuscles in their journey from artery to vein. Malpighi, an Italian histologist, had seen the circulation in the frog's lung twenty-nine years before, but Antony with his superior lens saw the corpuscles of the blood actually being driven through the capillaries. Thus the missing link was added to the immortal Harvey's work and the story of the circulation completed.

It is always said that Antony failed to recognise the association of his little beasties with disease, but in Vol. XXVII of the 'Philosophical Transactions' occurs a passage which points to the contrary. While examining a mussel he saw some minute particles, very white and of a particular figure. He says, 'I stood amazed and began to consider with myself whether these might not be some of those creatures which are so prejudicial to such as eat mussels, as we had an Instance some years ago of a Person whose body was so swelled with eating mussels that it

was thought he would have died of it.' Without realising the full significance of his action, Antony, in the research on vinegar eels, laid down the principle of antisepsis when he says, 'I covered a glass containing vinegar with a paper to keep off the dust.' And again, when making hair-like glass tubes for observing fluids he sealed the ends and broke them only when required for use. He took this precaution because he found that when open tubes were exposed to the air, earthy particles and filaments entered which interfered with the matter under observation. Unfortunately the true value of these statements was overlooked until Pasteur, nearly two hundred years later, demonstrated the intimate connection between bacteria and putrefaction, thus providing the key for which Lister was waiting to unlock the age-long mystery of sepsis in wounds. Pasteur, experimenting as a chemist, discovered that by guarding putrescible substances from contamination by dust and dirt it was possible to keep them fresh for an indefinite period, and Lister applied the principle to surgery with epoch-making results.

On Christmas Day 1702, Antony sent a letter to the Royal Society containing the first description ever made of the reproduction of hydra, an aquatic animal, which he found occurred by budding and without male intervention. This important observation was received with indifference, but when re-discovered many years later by Trembly, it caused a sensation. Antony also noted that the hydra is the unwilling host of parasites one-thousandth of its size. These crawl over the hydra on their little paws and worry it so much that it struggles, but in vain, to dislodge them. They are furnished with tiny horns which can be stretched out to an amazing length, and to make matters worse for the hydra, these horns are studded with knobs like the suckers on the tentacles of an octopus. Nearly twenty years earlier he had already discovered protozoa, rotifers, and ciliates in a sample of water from Berkelse Mere, a lake near Delft. He judged these organisms to be a thousand times smaller than the cheese-mite, and their movements were so swift and varied that he gazed in wonder at the spectacle. At another time he saw an animal which increased wonderfully in number: the parents fixed themselves upon the sides of his glass-tube and lived only thirty-six hours. Soon afterwards



the bodies burst into eight portions, each being a young polytoma which swam off as a complete living animal. Antony calculated that in nine days eight of these animalcules would multiply to a quarter of a million.

In 1716 he reported that certain animals which really belong to water were also to be found in the earth of meadows. He kept a little dry soil in his study for a whole winter and the animals revived when water was added. Under his glass he saw them unfold their limbs, which seemed to be wrapped up inside them, and then swim about in the water. Therefore, he says, these creatures could be transported by water-fowl in mud sticking to their feet and feathers, thus anticipating Darwin, who mentions the same thing in his 'Origin of Species.' This was the first observation ever made on the animal life of the soil. While on holiday at Scheveningen he wondered whether sea-water contained anything of microscopical interest, and to test the matter he gave a new glass phial to a man who went into the sea 'to wash himself,' asking him to fill it with water after rinsing it out two or three times. Arriving home he examined the phial and found several more varieties of his beasties: one kind, he observed, jumped about in the water like a very small flea. Apparently the creatures existed everywhere—in the water of deep wells thought to be pure; in rain from the clouds; in ponds and ditches, and in earth from the fields. At one time he thought he discerned them even in the air itself, but unfortunately omitted to make a closer examination. We know that he inspected dust from the air under the microscope, because he says he never met with two dust particles exactly alike in shape, and the same diversity was to be seen in grains of sand, no two being uniform in figure and size.

One of his earlier discoveries, in 1681, concerned the bacteria in the intestines of man, a find of the greatest importance to Medicine. Bacteria of various forms are normally present in the intestines of most people, but Antony was the first man in history to see them in a speck of fluid moving swiftly hither and thither like pike in a pond. With amazing penetration he saw the real meaning of the curious movements in vorticella, a microscopic creature, which attaches itself by the tail to roots of duckweed and other aquatic plants. The head end is furnished

with organs like the cogged wheels of a clock, which rotate and are at intervals drawn into the body of the animal itself. When he first saw them some years before, he described them as two little horns which were continually moved after the fashion of a horse's ears. He noticed that the rotatory motion caused many little particles in the water to be drawn into the middle of the vorticella, which thus obtained food. Apparently it had the power to discriminate in its diet, for Antony saw unwanted particles flung away, and he naïvely adds, 'I came to the conclusion that these were no good to the creature for food.'

He was not grieved when people refused to credit his startling assertions. On one occasion he very skilfully removed from the head of a gnat the optic nerves and gave the specimen to his limner to draw. An unbeliever said that it was impossible to make instruments fine enough to perform such a delicate operation, but Antony answered, 'I do not matter these Objectors; perhaps it is one of them that doth wish he could do the same!' Again, when he was criticised regarding his discovery of the spermatozoa, he says, 'I well know there are whole Universities that won't believe there are millions of living animals in the male seed; but such things don't worry me, I know I'm in the right.' He was himself the sceptic when he met a German quack who claimed to cure diseases by a 'sympathetic powder.' Antony warned the German that he intended to speak plainly, because 'being a Hollander he was not used to flatter.' They soon disagreed over the case of a woman's bad leg alleged to have been cured by the wonderful powder, but when the charlatan produced a paper of calculi or stones which had been broken up in a woman's body by the same means, Antony took fire and said it must be a sham or lie because he himself had failed to dissolve a kidney stone by setting it in strong vinegar for a whole year. The next case was one of cancer of the breast which the quack said he could cure; Antony bluntly replied that it was impossible.

Obviously nothing was to be gained by trying to impress this stolid Dutchman and the quack departed. When informed that mischief could be wrought by the powder as well as good, Antony said, 'What can the man

not do with poison? I have no faith in him. He is not staying here long, but is off to England, where he will doubtless find people as gullible as at Rotterdam.'

At intervals the conscience of the scientific world has been troubled that such a man and his work should have been so forgotten, even by his own countrymen, for over two centuries, and attempts have been made to render homage where it was so plainly due. In 1875 an international celebration to commemorate one of Antony's discoveries was held at Delft, and the visitors inspected a house in which he was said to have lived, and where, some years later, a bronze shield was put up to mark the spot; but it has since been ascertained by L. G. N. Bouricius, a Dutch archivist, that the site of the genuine house is in the Hippolytusbuurt, a neighbouring street. His birthplace in Oosteinde, occupied by a hide-merchant named Roes, was demolished in 1929, and the site used to enlarge a children's playground. A Leeuwenhoek film was recently shown in Holland, and the latest endeavour to perpetuate his memory is being made by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Amsterdam which is preparing for publication a complete edition of his works and is appealing for manuscripts and data that may still be unpublished relating to this man, who is, in many ways, the most remarkable figure in the history of science.

He is of great importance in Medicine as the 'Father of Bacteriology,' a science which has developed enormously since the first animalcules were seen by this humble observer of Delft. As a young man, Mr Clifford Dobell, Antony's latest biographer, was amazed to find that whatever protozoa or bacteria he worked at, he was nearly always forestalled and repeatedly led back to the same mysterious and elusive individual who had somehow succeeded in registering the first observations on almost every kind of microbe he attempted to investigate. With quickened interest he set himself the great task of collecting from Antony's voluminous writings everything relating to bacteria and protozoa, even learning seventeenth-century Dutch in order to read the original letters, still extant and carefully preserved at the Royal Society. Mr Dobell writes of his struggles to understand what the old Hollander, who was terribly short of descriptive language, was trying to tell him, and how he plodded on

from word to word, one translation being made during interrupted nights when raiding aeroplanes dropped bombs which might have hurled the priceless letters and their reader into oblivion. There was a hint of prophecy in Antony's statement that he did not trust people, especially Germans! Mr Dobell has devoted his spare time for twenty-five years to investigating the old Dutchman's life and work, and the fruit of this research now appears in a monumental work of four hundred pages, prepared mostly between midnight and 3 a.m., which is, moreover, a mine of accurate biographical information pertaining to Antony, 'this truly marvellous man,' as Mr Dobell reverentially describes him. These two workers in the same field have at least two qualities in common—the will to overcome difficulties single-handed, and a patience almost incredible.

Antony himself was a plain man with a very moderate education, but he was certainly not illiterate, though his writing is full of irregular spellings and punctuation. The portrait by Verkolje in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, many times reproduced, shows him with heavy features but fine brow and large blue eyes, set wide apart, glancing observantly to the right. He was twice married and had five children, Maria, the only one to survive him, being his devoted assistant. Like John Hunter, another outstanding character of Medicine, he had no classical knowledge, 'no style or pen,' as he says, and only his mother-tongue to describe the strange things he saw. Thus his communications to the Royal Society are couched in homely language which gives a sense of intimacy as he lifts the veil and permits the reader to share with him the joy of discovery. The finding of the 'little beasties' represents only a part of his work; he also sent illuminating letters dealing with the fat globules of milk; the optic nerve, which was supposed to have a hole in it for the vital spirit to reach the brain; the structure of bone and muscle; cochineal, which he found to be an insect, not a plant; the notches in a 'sharp' razor, and other subjects too numerous to mention. Of course he made mistakes, as in the case of the cochineal insect, which he thought increased by parthenogenesis, or independently of conjugation; but when we remember that the female of the species outnumbers the male by 150 to 1, such an error is

readily excused. I have read with pleasure his 126 published letters in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and find that he is always interesting and equally at home when discussing compression of the air, formation of crystals, the source of parasites in cattle, or, as a physiologist, speculating on why a single hair lying upon the skin should cause so great a tickling!

At ninety years of age he writes that his sight 'groweth somewhat dim.' He was next seized, according to the physicians, with palpitation of the heart, but Antony differed and referred the trouble to the diaphragm, because he could feel no quickening of his pulse during the attack. 'The doctors only guess,' he says, 'and I have as much right to an opinion as they.' As soon as he was able he set out to prove the matter by studying under his lens the diaphragm of sheep and oxen, and wrote his results in yet another letter to London. However, his fruitful life came to an end on Aug. 26, 1723, and he was buried in the Old Church, where his tomb may be seen inscribed with verses by Hubert Poot, the 'Robbie Burns of Holland.' The third centenary of his birth has just closed, and it is fitting to remember and honour this grand old pioneer who, with a few home-made tools, revealed the invisible and disclosed paths of research which have since been traversed by other men of genius who in their progress met and destroyed the age-long enemies of mankind that barred their way. The fighting in which Holland was long involved did not disturb this solitary worker, for he continued to send writings to London during the periods of strife, and as though to emphasise their immortal quality it is interesting to note that the Porte St Denis in Paris, erected as a memorial of the victories of Louis XIV, whose soldiers overran Antony's country while these discoveries were being made, threatens to tumble to ruins. When he lay dying at the age of ninety-one, Antony's chief concern was that his last two letters should be translated into Latin and sent to his friends of the Royal Society, whose servant he had declared he would remain to the end of his life. He kept his promise faithfully and generously.

S. WOOD.

## Art. 5.—ANGLOPHOBIA IN JAPAN.

TRANSLATIONS of anti-British comment in Japanese periodicals have found their way home, and some perplexed and indignant Britons are in possession of posters which for hours were visible on Tokyo walls, the handiwork of the 'Anti-Britain Society.' This has prompted the present writer's home correspondents to express concern for his well-being and to request an explanation of this 'sudden outburst of hostility.' It would be well at the outset to relieve the anxiety of those who fear for the safety and comfort of their compatriots exiled in Japan. Britons are not insulted in the streets, nor are the windows of their residences stoned by infuriated mobs. They pursue with their traditional tranquillity such avocations as the depression has left them, while their social contacts with Japanese friends and acquaintances are as cordial as could be desired. But there is anti-British feeling about; that cannot be denied, and it is a fact which surprises nobody who has been in constant touch with Japanese life for the past few years.

It represents no 'sudden outburst of hostility.' The time-lag in the popular conception of the sentiments of another distant people is an important factor in international misunderstanding. It takes a few hours to convey news from Japan to England; it seems to take a few decades to convey a complete impression. Impressions are fixed more often than not by a picturesque phrase, and in the present case 'The Britain of the Far East' has served its purpose well. To many Britons it has tended to give an impression of the Japanese as a people almost instinctively sympathetic to things British, admiring, imitative, and perpetually grateful. Such an impression has, very properly no doubt, been fostered by official diplomacy. 'The Two Island Peoples' and other parallels, dubious though ingenious, have been evoked and elaborated in reciprocal bouquets of post-prandial oratory. Diplomats, however, do that sort of thing with their tongues in their cheeks. They know the facts which they adorn with fancy. But of their fancies public opinion is largely constructed. To this we owe the current belief among the untravelled and partially informed of both England and Japan that the norm of Anglo-Japanese



relations is like those of David and Jonathan, the conception of the respective rôles varying, of course, from one country to the other.

If we are constantly told that the normal attitude of a nation toward us is one of peculiar *bienveillance*, we are the more resentful when the hazards of circumstance prompt our supposed friend to act against us. The Japanese are particularly prone to suffer in this way, as the nation, to them, is a personal conception, which inclines them to personify other nations as well. International exchanges thus acquire the simplicity of individual relationships. You have your friends among the nations, and like a *Samurai*, 'keep faith' with them. Similarly, any action taken by your friends which does not actually coincide with your interests is a betrayal, and moral stricture becomes involved, with an increase of ill-feeling all round. The construction of the Singapore base, for example, was seen as an act gratuitously hostile to the traditional friend, Japan. The non-renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was similarly interpreted. For the Japanese these were not just unfortunate occurrences in the political game; they were betrayals. Doubtless this sounds unreasonable to English ears. Yet Lancashire, traditionally not the least practical county in an eminently practical kingdom, has often been heard to couch its complaints in a hardly less sentimental vein. Even to hard-headed cotton-spinners, Japanese progress in world markets has appeared not only as uncomfortable competition, but in a vaguer sense as a betrayal of past memories and favours. It seems almost impossible to escape this on either side. Everything that is done in one country against the interests of the other is immediately something more than just an event. Thus the traditional friendship of the past intensifies the animosity of the present.

The ordinary forces of national development function without taking account of these traditional sentimentalities. Those forces have at one time served to bring Japan and Britain into co-operation, at another time into competition. Broadly speaking, the co-operative period was pre-war, the competitive period post-war. We live in the competitive period. Any effort to improve Anglo-Japanese relations must begin with a realisation of that

simple fact. It is proposed in this article to examine the major issues which have brought Britain and Japan into competition, to describe as clearly as possible the Japanese emotional reaction to those issues, and finally to suggest how Japanese resentment can be mollified by British action without at the same time sacrificing British interests. But the essential prelude to such discussion is the reminder attempted above that in international relationships sentiment must be conditioned by political and economic facts rather than the contrary. To suppose that this process can be reversed has been one of the chief factors destructive of rational good understanding between the British and Japanese.

The economic issue is clear. Japan is the Britain of the Far East in the sense that her population can only be maintained, even at its own standards of adequacy, by means of a large export industry. Industrialisation began as a prestige movement. Factories, like frock coats, were part of the paraphernalia of Westernisation. There was a good home market, expanding roughly in proportion to the expansion of their industries, among a people consuming their products in much the same spirit as they were produced. China, too, was a market of such vast proportions that the unimpressive entry therein of Japanese industry occasioned among the Western Powers rather a patronising approval than any alarm. Industrialisation, however, produces not only more goods but more people. The vast increase of Japanese population in the Meiji Era had other contributory causes, but industrialisation was unquestionably the chief.

It is rare for the cause of an evil to be regarded as its only possible cure. Yet such has been the case in Japan. Industrialisation, the principal cause of over-population, became the principal remedy of the evils thereof. When, in the early years of the twentieth century, it was seen that the population of Japan was becoming too large, the first solution which presented itself was that of exporting people. The difficulties of finding markets for such human exports are too well known to require comment here. Possibly a less appreciated fact is the reluctance of the people themselves to be exported, a factor in the Japanese population problem which is as operative to-day as ever it was, when Brazilian hospitality, in spite of the

utmost energy of Japanese official encouragement, is accepted with reluctance, and Manchuria, for which most Japanese would gladly die, can find few to live in it. Failing the export of people, there was left only the export of goods. Mr W. R. Crocker,\* after examining the factors of the Japanese population problem and measuring the contributory effect of all the proposed remedies, puts industrialisation with its corollary of exports easily first.

Over-population, then, created the need, while the Great War provided the opportunity, for further industrial expansion. With the principal exporting nations out of the way, the Japanese came in. Expansion of trade led to a vast expansion of plant, and the era of really large-scale industrialisation set in. The Japanese did not make the most of their immediate opportunities. The story of their war-time idiosyncrasies in commercial morality is a commonplace among Western business-men. The result was that many of their markets were lost, but the expanded plants remained, and the accompanying technique. The Japanese, always quick learners, soon acquired the modicum of honesty necessary for commercial success, as a generation before they had acquired the modicum of dishonesty necessary for diplomatic success. With the latest technique, in manners as well as methods, with low labour costs, a minimum of labour organisation, a social system calculated to mitigate the rigours of capital-labour disputes, and an abundant energy natural and patriotically inspired, they set themselves to the task of finding work for their expanded plant and population. In new markets or in old, they would conquer evil reputation and fair competition, and establish themselves as an industrial power. The trouble is that they have largely succeeded.

The Japanese advance has brought them into competition with the British in Asia, the Americas and Africa, but that competition has been most acute and provocative of bitterness in India and China. The Indian story is simple. The Japanese advance has been represented in Britain as due to unfair methods, somewhat ill-defined, but consisting mainly of sweated labour, subsidised

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\* In his 'Japan's Population Problem.' Allen and Unwin, 1930.

shipping, and occasional dumping. Against this the Indian tariff wall rose, built partly, as one might say, with bricks from Manchester hurled at distraught Indian Secretaries, and partly with similar bricks from Bombay hurled at equally distraught Viceroys. The Japanese, in a crescendo of infamy or of industry, according to the respective points of view, jumped the walls; and the game went on with national feelings growing progressively worse until the British financial crisis of September 1931. When Great Britain went off gold, the situation of British exporters looked up; but two months later, Japan also went off gold, and the Japanese currency, largely as a result of the political situation, dropped rapidly to a point where the yen-sterling cross rate was over 40 per cent. below par. Equally rapidly, the Japanese share of Indian trade began to soar, the yen value of their exports in 1932 almost doubling that of the previous year.

The slight depreciation of the pound between September and December was viewed by British exporters as a reasonable compensation for their sufferings of the past. But when the same thing happened in Japan, it was realised that currency depreciation could become a sinister economic weapon. The cry of exchange-dumping was raised, and the rest we know. The effect here of the abrogation of the Indo-Japanese Trade Convention can be easily imagined. The Japanese believe that their position in the Indian market was due to their own legitimate effort, and moreover their resentment is intensified by the fact that since Indo-Japanese trade relations began the trade balance has been consistently unfavourable to Japan. Even the figures since the war will suffice to show this (see Table on next page).

The figures show that only in 1932 did Japan secure any advantage from her trade relations with India, and it is not surprising that her people feel resentment at the action of virtually closing the Indian market which, in spite of every statement to the contrary, including the official one issued by the Tokyo British Embassy in June, they persistently believe to have been prompted by the British Government. As purchasers of 25 per cent. of India's raw cotton production, they naturally call high heaven to witness their contribution to the prosperity of that country and the injustice of

## INDO-JAPANESE TRADE BALANCE

| Year.         | Exports to India. Imports from India.<br>(Unit 1000 yen, round figures.) |         |
|---------------|--|---------|
|               |  |         |
| 1919          | 116,878  | 319,477 |
| 1920          | 192,249  | 394,920 |
| 1921          | 84,503   | 210,365 |
| 1922          | 97,203   | 254,088 |
| 1923          | 99,619   | 305,718 |
| 1924          | 135,373  | 387,791 |
| 1925          | 173,413  | 573,563 |
| 1926          | 155,951  | 391,136 |
| 1927          | 167,580  | 270,592 |
| 1928          | 146,005  | 284,798 |
| 1929          | 198,056  | 288,119 |
| 1930          | 129,262  | 180,405 |
| 1931          | 110,367  | 133,165 |
| 1932          | 192,491  | 116,865 |
| 1933 Jan.-May | 85,072   | 116,158 |

the present situation. Moreover, many Japanese have learnt their economics in the Manchester school, even if the lesson has not been officially applied, and they know that 'free competition is the soul of commerce' and that 'there can be no one-way traffic in trade.' Sound Man-cunian principles are these, so the Japanese public is repeatedly told, and Manchester has now betrayed them.

Popular feeling has not been improved by British statements that Japanese merchants have been dumping in Indian and other British markets as part of a deliberate policy of undermining the British trade position. There is no better answer to such dumping charges than that contained in the report of the Commercial Counsellor to the British Embassy in Japan. The report reads:

'... the effect of Japanese competition in overseas markets ... has given rise in various parts of the world to accusations that "dumping" was being practised on an immense scale, and with government assistance. Such charges are as a general rule without any foundation, if by "dumping" is meant the sale of goods abroad at below production cost ... the bulk of the export trade has certainly been conducted at a profit, and the Government, far from encouraging cheap sales, have urged small export traders to combine for the maintenance of higher export prices.

'No good, but possibly much harm, can come of ascribing the successes of Japan in foreign trade to unfair methods. This report would fail in its purpose if it did not bring out

the fact that those successes have been obtained by a deadly combination of low wages, good workmanship and favourable exchange.'\*

In the presence of this authoritative statement, which naturally has been given the widest publicity in the East, the Japanese are apt to say that the British are deliberately denying the evidence provided by their own official representatives and persisting in false statements in justification of a selfish policy calculated merely to subserve the purposes of an industry which, whatever it may have been in the past, is now bankrupt of initiative and energy and of all the virtues that in the days of its apotheosis it so loudly trumpeted abroad.

Resentment then grows, and it is resentment of a sentimental nature, as is revealed by the decision to boycott Indian cotton, a clear case of nose-cutting to spite the face. Japanese spinners are loudly declaring that if the present British policy of closing the nearer Empire markets continues, they will go forth and compete in every non-British market in the world where British goods are sold, and that even where freight is most against them they will be able to establish themselves. This is a rational decision, but the chances of its success depend entirely on adequate supplies of cheap Indian cotton for mixture with American, in order to produce a suitably priced article acceptable in such markets. To plan an imposing campaign to capture new markets on one day, and to refuse to acquire the only available raw material of suitable price and quality on the next, is as paradoxical as for Viscount Ishii to be expounding in Washington his favourite thesis that the economic boycott is an act of war, to be provided against by international sanction, on the same day as the Japanese textile manufacturers announced their boycott of Indian cotton. Such paradoxes are only possible when passion directs practice, and it is this passion which it is to the interests of both countries to abate.

The story in China is less simple, because the evidence is not so clear. Whether one subscribes or not to the Ishii thesis, there is no doubt that the boycott has been

\* 'Economic Conditions in Japan to December 31, 1932,' by G. B. Sansom and D. W. Kermodé. London: Published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1933. Price 3s. 6d. net: P. 38.



China's principal weapon in international exchanges in post-war years. That its use has always been the result of spontaneous national sentiment nobody believes. Patriotism has, on occasion, been externally prompted by foreign competitors. The Japanese know this, because they have taken their share in the prompting, and the British know it for the same reason. No Japanese would go to the length of suggesting that, had it not been for the presence of British competition, Japanese activities in Manchuria would not have provoked the present boycott; but the obvious advantage which British competitors reap from the anti-Japanese boycott explains to many Japanese the exact measure of support which the British have given the Chinese throughout the Manchurian dispute. More vigorous support might have proved costly and dangerous. No support at all, in addition to alienating Chinese sympathy, would have served to convince the Chinese, fatalists as they are, that national sentiment was a luxury in which, for the nonce, they could not afford to indulge, and that their best course was the resumption of normal trade relations. The temperate support so far given encourages the Chinese in the belief that Britain and the world are on their side, at very little cost to Britain and the world. This moral support strengthens Chinese national sentiment, and the boycott continues to the discomfiture of Japanese exporters and the profit of their foreign competitors, of which Britain is the largest. This cynical interpretation of British policy would doubtless evoke indignant denials, but *a priori* it has possibilities of accuracy, and the support of diplomatic history. Above all, the Japanese are coming to believe it, with the natural result of increased indignation at British duplicity and selfishness.

China suggests the transition from economic causes for Anglophobia to those political. Having announced the withdrawal of their country from the League of Nations, Japanese leaders naturally tend to feel that its political future lies in Asia, a view which captures the public imagination the more readily that it hints at vast potentialities without any very precise definition. There is a revival in some quarters of 'pan-Asianism,' and an almost moribund society known as 'The Great Asia Association' has latterly enrolled many new adherents

and acquired substantial funds, for the purpose of propagating the idea that Japan is to become the leader of an 'Asiatic League of Nations' or an 'Asiatic Economic Bloc,' or something like that. Viscount Ishii has been hailed as a prophet by those pan-Asianists, as the exponent of an 'Asiatic Monroe Doctrine.' He actually said that Japan could not tolerate foreign interference in Manchuria, but out of this has been built a grandiose project of Asiatic hegemony. These Asiatic aspirations are shadowy enough, and the manifestations thereof are mostly naive to the point of absurdity, but there is some reality in them. Japan's political activity must inevitably concern itself more with Asia than before. Official realisation of this need is shown by recent Foreign Office appointments, efforts being made to strengthen Japanese representation, both diplomatic and consular, in Asiatic states. Moreover, these aspirations appeal to the public imagination. Japan as the leader of Asia is an ideal uniting patriotic ambition, racial sentiment and economic interest. Such unifying ideals, however chimerical, are not without value in these times of 'Red thought.'

The chief rival of Japan, leader of Asia, is Great Britain with her Indian Empire, her still vast influence in China, and her general prestige. Thus Britain again is the adversary. The pan-Asianists follow with interest every sign of trouble in India, and itinerant Indian seditionists are assured of a warm, if unofficial, welcome in Japan. There is a revival of interest, also, in Anglo-Indian history, and, although Great Britain is rarely accused of present political misdoings in India, those of the past are sedulously recounted and in some Japanese minds arouse the proper sort of moral indignation. Thus it can be said that Great Britain is seen here as an economic aggressor in the world in general, and a political rival in Asia. These are the two main causes of anti-British sentiments in Japan. To what extent can they be removed?

The economic causes of conflict are largely irremovable, though it should not be impossible to do away with their emotional accretions. This is true of all Empire markets, but particularly so, so far as India is concerned. While Japanese competitive power remains as it is, no British or Indian Government can possibly modify the present

tariff position. All that can be done is to make clear when negotiating with Japanese representatives what the British position in India actually is, and how far the abrogation of the Indo-Japanese Trade Agreement and the imposition of the discriminatory tariff have been prompted by interests outside India. The nature of British dominion in India and elsewhere is widely misunderstood by the Japanese, for whom dominion is dominion, and no nonsense about it. The Anglo-Indian position, then, needs to be clearly explained by British representatives in conference. The bogey of British oppression and exploitation of servile native Indians needs to be laid, as it can be, if our negotiators and representatives take the necessary trouble. This is perhaps more important than discussion of the actual economics of the situation.

Turning from India to China, the direction of British policy, assuming always a desire to remove Japanese hostility, would seem to be clear. It has been expressed in the simplest terms by Mr G. Ward Price, of the 'Daily Mail,' when he said that Britain should help Japan to re-establish her position in the Chinese market. That such a policy represents ordinary prudence is surely obvious. The present exclusion of Japanese goods from the Chinese market is almost entirely due to political sentiment, and such sentiment, as the British know to their cost, is notoriously fickle. Closely associated with this fickle political sentiment is a permanent geographical fact, the position of Japan. For the moment, sentiment rules to British advantage, but it cannot be hoped that sentiment can thus defy nature for any appreciable length of time. If Japanese exporters do not establish themselves in the Chinese market now, they will certainly do so ultimately. In the meantime, with the Indian market and other British markets partially closed to them, with the Chinese market for the moment almost totally closed, and with an industrial structure built up on the assumption of a large export trade, they are bound to embark on a campaign of competition with the British in any other open market near or far and, in all the circumstances, with every chance of success. Assuming then that Britain has power to help them to re-establish themselves in China, by refraining from doing so she is inviting disastrous

competition in other parts of the world, for the sake of a temporary advantage which common-sense must demonstrate can only be temporary.

There remains the question of what Britain can do to give the Japanese this help. Recognition of Manchoukuo is for the moment out of the question. But at least some plain words can be spoken to leaders of the Nanking Government indicative of the British conviction that the political situation established by Japan cannot be changed by foreign indirect pressure. The accusation of the Japanese that Great Britain's moral support of China was prompted by purely interested motives is probably untrue. But the fact remains that such support has encouraged Chinese leaders to cherish the hope that they may succeed by some provocative act in North China in creating such a situation as will lead to foreign intervention to their advantage. In the meantime, the maintenance of the boycott is necessary to keep the national sentiment at the proper pitch of Japanophobia. If the conviction of the possibility of foreign help were supplanted by one of the necessity of making the best of a bad job, the boycott would speedily collapse, and geography and Japan would come into their own. The British Government, by plain speaking, can help to this end. Such a course would represent common honesty as well as the best common-sense policy, a combination traditionally attractive to the British mind.

The heady talk about political rivalry requires perhaps less serious consideration. There is very little that British representatives can do or say about Japan's aspirations to a vague hegemony of Asia, beyond explaining the position in India for economic reasons. In any case, the sphere of Japanese foreign policy in a practical sense is limited to China which, for any purposes other than the neat rounding off of a sentence, is Asia for them. Politically, if Britain and Japan can reach an understanding about China, 'Asia' will take care of itself. Naval rivalry can be left to the mathematicians and the prestige hunters to wrangle about, without their getting any very enthusiastic support from either public, once the Chinese question is settled.

The removal of anti-British sentiments in Japan would seem, so far as Britain is concerned, to depend, therefore,

on (1) the placing of Anglo-Japanese relations on a realistic basis, getting rid of the vague sentiments about 'traditional friendship'; (2) a frank explanation by representatives of the British Government of their position in India, and the part that political position plays, and can play, in British and Indian economic policy; (3) a cessation by interested British individuals, and the newspapers which represent those individuals, of charges of dumping, which must now be recognised as without foundation; (4) removal from the minds of representatives of the Nanking Government of any hope of support from us in anti-Japanese activities. More than that British statesmanship cannot be expected to do; while to do less is to invite the perpetuation and intensification of anti-British sentiments here, which, in view of the fact that Japanese political (as distinct from economic) ideology is at least eighty years behind that of western Europe, might ultimately have the gravest consequences.

H. VERE REDMAN.

### Art. 6.—THE CLERGY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ONE of the causes, it may be, that the Church is not doing all she might do is her ignorance of Social Science. It renders much of the work of the clergy ineffectual because misdirected. It misses its mark because they aim at the wrong things. The fault lies in their training. But let no one suppose that I am advocating the addition of a new subject in ordination examinations or an addition to the Theological College syllabus. That is not likely from one who has been engaged in teaching Pastoral Theology to students for some twenty-five years and knows how overcrowded already is the lecture list. Still less do I wish to divert the clergy from their proper studies to 'social work.' My whole aim in lecturing on Pastoralia has been to get them to know about it, and to co-operate in it, but to leave it, in the main, to others. I have continually urged that the right method is for the clergy to support and strengthen existing institutions rather than to run parochial undertakings which ignore them. It is rather that I should wish to see the whole of our theological and pastoral teaching given with a fuller consciousness of scientific Sociology and a more thorough understanding of the real conditions of life. This, I believe, would involve a very different and better attitude to much of our work in the Church.

As it is, I fear, our background of Sociology is often crude and amateurish. It is unscientific. We barely recognise that there is such a thing as Social Science. We are occupied mainly with the abnormal, which, as is always the case, strikes the eye, whereas it is the normal that matters most. We are, for the most part, unaware of the changes that have come over social conditions. Where in the realm of science and scholarship we have reckoned with the change that has come with the idea of evolution and the decay of belief in verbal inspiration, there has been little or no adaptation to the change of society in our parish work. Let me explain what I mean by examples.

Our Sociology is crude. We divide people into 'Rich' and 'Poor.' We talk about 'work in poor parishes.' But no hard-and-fast line can be drawn anywhere between the two. Mr Charles Booth, in his 'Life



and Labour in East London,' found it necessary to use at least six different colours with which to classify degrees of poverty in his maps. And worse, the word 'poor' has at least four different meanings in common speech. Or rather five, for the Biblical meaning of 'simple,' 'righteous,' 'God-fearing,' 'poor in spirit,' refers to a different kind of poverty from those we wish to get rid of. Sometimes it is economic poverty that is meant, the criterion of which is low wages; sometimes educational poverty, in which the differences of degree can be traced to schooling and have comparatively little connection with money. Sometimes it is the morally poor that are considered, as when we deal with the victims of idleness, drink, lust, and extravagance, where obviously the remedy does not lie in giving money. Sometimes the word refers to those who, through misfortune or accident caused by no fault of their own, are in distress though normally independent and self-supporting, the poor with whom organised charity can deal. There is a patent danger in acting without thinking out the meaning of terms both in legislation and in remedy. Yet our normal parish work is based on this division of rich and poor. We visit 'the poor.' We mark out certain streets to be visited from house to house, and others where we visit when invited, or after being called upon. We have Sunday schools for one class. We have missions to 'the poor,' and mission churches in 'poor' districts to which we expect them to come, though we should never dream of having special services for 'people who have only got one servant,' or special churches for people who are 'quite pleasant but not very much of things.' We confuse economic poverty with ethical. Our criterion is wages, but our action is moral. We guess how much money is coming in each week and adapt our spiritual methods to the results, a blunder as bad as that of associating bodily defects with mental, against which Miss Mowcher warned David Copperfield. An evangelical form of Christianity is always in danger of adopting a false attitude of patronage, but the results are disastrous when material and moral deficiencies are confounded.

Again, not having any general systematised knowledge of Sociology, we concentrate our attention on abnormal conditions. 'Social questions' mean for most of us

problems of unemployment, sweating, or overcrowding. This tends to make us regard unnaturalness in work as a sign of value. People who do *outré* things are regarded as heroic. We concentrate our efforts on the East End. We are interested in the habits of classes because they are different from our own, and are attracted by their ideals. We quote the opinions of 'genuine working men' and exaggerate their importance because they are peculiar or different from ours. This, combined with a love of patronage and a certain pleasurable feeling of superiority, attracts men to 'slum districts.' We do not realise that the greater the difference in class, the greater the difference in ways of thinking and living, the harder, that is the less effective, it makes the work. And this in spite of the obvious failure of this method of direct attack. Further, it prevents us from realising the nature of the differences which *are* there. It leads to an over-intellectualising of our methods. We distribute tracts. We talk in abstract terms to men who think in concrete. We lay stress on sermons, lectures, and classes for people who do not normally get their ideas from set speeches. At the same time, by approaching men on the side on which they are abnormal and defective we are forced to under-intellectualise our material, and try to bring it down to their level, with the result that we fail to meet the intellectual demands of the great normal masses towards the top.

The confusion of economic poverty with moral is no less disastrous. There is, perhaps, a fairly general realisation of the harm of religious bribery, though Good King Wenceslas is still almost universally regarded as an ideal benefactor. But the harm of what we may call crypto-bribery is seldom realised. A vast amount of our work has to do with subsidised clubs, treats, and prizes, teaching people that it pays to make a profession of Christianity. This at once sets up an unnatural relationship between the would-be helper and the helped, making all real mutual understanding impossible. It is at least doubtful whether working-class boys taken for a Whitsuntide holiday to Oxford or Cambridge do not get an entirely false impression of the lives of their hosts. We regret this over-occupation with secular things, but no real effort is made to reform matters. Yet it may well

be that this false attitude is going near to killing Christianity among the masses. Certainly it is emphasising the fact that the Church of England is in practice a class church. We have different methods for, and expect different things from, 'the poor,' and meanwhile whole classes are being ignored. The world of normal workers, servants, taxi-drivers, people without servants generally, to say nothing of those engaged in abnormal callings, pressmen, the police, nurses, and night-workers generally, have no provision made for them.

There is a place, of course, for work among people in abnormal conditions of poverty, and much good, no doubt, is being done. It would be strange, indeed, if all this devotion bore no fruit. But here is just the trouble. If we could condemn it and sweep it away it would be simple. The Church could then devote her attention to the normal. And there is a need for specialised work of all kinds, which is not being done. There is a crying need for apologists to combat secularism and to help the puzzled. We need both out-of-door speakers and writers of books and tracts. We need specialists for religious work in connection with the Poor Law (to use the old term) and with prisons, just as we require special schools for the mentally and physically defective, and hospitals for the sick, and organisation of charity for the distressed. But it must be against the background of normal conditions that this is done. We must have special schools for the cripples and feeble-minded, but education deals chiefly with the mass of ordinary children in ordinary schools. We need doctors for the sick, but the health of the people depends on good food, exercise, and temperate living. The chief aim of charity is to set up again people who have fallen out of ordinary industrial life. I have been told that in the great wholesale drapery houses in London the best man is he who learned his business in a general shop in the provinces, since he then learned his trade all round, so that later when he specialises in one particular line he does it with a knowledge of the trade as a whole.

Our first need, therefore, is to study the normal conditions of life. We want to realise what ordinary people do, how they think, how they act. We want to work out our Pastoral Theology against a background of normal

psychology, and realise how men live together as 'political animals,' so reckoning with the laws of Sociology and Politics. When once we have realised something of the nature of what Mr Graham Wallas has called 'the Great Society,' we shall see what kind of work is likely to be effective in it, and the kind of character needed to carry it out. Then we shall set ourselves to train the one that it may construct the other. Till we have this knowledge we shall miss the mark. Certain features in society in England are found universally. The organisation of the various religious bodies, the institutions of local government, the machinery for the relief of the poor, the schools for the education of the young, the police for the prevention or punishment of crime, the hospitals and infirmaries for the sick, these are found in much the same form everywhere. Others vary from place to place, such as the conditions of industry and trade, voluntary and endowed charities, various forms of educational and social work carried on by volunteers. In country towns it is almost impossible to escape reckoning with all these or to fail to know the people engaged in their working, but in a large town it is easy to live parochially and to ignore things and people at our very door. They have to be sought out and looked for.

As soon as this complex nature of society is realised we are forced to consider the whole question of method in Church work. Should we 'run' special Church organisations? There is much to be said for this. You can harness religious enthusiasm. It is easier to see results. The force of example often works by contrasts and definitely Church institutions may be a light shining before men that they may see her good works. Or should we try to man existing organisations with the right men? Should we urge it as a duty to Churchmen to take up some work of public service rather than such 'Church work'? More faith is required for this. Results are less easily seen. But it may be that so the influence of religion is spread wider. Christianity has also been likened to leaven which, though hidden, leavens the whole lump. But till we realise the complexity of society we are not in a condition to get a sense of proportion in deciding which of the two methods to follow.

Or again, I doubt if we realise the great difference between class and class. I doubt if most of us are aware how little the masses of men read, how little they take in from set discourses, how rarely they think in abstract terms, though all this influences, as we saw, the whole question of sermons, classes, and propaganda by religious literature. Also, I am sure that we do not generally realise an even more important fact—that there is no hard-and-fast line between classes. The rapidity of social change escapes us. We English are a race of snobs—to our own immense social advantage—always imitating those above us and trying to live like them. It may annoy 'superior persons,' but it helps us. We talk of districts 'going down' when they are being flooded with people who are going up. In this way ideas spread downwards among people who are more often assimilating those of the people above them than developing ideas of their own. Even in the reign of Henry the Second, as Mr G. M. Trevelyan tells us, 'English snobbery was already at its beneficent task, unending down the ages, of spreading the culture of the upper class outwards and downwards among the people.' Moreover, the aspirants foregather at the centres whence ideas are diffused. They spread from universities to the people by way of schools and school teachers, of journalists and newspapers, from town to country. As soon as this truth is realised it must alter our whole conception of Church work, and of what is best worth doing. We shall have to decide whether to spend our chief energies in 'personal work,' dealing with individuals (who must be dealt with), or whether our personality finds fuller scope in dealing with ideas, from strong centres, though we never actually meet the mass of men who assimilate and profit by them.

Again, within society there are organised bodies of men with ideals and lives of their own, such as the British Medical Council, the Inns of Court, the National Union of Teachers, the General Trades Council, the Religious Orders, the Universities, and, of course, the Church. Round their rights, and the limitation of their rights by the State, circle all the questions of individual and corporate liberty. Sometimes the State persecutes the Church or the Religious Orders; sometimes trade

organisations try to 'hold-up' the Community. To take one of these institutions, perhaps the oldest of all, the family. The Communist attack on the family as the enemy of the sovereign State is natural and consistent. In questions of education, in the struggle that sometimes arises between the State and the Church, each appeals to the family as a third party perhaps more powerful than either. Yet in our organisation of Sunday schools we have practically ignored the family. Instead of holding it up as the duty of parents to take their children with them to worship in church, we have for some three generations urged them to pack them off to Sunday school, at any rate in the afternoon. And then we are surprised at the failure of the Sunday schools, and wonder why it is that adult churchgoers are almost entirely drawn from the leisured class whose children are socially too high in the scale to go to them and, therefore, go to church with their parents! Home pressure may, of course, be overdone. With adolescence begins a desire to shake oneself free from the family. 'Begin your working life away from home' wrote Edward Thring. 'It is impossible to develop freely at home,' but, before adolescence, obviously the best way to work on the child is through the parents. Yet, in the face of obvious facts, we go on talking about 'getting hold of the children,' and quoting the famous apocryphal Jesuit saying (though ignoring the educational methods that went with it), 'Give me the child till he is seven and any one may do what he likes with him after.'

Or once more, it is obvious to any one thinking against a background of Sociology that a man is what he is in his surroundings and his work. Many a man is dull in himself, or, possibly, is dull only because he is in the society of another. We react to the company we are in. Only a very small part of a man's religion (*pace* Prof. Whitehead) is what he 'does with his own solitariness.' Men are generally at their best at their work. A railway guard on his train, a shop assistant behind the counter, a Friendly Society man explaining finance, in each case is very different from what he is in private life. The test of a man is often proved in his leisure, but that is not what he is normally or in relation to society as a whole. This is generally recognised in matrimony. You



do marry your wife's relations. It is almost always a mistake to marry out of one's class. This seems to be specially the case with men. Women, perhaps, are better able to adapt themselves to new conditions and have, maybe, a more individual life. Yet in parish work we rely on individual dealing, on visiting, and personal influence, approaching people quite apart from any established relationship, at times when men, being at their leisure, are least themselves and react most easily to what we say, with a reaction which, consequently, is merely transitory. And then we are disappointed that we 'don't get hold of the men.'

Not only do we often fail to realise that men are what they are as part of their surroundings, but also we fail to appreciate the changes in the social structure that take place before our eyes. Or, if we notice them, we too often fail to grasp their significance. Certain of them, of course, are obvious. The shifting of population from the country to the town, the changes from domestic industries to those of the factory, from agricultural life to manufacture, even the growth of large towns out of small—these we can hardly help seeing. The chief result of our noticing such a change, however, is often an unreal bemoaning of the result, or the expression of sensational views as to its magnitude. 'Hell is a city much like London' was a favourite quotation of those who revel 'in dramatic misrepresentation of industrial conditions'; but, as a matter of fact, that is not in the least how its inhabitants regard London, who, if country-born, show, as a rule, not the slightest desire to return to the conditions of their birth. At most we have enlarged the scale of our work. We have built bigger churches. We have paid more visits. We have had larger Sunday school classes. But our methods are still based mainly on the country traditions of a hundred years ago. They were framed in a society where everybody knew everybody else, and there was generally some mutual and natural economic or social connection. We have not adapted those conditions to the greater complications of town life, but are still parochial, while whole classes of special but normal life, of night-workers, of press men, of employés at theatres, of members of travelling theatrical companies, of policemen, of persons living in hotels, both as

guests and servants, of shop assistants 'living in,' of students at universities and hospitals, of railwaymen, of sailors are, for the most part, unconsidered and ignored.

Of recent years changes have come with extraordinary rapidity. The influence of the Education Act of 1870 has been telling for two generations, especially, perhaps, with women of the working classes; for in Elementary Education boys and girls have in most things received the same teaching, and in all cases girls have had as good schooling as boys. Class differences are being rapidly abolished. In speech, and therefore in ways of thinking, in dress, and therefore in manners and behaviour, we all are getting more alike. In the intercourse of business and commerce people of every kind meet. In their amusements, in what they read, the same films and newspapers are within the reach of practically all.

There are great differences in men, even in classes, still, but no sharp edges. One grade merges into another and the way is open for any one to pass from one to the next without difficulty, especially in our great towns; and all become rapidly assimilated. 'There have been other results' of locomotion and leisure, we read in the 'New Survey of London Life and Labour':

'the visible signs of class distinction are disappearing. Chokers, Derby coats, and ostrich feathers are rarely to be seen. The dress of the younger generation of working men and women, so far from having any distinctive notes of its own, tends merely to copy, sometimes to exaggerate, any particular fashion current in the West End. In the same way paint and powder, once regarded in this class as the mark of a prostitute, are freely used by respectable working girls. With men the pipe has given way to the cigarette, and where it persists it is no longer a clay but a briar. The cockney dialect and rhyming slang are slowly disappearing, while the Cockney twang is spreading to other classes. In fact, the whole demeanour of the different social classes has tended towards a closer approximation in the past generation.'

All the more need, therefore, in religion, to stress what is universal and catholic, even to emphasise that which is commonplace; but we are far too eclectic and peculiar, and too closely associated with the peculiar habits and traditions of a class that is fast ceasing to exist as a caste.

Even the party that lays most stress on Catholicity is too often eccentric and unusual.

The English type is, we may say, becoming standardised. This is due, in great part, to what is called the rationalisation of industry, which has increased the wealth of nations. Things are more easily produced. There is less waste. In spite of the enormous increase in the cost of living after the War, prices are steadily going down, and as has been wisely said, 'cheapness always does good to somebody.' But it is not only material wealth that has increased. Greater intelligence in work is demanded. Since one machine is not so different from another, a man can turn with greater ease and rapidity from one occupation to another. He is far less tied to one trade. His work is more independent of the particular medium in which he is working. Moreover, it is less exhausting. The hours of work can be, and are, shorter than formerly. The burden of the heavier part is transferred to machines, which, of course, do merely mechanical work better and more cheaply. Even if there remains a large part that is half mechanical, such work soon becomes a matter of habit to those employed and is done with a minimum of exertion. Also being usually done in company with others, it is not only more interesting and popular but allows of some interchange of thought. The workers have more leisure and are less exhausted at the end of the day, and are, therefore, better able to enjoy that leisure. 'Machines can now perform,' writes Mr Graham Wallas,

'with greater exactness than the most delicate manual skill almost all "repetition work"; and it is therefore increasingly easy for anyone who has learnt one kind of machine tending to learn another. . . . A workman who can shift from one process to another is more likely, *ceteris paribus*, to feel zest in his work (and to escape the feeling of being fed up) and also more likely to do that work which is most needed than one who can only superintend one process.'

Whether Bertrand Russell is right or not in the stress he lays on the pursuit of happiness, he seems to be right when he says :

'We hear a great deal about the tedium of machine minding, but I think the tedium of agriculture by old-fashioned methods is at least as great. Indeed, contrary to what

most philanthropists maintain, I should say that the machine age has enormously diminished the sum of boredom in the world. Among the wage earners the working hours are not solitary, while the evening hours can be given over to a variety of amusements that were impossible in the old-fashioned country village.'

Yet that foolish person Gandhi says, 'I am trying to wean India from all machinery,' and desires to bring his fellow countrymen's lives back to the dull, crushing, unfruitful burden of manual labour.

Not only has standardisation made work more effective, less exhausting, more social, and less dull; not only has it permitted more leisure, but modern conditions of life have given greater opportunity to use that leisure through increased facilities for locomotion. Motor-cars or coaches, trams and tubes have shortened the time taken to cover distances and made it possible for town dwellers to live, if not in the country, at least amid gardens, while making 'week-ending' a common habit. The means of culture are more accessible to all, even if they only take the forms of our present-day cinemas and theatres. News is flashed across the country and brought to the homes of the masses by wireless. This all tends to uniformity of life and thought. It weakens local interest and local inhibitions. The criterion of place gives way to that of occupation in forming classes. The people you work with are your neighbours and you often do not know the people living next door. Tradition ceases to be local. Yet we continue to expect the clergy to confine themselves to their parishes and to visit by districts!

This tendency to uniformity, coupled as it is by greater liberty, leads to greater initiative in the individual. People can all read, but they choose their own newspapers. Publicity, therefore, plays an ever increasing part in life. Advertisement is abused to the end of persuading people to buy things they do not want, but it is also necessary to let people know what things are to be obtained. They no longer go to the local picture house, or deal at the local shop, merely because it is at hand. Provision of opportunity is what is necessary for custom. Clearly we need big churches, available literature, a religious Press, strong centres of Church life, conspicuous evidences of Christianity displayed before men's eyes. But we go

on talking of 'our people' in a possessive and patronising way that should be impossible.

These are a few points where changed social conditions demand reconsideration in our Pastoral Theology. It is always a pleasure to praise the work of those from whom one differs. On many and important points I differ from the Roman Church, but she at least does much to meet the needs of men. By her clearly expressed creed, in working with a policy, by her open churches and visible presentation of Christianity, by her rigorous insistence on one rule for all irrespective of class, by her assertion that Sunday must be kept by being present at Mass, combined with the freedom allowed in her churches to the individual and the variety both of hour and of ceremony in its celebration, she is solving the problem, perhaps, better than others. Only a Catholic form of Christianity can meet the universally standardised lives of men to-day. Whether that Catholicism need be Latin and Imperial, or whether it can equally well be English and National, is a question we need not discuss here.

But it is useless to be merely critical. Our present work should go on. It is doing much, but is inadequate. If it still attracts the best hearts and minds, as I believe it does, it is only those with a strong sense of calling and with more imagination to see what might be done that respond to the call to the priesthood. We are not attracting many of the great mass of the second best. The parson's job, or perhaps the parson who is doing the job, strikes them too often as amateurish. While bishops continue to urge the 'good old-fashioned methods,' headmasters of public schools take leave to doubt whether the parson's job is a man's job, at least as seen by the eyes of the public school boy. 'They are put off,' they say, 'in large numbers by what they see of the church in the parishes from which they come. The parson's job seems to them no job for a man. Some of the best boys, eager to serve, are looking out for social welfare jobs in big business concerns in preference to ordination.' It is not, it would seem, doubt as to the power of Christianity to guide and save society so much as in our practical application of it that we are not facing big issues.

What can we do? I can only speak from my own experience, which has been mainly that of helping men

to train for Holy Orders. We want, as I urged above, a consciousness of Sociology as a background to our Theology. Much of our teaching is too academic. The test of examinations is no doubt necessary for thorough work. At any rate no better method has been found. But it really does not matter what, say, Rupert of Deutz thought about the Atonement. Or, if we must study academic theology (as we must) it should not stop there. We must get on to Apologetics and put our results so that the ordinary man can understand them. We must study Ethics and Ethical theory, but also get on to Casuistry and apply our principles to the conduct of everyday life. We must study Homiletics so that in preaching we may, as it were, get right out of the sacristy and talk in the common speech of everyday life. We must, when in the pulpit, get right out of church, so to speak, and prove our points from the experience of ordinary men and so lead them back to the altar. In our pastoral work we should put ourselves to school in the world of Education and Social Science, where tested scientific work is being done, and then ask: 'What are the corresponding religious needs of society? And what are the corresponding methods of meeting them practically and effectively?' We want to train minds to see and characters that can construct.

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.



## Art. 7.—THE VINDICATION OF WILLIAM BLIGH

*The Discoverers of the Fiji Islands.* By G. C. Henderson. Murray, 1933.

MEN of eminence not infrequently suffer from the tendency of the public to fasten upon a single episode in their careers, spectacular but historically unimportant, to the exclusion of the more significant services they have rendered their countries and mankind. Such has been the fate of William Bligh. He is notable, I might almost say notorious, for having played one of the leads in that melodrama of the sea, the Mutiny of the 'Bounty,' which has always appealed to the popular imagination. For a thousand who know the facts of that 'eventful history,' as Sir John Barrow called it, not ten know anything of Bligh's more legitimate claims to distinction. The mutiny of the 'Bounty' has dogged Bligh's reputation through history. It has tracked him even to the National Portrait Gallery. There, on the back of his portrait by George Dance, is the following inscription: 'William Bligh, F.R.S. 1754-1817. Vice-Admiral and Governor of New South Wales. In 1789 he commanded the "Bounty," the mutineers of which, after casting him adrift, settled at Pitcairn Island.' Not one word from the officials of this national institution to show that Bligh was the means of transporting the breadfruit from Tahiti to the West Indies, where its descendants flourish in every island to-day; not one word of his supreme achievement, his discoveries in one of the largest and most important groups in the South Pacific, the Fiji Archipelago.

Bligh was a truculent, irascible, overbearing fellow: just such another as Rodney, with the qualities of his defects. But he retained the confidence of the Admiralty to the end of his career, and he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in recognition of his services to navigation and to botany. He was a fine seaman, and he had all the essentials of an explorer, save one. His mind was trained to observation; he was a magnificent disciplinarian (as he proved during the open boat passage from Tofoa to Timor); he was bold without being reckless; and he was ever thoughtful of his men's health. He had

an ardent desire to record fresh discoveries, not for his own glorification, but because he had a sincere impulse to enlarge human knowledge and an intense devotion to his duty. What he lacked was imagination: not the insensitive faculty which prompts a traveller to exaggerate and to bring home with him fantastic tales of wonders seen and dangers braved, but that spiritual quality which allows men a vision beyond stark facts and power to interpret what they see.

Bligh had no literary pretensions. The works he published are little more than transcripts of his official logs. When it comes to assessing his claims as a discoverer, that does not greatly matter. The forthright manner of his narrative carries conviction by its very austerity. Bligh underwent some hazardous experiences, but in all his writings, published or unpublished, that I have read, I have not found a single purple patch. One cannot picture Bligh dashing into any sea, sword in hand, and taking possession of it for his sovereign, as Vasco Nunez de Balboa did when he discovered the Pacific. When Bligh discovered an island he did not even go so far as to give it a name. What an array of saints we should have had if Columbus had discovered the Fijis! Bligh designated each one by a letter, and when he had exhausted the alphabet he began on numbers. He did, however, give the name Bligh's Islands to the whole archipelago, or so much of it as he discovered on his two passages through it, as may be seen on the charts he made both in 1789 and in 1792, although he makes no reference to having done so in his log. Explorers have usually been singularly modest about giving their own names to their discoveries. Of all the islands Columbus found there is not one he named Christobal, or Colon, or Columbia; the towns and the State that bear his name were founded long after his death. The Strait of Magellan was not so called by its discoverer, and Abel Tasman gave the name of van Dieman's Land to what is now Tasmania. Moreover, islands have a way of reverting to their native names: Jamaica is a corruption of the original Xaymaca, but Columbus called it St Iago; and he called Cuba, his first important discovery, Juana, after the son of Ferdinand and Isabella; but the name was not strong enough to hold. So it was with the Fijis: for a time

they were known as Bligh's Islands; then the native name proved the stronger and thrust out the new; and that is one reason why so few people associate Bligh with their discovery. Nor do the textbooks always give him the credit he deserves. The author of a recent work, 'The Real South Seas,' does not so much as mention Bligh when describing the early history of the group, while Sir Basil Thomson, in 'The Fijians,' makes but a passing reference to Bligh's discoveries and misdates his first passage through the archipelago by two years.\*

To apportion with any exactness the credit for the discovery of the Fiji Islands is not easy. The archipelago extends about 300 miles both from north to south and from east to west; it consists of some 150 islands whose total area is 7070 square miles (slightly less than the size of Wales), and these vary in size from mere rocks to Viti Levu, which is as large as Jamaica. The waters which separate these islands are littered with shoals and dangerous reefs, formidable enough for steamers, but terribly menacing for ships which had no charts and were dependent on winds and sails. For the honour of discovering these islands there are five men with well-attested claims: Abel Tasman, James Cook, William Bligh, James Wilson, and Fabian von Bellingshausen. Each is entitled to a share in the credit, but the shares are by no means equal.

Let us first examine the claims of Tasman, who was privileged to reach the archipelago 131 years before any navigator who followed him. On Aug. 14, 1642, he sailed out of the Batavia Roads in command of two ships, the yacht 'Heemskerck,' which carried a crew of sixty, and the flute 'Zeehaen,' with fifty. His second-in-command was Franchoy Jacobszoon Visscher, the Pilot-Major. The object of the expedition was utilitarian rather than religious, or national, or scientific. The Council of Batavia put their hopes in Tasman's finding in the South Pacific unknown lands which would yield gold, silver, and pearls, lands with which they might promote a profitable trade. After leaving Mauritius, Tasman discovered Antony van Dieman's Land (Tasmania) and Staten Land (New Zealand), and then, sailing on across

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\* *Op. cit.* p. 24.

the Pacific, the Tonga Islands. On leaving Namuka (which he called Rotterdam) he sailed due north until he was in lat.  $17^{\circ}$  S., then he altered his course to the westward in the expectation of making two small islands which his fellow-countryman Jacob le Maire had discovered in 1616—Coques and Verraders Eylandt, now Boscawen and Keppel on the Admiralty chart. Actually they lay some 60 miles to the north-east, but he was still on the look-out for them when in the early hours of Feb. 6, 1643, he made his first landfall in the Fiji Archipelago, the low sandy islet which is now known as Nuku Mbasanga, in the extreme north-east of the group.

Between Feb. 6 and 8 he went on to discover four more islands, including Taveuni, the third largest in the archipelago, seven islets and a number of rocks and reefs, on one of which he narrowly escaped shipwreck. To this he gave the name of Heemskercq Droockten (Heemskercq Shoals), which, in violation of all tradition, is now known as Nanuku Reef. He was under the impression that he had discovered over twenty islands; but at least four of those he marked on his chart were in reality hills on the east coast of Vanua Levu, the second largest of the group. He named the islands Prins Wyllem's Eylanden, but at the time he was uncertain that he had made another important discovery, for his Pilot-Major strongly held to the opinion that the islands were part of the Solomons. Tasman was shaken by that opinion, although he had himself determined his position as over 900 miles farther east, which, had he but known it, was very nearly correct. No navigator saw any part of the archipelago again until July 1, 1774, when Captain Cook, during his second voyage, discovered a reef and a small island (Vatoa), which he called Turtle Island, in the south-east of the group. Thereafter he sailed on a westerly course, leaving the main archipelago to the north, so that his contribution to its exploration is the least important of those of the five discoverers.

It was left to William Bligh to be the first navigator to sail right through the archipelago and ascertain its extent. Bligh's discoveries in the group were twofold. On being turned adrift from the 'Bounty' by Fletcher Christian he made his way in the launch, with eighteen companions, to Tofoa, one of Tasman's discoveries in the

Tongas Cook had renamed the Friendly Islands. In a brush with the natives one of the quartermasters was killed, and the company begged Bligh to take them to Timor, in the Dutch East Indies. Then began that open boat voyage, a distance of some 3600 miles, which was to become famous in the annals of navigation. Bligh left Tofoa on May 3, 1789. His intention was to steer to the W.N.W. that he might see the 'Fidjee Islands.' Why he deliberately made for the archipelago has never been clear to me. His situation was not one in which he would want to waste time making discoveries; he had no design of landing for supplies, and did not, in fact, land. But between May 5 and 8, 1789, he took the 'Bounty's' launch right through the middle of the group, from south-east to north-west, first sighting the mountains of Viti Levu, and leaving the archipelago by Round Island Passage. On his second voyage, in 1792, with the 'Providence' and 'Assistant,' he again made for the group after having collected the breadfruit at Tahiti, and he had a much closer view of the south-east of Viti Levu. He did not appreciate its full extent, but even on his first voyage he realised that it must be one of the largest islands in the South Pacific. He was in the archipelago from Aug. 6-12; and sailed from Mothe Island northward through the Koro Sea till he sighted Taveuni, then turned southwards to the south-western extremity of Kandavu. He thus connected his fresh discoveries with his previous ones, and wrote, 'I have now opened a way to their being regularly surveyed; if I had a month to spare I would have completed it myself.' If we grant Bligh the discovery of Vanua Levu (as I think we should, for Tasman saw only its highlands, which he took to be several islands), he is to be credited with finding forty islands, most of them fertile and of good size, Viti Levu and Vanua Levu being the two largest. Viti Levu, indeed, has a greater area than the rest of the archipelago put together; agriculturally and industrially it is the most important, and now, as then, it contains the greater part of the population.

After these discoveries there was, however, still work to be done which we may legitimately call discovery, as opposed to the final survey work which follows it, and Captain James Wilson and Fabian von Bellingshausen

are certainly entitled to rank among Fiji's discoverers. Wilson was in command of the ship 'Duff' which took out the first members of the Missionary Society to Tahiti and other islands of the South Pacific in the years 1796-98. On his return he sailed westward from the Tongas and was in the archipelago from Sept. 8-14, 1797, during which time he passed through some of the most intricate passages and channels, the ship grounding on one of the reefs but getting off again without serious injury. His course was through the eastern part of the archipelago, and his most important discovery was Vanua Mbalavu, in addition to some eleven smaller islands and clusters of islets and a number of reefs, and Scatterbreak Channel, the north-east passage by which he cleared the archipelago. The discovery of the isolated cluster which lies at the south-eastern extremity of the group was reserved for Fabian von Bellingshausen, a Baltic German in the service of the Russian Government. In 1819 he left Cronstadt in command of two sloops, the 'Vostok' and the 'Mirnyi,' on an expedition to the South Pacific and the Antarctic. He, too, reached the archipelago from the Tonga Islands, and on Aug. 19, 1820 (not in 1920 as stated on p. 218 of Professor Henderson's book), he discovered and surveyed two islets which he named Minailov and Simanov, after an artist and an astronomer he had with him. Next day he reached the Ono-i-lau cluster. He remained off the island until Aug. 22, and put on record an account of the islanders, a number of whom went out to the ships.

For the first time a detailed account of the discoveries which I have here briefly summarised has been brought between the covers of a single book. 'The Discoverers of the Fiji Islands' is a fine piece of scholarship and research. One might expect as much from an author who is Emeritus Professor of History at Adelaide University. It is, however, something more than the result of academic gleanings in the Mitchell Library, the British Museum, and the Public Record Office, for Professor Henderson has reinforced his literary researches by practical investigations in the archipelago itself. Since the beginning of 1927 he has paid four visits to Fiji, and on each occasion he has followed in the tracks of one or more of the discoverers, checking and testing the evidence supplied in



their logs, journals, and charts, and devoting special attention to localities concerning which his preliminary studies of the original narratives had left him uncertain or perplexed. We may well believe that (as he tells us) this has been the most profitable as well as the most exacting part of his labour. It has been the more profitable because in all these voyages he had the co-operation of expert navigators who took observations and supplied him with the information he required to test the statements of the discoverers. He pays a generous tribute to their assistance, the value of which is evident throughout the book, and, as he acknowledges, he (and let me add, the colony itself) has been fortunate in having at the head of affairs in Fiji men, such as His Excellency Sir Murchison Fletcher, the present Governor, who are vitally interested in the early history of the archipelago. It would be well for others of our dependencies if those responsible for their administration showed a similar enthusiasm and readiness to co-operate with scholars who are qualified to undertake historical investigation.

Professor Henderson's plan has been to let each discoverer tell his own story in his own words. For Tasman's voyage of 1642-43 there are two sources of original material: the journal preserved in the State Archives at The Hague, the only one which has Tasman's signature, and the Huydecoper manuscript, or extract (as it is called on the title-page), which is now in the possession of the Mitchell Library, Sydney, that treasury of literature, manuscripts, and charts dealing with the Pacific. Having no knowledge of the Dutch language, Professor Henderson has had to rely on the translations of these journals which are in the Mitchell Library. But even here the caution with which he approaches his subject is apparent, for he has been careful to secure expert revision.

For Cook's account of his discovery of Turtle Island Professor Henderson has used Cook's personal journal of his second voyage, which is in the British Museum, and the official journal (signed by Cook, but not in his handwriting), which is in the Record Office. In dealing with Bligh's discoveries, Professor Henderson has taken his material from a manuscript copy (almost exclusively in Bligh's writing) of the 'Bounty's' log of the voyage to

Tahiti and after (part of the collection which Mr W. R. Bligh, the grandson of the Vice-Admiral, presented to the Mitchell Library), and the log of Bligh's second voyage, the original of which is also in the Record Office. That part of Captain Wilson's log which refers to the 'Duff's' course through the archipelago has not been discovered; here Professor Henderson relies chiefly on the journal kept by the second officer, Thomas Godsell, and has used it to check the statements in the published account of the voyage, while for Bellingshausen's record, a copy of which is in the British Museum, he has used a translation, specially made for him from the original Russian, by Mr L. C. Wharton.

I have given the details of the main authorities on which Professor Henderson relies, because they are necessary to show his method. He has been at immense pains to procure the best evidence in each case, so that the student may read the actual accounts of what discoverers saw, in their own words. When, owing to their incomplete knowledge, their senses misled them into giving information that proved to be at variance with actual facts, Professor Henderson is able to point out their errors in his numerous footnotes to the narratives, thanks to his investigations on the spot. As he says, fair criticism can be based only upon an adequate knowledge of the difficulties and dangers incurred by the narrator, and it is not possible to attain that knowledge except by following in their tracks. Thus, his work is a pattern of what a book of this kind should be: no mere hash of other men's work, but a series of original records, obtained with infinite patience, and intelligently discussed in notes which are the outcome of deep academic research and practical tests. The book is enriched by numerous illustrations and reproductions of original charts, together with an excellent large scale map showing the tracks of the discoverers.

It is surprising, however, to find no bibliography to his book. The omission is deliberate. He tells us that nothing short of a fair-sized volume would have sufficed. He might, however, have provided a select bibliography. His work is designed primarily for the student, who is entitled to be told the standard books that bear upon the subject. But Professor Henderson does not so much as

mention Sir Basil Thomson's 'The Fijians,' which, although it makes but cursory references to Tasman and Bligh's discoveries, and none to Wilson and Bellingshausen, does give some interesting details concerning the survivors of early shipwrecks, while in his valuable introduction to 'The Journal of William Lockerby' Sir Everard im Thurn adduces evidence for supposing that Christian himself took the 'Bounty' to the Fiji Archipelago after he had finally left Tahiti and before he reached Pitcairn Island.

These are but two books, by men of high reputation and long personal knowledge of the archipelago, and it seems somewhat ungenerous of Professor Henderson to make no mention of others who have worked before him in the same field. But he goes even farther than this. He declares, 'I have purposely refrained wherever possible from reading published works in order to keep my mind free from prepossessions.' This seems a curious admission by one whose critical discrimination is apparent throughout his book; but it is his settled line of approach, and we must accept it. It is, however, at least legitimate to criticise his omission to state that certain manuscripts he mentions have been published in book form. While there can be nothing but praise for his zeal in going to the original sources for his material, his preoccupation with manuscripts becomes almost fanatical when he refers the student to the Public Record Office for the minutes of the Court-Martial of the 'Bounty' Mutineers, or the journal of Captain Edwards of the 'Pandora,' when these have been published unabridged, since the originals can be seen only in London. Nor does he mention that the log of Bligh's second voyage has been published by Ida Lee 'in sufficient abstract and adequate annotation,' as Sir Everard im Thurn puts it, with the very chart Professor Henderson reproduces himself.

If it is difficult to understand Professor Henderson's attitude here, there is little else in his erudite work to which the most captious critic could reasonably take exception. He makes little adverse criticism on the performances of the discoverers of Fiji, because, as he tells us, the more searching his investigations the stronger justification has he found for whole-hearted appreciation of their work. Few who read this book will be able to

disagree with him, save possibly on one point. It is a singular fact that of the five men among whom the honour of discovering Fiji is to be shared, not one set foot on any island in the archipelago, nor, with a single exception, did any of their companions.

There were three reasons for this: the dangers of navigation, pressure of time, and fear of the natives. The last was certainly a cogent consideration. The Fijians had acquired a sinister reputation among the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands, who had suffered from their raids. The early records show that they did attack Europeans upon occasion; but it is equally clear that they showed themselves anxious to trade, and honourable in trading. My personal experience, and my reading, lead me to believe that primitive people, even when given to cannibalism and head-hunting, seldom attack Europeans wantonly. If they did I should have lost my head long ago. Such attacks, when they do occur, may seem unprovoked at the time, but further knowledge of all the facts usually shows (or would show, I think, if one had the whole evidence before one) that there has been a definite cause to arouse hostility: the breaking of some unrealised taboo, interference with women, or the fact that the strangers had come from the direction of enemy territory; the murder of Witt, the only early explorer in North Borneo to lose his life, can be ascribed to just that cause, although I discovered it only by personal investigation thirty years afterwards.

Now Tasman's express instructions were to go ashore and interview the natives in all newly discovered countries. On Feb. 6, 1643, he wrote, 'We should greatly have liked to anchor near one of these islands but could find no roadstead on account of the numberless banks and reefs that run out to sea from all these islands.' He is referring to the islands Lauthala, Ngamia, and Taveuni, and may have been contemplating a landing, but, as Professor Henderson says, a glance at the Admiralty chart will show how true his statement is. There are openings in the fringing reef, but he would not have seen them. The Councillors of Batavia were disappointed that he failed to land. Professor Henderson states that he 'has no hesitation whatever in expressing the opinion that instead of landing . . . it was Tasman's duty as a commander

of the expedition to get away into more open waters as speedily as possible.' It was certainly fortunate that he did so, for the following day it blew a heavy gale, and it would have gone ill with his ships had it caught them while they were still in that network of reefs. Although Tasman could not have predicted this storm, the season was far advanced, and this undoubtedly induced him to extricate himself from the dangerous waters as soon as possible. He himself gives no further explanation.

Cook, who usually made a point of boldly going ashore on freshly discovered territory, did not himself land on Turtle Island. But the Master of the 'Resolution,' whom he had sent to take soundings, found a boat channel in the reef, and rowed in, 'thinking to speak with the people not more than 20 in number, who were armed with clubs and spears, but the moment he set his foot ashore they retired to the woods.' Professor Henderson does not comment on that passage. To me it seems of great importance, because it relates the first recorded landing, for however brief a period, of any Europeans in the archipelago. Wilson apparently never had any design of landing in the islands he discovered; referring to the grounding of the 'Duff,' the published account states:

'We knew that the Feejees were cannibals of a fierce disposition, and who had never the least intercourse with voyagers; consequently we could expect to find no favour from such. Imagination, quick and fertile on such occasions, figured them dancing round us, while we were roasted on large fires.'

Professor Henderson attributes this passage to the hand of one of the missionaries from whose account the narrative was partially compiled; it has no parallel in the Second Mate's log, which Professor Henderson has examined, but it probably represents Wilson's reluctance to make a landing. Bellingshausen was not deterred by any such considerations, for the natives came aboard and proved friendly. On Aug. 20 he stated his determination to send a row-boat on shore if the islanders should appear; but as the canoes came out to the ship he did not do so, even at the natives' invitation. 'There was no visible benefit in sending to the island a row-boat, without a naturalist,' he wrote on Aug. 22, and 'the approach of spring in the Southern Hemisphere' did not permit him to waste time.

I have left Bligh for consideration until the last because he had better opportunities for landing than any of the other discoverers. When he sailed through the archipelago in the 'Bounty's' launch he states definitely that he dared not land 'for fear of the natives, having no arms,' and when two canoes followed the boat he pulled away from them. He was in doubt whether they had hostile intentions, but thought it inadvisable to take any risks, although later he suspected that 'we were alarmed without a cause.' Here Bligh was the best judge of what was most expedient. The attack by the natives of Tofoa must have been vivid in his mind, and his decision is an example of his prudence. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand why he made no landing on his second visit. While he was off Mothe Island some natives came aboard and proved willing to trade, but he did not land either there or elsewhere. The only explanation he gives is that the difficulties he expected to meet with 'in exploring my way through between New Holland and New Guinea with a contrary Monsoon advancing calls for my utmost exertions to avoid delay.'

I cannot avoid the feeling that Cook, in Bligh's place, would have landed. Columbus would certainly have taken possession of the islands in the name of his Royal master, regardless of the rights of the inhabitants. Bligh's circumstances were very different from those of his earlier visit. He had two well-found ships. Why did he not go ashore? I do not suppose for one moment it was from lack of courage. He was no coward. It may have been that the prudence of the efficient navigator deterred him. It is clear that he was anxious to reach the Torres Straits as early as he could. That, and perhaps his own lack of imagination. It has never been my good fortune to discover an island. But I have set foot on the top of a hill or two, and in a few villages, where no white man had been before me, and that did give me a peculiar thrill, akin to nothing else I know. Most men in Bligh's place would have been only too anxious to get ashore. But Bligh was not like that. No one could ever accuse him of being romantic. For him it was enough to record his discoveries as accurately as he could; then he sailed on, intent on fulfilling his duty, which was to carry the bread-fruit plants he had on board to the West Indies. I cannot



help feeling that here Bligh missed a great opportunity. As it is, apart from the Master of the 'Resolution's' brief visit to Turtle Island, the honour of being the first person to spend any time on one of the islands in the archipelago must belong to Mr Oliver, Master's Mate of H.M.S. 'Pandora,' which had been sent out in search of the mutineers. Captain Edwards despatched Oliver in command of the 'Pandora's' tender to search for Fletcher Christian and those of the mutineers who had not been taken at Tahiti, and it is certain from Edwards's report that during the course of the tender's prolonged expedition she spent five weeks off one of the southern islands of the archipelago in 1791. Unfortunately, Oliver's log has never been found; but if ever it is, Professor Henderson may have to include Oliver among the discoverers of Fiji.

Professor Henderson makes no reference to Bligh's omission to land in the archipelago. He is more concerned with the assessment of services. Undoubtedly the chief honour must be shared between Tasman and Bligh. Tasman was the first European navigator to record any discovery in the archipelago; but Bligh's discoveries were far more extensive: Professor Henderson estimates that he discovered more than six-sevenths of the total area; and he gave the first account of the natives as seen and interviewed in their own country. Professor Henderson finds it difficult to award pre-eminence to one or to the other, but is content to state the case for each and leave it to the reader to decide. What he has done is to give Bligh due credit for his work at last. Tasman needed no one to gild his laurels; Bligh did. Even the name he gave to the archipelago has disappeared. It may well be that when the people of Fiji become more familiar with the part he played in making known the archipelago in which they live they may give him some worthy and lasting memorial. In the meantime this book establishes his fame and will preserve his achievements. It is a book that must endure, and take its place among the great memorials of exploration. That is high praise, but not too high, and it is a book, too, not merely for the student, but for all who can be moved and inspired by stories of high adventure, faithfully told.

OWEN RUTTER.

### Art. 8.—BLUE-SHIRTS AND THE I.R.A.

It was a set speech in the Free State Senate. The orator was Sir John Keane, a philosophical Liberal, who, in accordance with the Treaty understanding that Sinn Fein would allow fair expression to the sentiments and opinions of a minority, was long ago nominated to his seat by Mr Cosgrave, with other members of the ex-Unionist type in Southern Ireland. One by one the leases of those nominated Senators are falling in; nominees for the vacancies are selected by the votes of the popular parties, Fianna Fail, Cumann-na-nGaedheal, and Labour, so that the Upper House is gradually becoming a replica of the Dail, though a replica of the Dail as that body was before Mr de Valera came into office. The House was in sympathy with Sir John Keane's motion, which condemned the Executive Council for its way of dealing with General O'Duffy and the Blue-shirts. A set speech is nowadays an unusual event in Ireland. Since the old Irish Parliamentary party of John Redmond was replaced by Sinn Fein, oratory has ceased to flourish. Sir John even opened with a quotation from Edmund Burke—once a great Irishman, but now relegated by popular theory to the category of a West Briton. Burke says in his 'Causes of Present Discontents' that it is an undertaking of some degree of delicacy to examine into the causes of public disorders; but adds that there are times of tumult and discord when the law invests every man in some way with the authority of a magistrate. Such are the times through which the Irish Free State is passing.

The Government is not to be condemned for attempting to prevent the growth of a new irregular army. Ex-Unionist Senators supported the late Administration when Mr Cosgrave sought powers to suppress the Irish Republican Army on the ground that the body was a menace to internal peace. Mr de Valera, it is admitted, has shown that peace can be purchased from the I.R.A. The Free State has been quieter under his rule than it was under that of Mr Cosgrave, and—where politics are not concerned—the authority of the law has been preserved. But at what price of principle has peace been purchased? The full price becomes known only now when another

irregular army, entitled a National Guard, a potential opposition to the I.R.A., appears and drives the Government into the flagrant inconsistency of invoking a Public Safety Act which its members, when in opposition, had denounced as a more cruel measure than any the English had devised for the coercion of Irish opinion. Only one defence of this can be offered—expediency. An illegal force already is in being, best to see that it has no one to fight, for competing armaments must lead to war. In this way public order can be preserved—in this way the Fianna Fail Government can for a while longer have the best of both worlds, and defer the choice it must some day make between a break with the I.R.A. or the declaration of a semi-communistic republic for the twenty-six counties. The Senator could sympathise with those who fight a rear-guard action, hoping only to avert the inevitable as long as possible. A palliative is better than open disorder. His own friends of the Unionist minority may feel that they are doomed under the present system of democratic franchise; yet they fight on, hoping it may yet be years before they are overwhelmed.

In respect of the Government's action towards the National Guard, the critics have had matters all their own way. No one disputes that their indictment has been unanswerable. The Government spokesmen have admitted that, as between the two irregular armies, they have not acted, and do not propose to act, with impartial justice. The National Guard are now a 'proclaimed' body, but not the I.R.A. The Government orders that the police shall collect such arms as they may come across; but the police are not to 'go after' the arms of the I.R.A. It would anyhow be useless, for, according to one of the leading lawyers of Fianna Fail, the I.R.A. is insuppressible until the object for which it was instituted, a Republic for the thirty-two counties of Ireland, has been attained. On the other hand, the decision against the Blue-shirts has been taken on nationalistic grounds, as well as on grounds of public order. The I.R.A., it is argued, has patriotic traditions behind it, whereas the new militarism of General O'Duffy is not only unconstitutional in character, but it proposes ends inimical to Irish aspirations.

But facts are in dispute ; and the most important and interesting of those facts concerns the character and aims of the National Guard. Its distant origins were in a trouble which broke out among the officers of the regular Free State army some nine years ago and led to the dismissal of many officers and the resignation of General Mulcahy, until then the Minister of Defence in Mr Cosgrave's Cabinet. General Mulcahy held other positions under Mr Cosgrave later ; and incidentally he is now a prominent Blue-shirt, but retains, as does his fellow Blue-shirt, Mr Blythe, the former Finance Minister, his place in the Cosgravian organisation, Cumann-na-nGaedheal. The origin of the trouble was obscure, but it was generally believed to have relation to influences in the army of the Irish Republican Brotherhood—the Irish-American organisation of which Michael Collins had been a member—influences which were found to be incompatible with discipline. It was not a question of the growth of an anti-Treaty party in the regular army : indeed, the I.R.B., inspired by Collins, had furnished the Treaty side with its most doughty fighters during the 'civil war,' and in no other circle of Irish politics did Mr de Valera, after his rejection of the Treaty and his quarrel with Michael Collins, encounter enmity so vindictive.

Mr de Valera was not a member of the I.R.B. If, according to an admiring biographer, he has made a mistake during his career, the mistake occurred when he failed to join this secret order when it was reorganised, prior to the conflict with England, in 1917. 'As the power of the I.R.B. grew and grew,' writes Mr Séan O'Faoláin, 'they became gradually a menace to his influence, and finally (when the decision as to the Treaty had to be made) they outmanœuvred him.' Mr de Valera's sudden appearance as a Coercionist, in the first week of last August, with a new picked force of armed police around him, took public opinion utterly by surprise ; it was so out of keeping with his political character and his well-known dislike to State force. It is to be explained by supposing that he felt himself again about to be outmanœuvred by the obscure revolutionary forces which have never forgiven him for the death of Michael Collins ? Officers of the Blue-shirts, as the Labour leader, Mr Johnson, reminded the Senate, had a name for being

particularly relentless and ruthless in their conduct against the I.R.A. during the civil war.

This note on past history is made in order to demonstrate the absurdity of the idea—an idea encouraged by a good deal of recent English commentary on Irish events—that the Blue-shirt movement represents in some sense a West British or Imperialist reaction of Irish feeling, supported by 'English gold' or by who knows what rich and wicked Anglo-Irish industrialists. It would be truer to say that we are in the presence of a revival of old and obscure feuds, arising out of a conflict of personal loyalties and divided Gaelic clans. The men who went out of the Free State army in 1924, and then formed the Army Comrades Association, were extreme Nationalists. After losing their jobs they did not transfer their allegiance but remained full of hatred and contempt for their former comrades of the I.R.A. who had frustrated Collins' hopes by continuing, once the British army was safely out of the country, a 'war against England.'\* This Army Association, the parent body of the National Guard, was at first a kind of benevolent society. It looked after the pensions and interest of N.C.O.'s. and men who had been recruited to fight for the Treaty—many of whom were ex-servicemen of the European war—but who were no longer needed in the Free State army once more settled conditions prevailed. The leading members of the association were not without the thought that some day they might have occasion to resume politico-military activities; as General O'Duffy himself observed in a memorandum for the Fianna Fail Government, written while he was still Commissioner of Police; while the 'mutiny' of 1924 and the large reduction in the Free State army, between 1923 and 1926, resulted in the passing into private hands of a good many arms formerly in the possession of the lawfully-constituted authority. Such is the origin of the 'dumps' to which, as is stated, the Blue-shirts can have access at need. We may dismiss as fiction the story that General O'Duffy on his appearance as a Fascist leader immediately found Unionist millionaires at beck and call to supply him with machine-guns and the newest military equipment.

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\* Mr Beaslie, the biographer of Collins, declares that after the Treaty split Collins had only 4000 fighting men on his side.

The leaders of the Army Comrades Association presently wearied of benevolent works, and when Mr de Valera replaced Mr Cosgrave, became known as organisers of a private force for the protection of the Opposition party against the Government's free-lances (the I.R.A. and its sympathisers). The later development of the A.C.A. into a National Guard gave the movement a national complexion and national dimensions. A Fascist doctrine began to make headway among the members, and there was open talk of direct action, of a quickly coming preventive war on the I.R.A., to be justified by the allegation that three members of the Government had themselves departed from constitutional courses by making a secret agreement with the I.R.A. Mr de Valera, it was allowed, still commanded the suffrages of a majority of Irish votes. But this was all the more reason why an intelligent majority in all classes should join the standard of revolt against the tyranny of the mechanical majority. Here, for instance, was a Government which had repudiated a debt to England on 'national' grounds; England set up a tariff on Irish cattle with a view to collecting the debt, whereupon the Irish Government, after declaring that the English market was in any case no longer of any use, taxed its own people in order to get into that market, and so incidentally assisted the 'enemy' to collect her debt. It is urged that an electoral system which endorses such ineptitude requires drastic reform.

But General O'Duffy's acceptance of the 'Blue-shirt' leadership, although it obliged Mr de Valera to show his hand, really foreshadowed the fact that the Fascist commitments of the new movement were to be somewhat lightened. The General, indeed, issued a programme which advocated vocational representation as a substitute for quantitative democracy, and declared that he would continue the semi-military organisation of the A.C.A. with 'companies,' 'squads,' etc. But even before the ban was put upon him he had given assurances that the Blue-shirts under his guidance would act in a strictly constitutional manner, and with due regard to the will of the Irish people. This assurance still holds, and is no doubt given greater authority now that a merger between General O'Duffy's forces, the Cumann-na-nGaedheal party and the Centre party of Mr MacDermot has been



achieved. For the present, less may be said about possible contingencies which will exact a use of force from the Blue-shirts for the defence of Irish hearths and homes menaced by the rot of communism and the guns of the I.R.A. General O'Duffy is overwhelmed by the enthusiasm which he encounters in his promenades through the south of Ireland. In certain districts, notably Tipperary and Michael Collins' country of West Cork, all the young men of the people rally to his standard. The enthusiasm may be more apparent than real; promises, especially in Ireland, are not always performances; it appears, however, that General O'Duffy has come to the conclusion, in the face of Dean Swift's authority, that three men in their (blue) shirts may yet show themselves a match for one (I.R.A.) man armed. The merger means that part at least of the energies of the National Guard will be transferred for some time to come to purely political fields.

The course that Mr Cosgrave, Mr MacDermot and General O'Duffy have now taken, the formation of the United Ireland organisation, is one that will generally be welcomed by independent and moderate opinion in the Free State. Theoretically, it should enable opposition to Mr de Valera's ruinous policies to be conducted on lines that will enable Irishmen, whether or not they participated in the Sinn Fein war, to come together for the general good and to restore its older and more generous impulses to Irish Nationalism. This need has long been emphasised by the Centre party, which indeed found its chief ground of difference with Cumann-na-nGaedheal in the fact that Mr Cosgrave and his colleagues carried with them too many encumbrances from the past. 'Easter week' and former I.R.B. leaders will now be colleagues of Mr Dillon, a son of the old Nationalist politician and Mr MacDermot's chief lieutenant, who announced last year in the Dail that he would not stand up for the Soldiers' Song because it was associated with too many horrors, nor would he ever kow-tow to the Tricolour,\* with its republican implications. The merger

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\* The National Guard flag is St Patrick's blue decorated with a red St Patrick's cross.

appears to indicate that, so far as ideas go, the Centre party has prevailed. Mr MacDermot has always held that proper tactics on the part of the Opposition should oblige Mr de Valera to decide whether he really wants to achieve the only possible alternative to the Treaty settlement, namely a Republic for the twenty-six counties. The Cumann-na-nGaedheal statement refers to the desirability of a forgetting of 'past political or other differences,' for the sake of a 'clear programme of national action,' which will bring to an end 'the present calamitous conditions of political ambiguity and economic decline.' The new United party, then, is to be a 'Dominion' party, openly challenging both the republican practice and the republican ideal. The political ambiguity referred to is that of Mr de Valera, who keeps the Free State technically a member of the British Commonwealth, while conducting a 'war' against England on republican and separatist principles.

On the other hand, the merger leaves Mr MacDermot in a minority as regards control in the Executive of the new party. Eight of the seats are divided between Mr Cosgrave's nominees and the nominees of the National Guard. The MacDermot party has had hitherto no relations with General O'Duffy's movement; but several of Mr Cosgrave's colleagues, notably Mr Blythe and General Mulcahy, have been active collaborators of General O'Duffy, even to the point of agreeing that the present electoral system requires to be radically altered. There are cynical persons who assert that General O'Duffy's rôle, since his dismissal from the police, has been simply that of a catspaw of Cumann-na-nGaedheal, which party had the desperate wit to perceive in the Blue-shirt movement a possible means of bringing the Centre party under control and of recovering its own lost prestige.

It is not necessary to believe that, even in Ireland, appearances can so belie reality. General O'Duffy has not been befooled by Mr Cosgrave, nor has he himself befooled enthusiastic young men in blue shirts. The probability is that the three parties have been brought together into one by the necessities—possibly only temporary—of their particular situations. But even assuming that they now work harmoniously for a common end, optimism in regard to an approaching fall of Mr de

Valera is premature. It is even arguable that Mr de Valera has more to fear from a divided than from a united opposition. The new party is hailed as of the Right, which will stand firm for peace with Great Britain and acceptance of Commonwealth status, for the repression of illegal political activities within the State, and for conservative economics and finance. There is room in the Free State for a party of the Right—one can even imagine the appearance of parliamentary conditions in which a part of the Right could form a minority Government in a constitutional way. One can also imagine the production of conditions in the country favourable to the successful seizure of power by a small but determined group of fighting men. Fascism in Southern Ireland would come, indeed, with a certain air of the inevitable. What is unimaginable is a majority vote of the electorate along the lines that bourgeois common-sense or even philosophical liberalism would dictate.

Indeed, the promoters of the United Ireland party seem to be aware that the people of the Free State will not seek salvation in a policy of safety first. Always, when Irish movements have had reality, they have grown out of civil war, turbulence, and proscription. If there is genuine faith in the electoral prospects of a liberally-minded party of the Right, how shall we account for the fact that the Independents of the Dail, representatives of ex-Unionist and Protestant opinion, are left out of the new combine? The significant point in the terms of the combine is the transference of the leadership of the Opposition to the mysterious and uncertain General O'Duffy. He is now President-designate on a change of Government; the need of a leader who is adequately romantic and can challenge Mr de Valera from the point of view of personality has been recognised. Is it proposed, for the rest, to allow events to take their course? If Mr de Valera decides on an early appeal to the country he will win again. Whether or not he precipitates an election, we shall watch his slow approach to an inevitable day of reckoning with the left wing republicans and perhaps also—as the effects of his economic war with England become more generally distributed—with the smaller farmers who have voted for him twice in the last three years.

Mr de Valera's successes as a republican leader show that the old adage, 'United we stand, divided we fall,' is of uncertain Irish application. Differences also divide the republicans and go at least as deep as the differences that hitherto have divided the opposition to the republicans. From the dilemma with which the I.R.A. present him Mr de Valera cannot escape, even if he should turn the Free State into a Republic by proclamation to-morrow. In theory the Army Council of the I.R.A. hold that his Government has no better ground *de jure* than the 'Imperialist junta' in Belfast. To quote from the latest I.R.A. pronouncement, the only basis of real republican unity is to be found in a repudiation of the Treaty of 1921—that is an admission by Mr de Valera that his Government has no national sanction. The 'War of 1922-23,' in which Mr de Valera himself took part, 'was not fought for the purpose of removing the oath of allegiance to the King of England,' an oath which the Fianna Fail leaders afterwards took on the plea of expediency. The issue in 1922 was 'not what amendments should be made in the Treaty, but the maintenance of the Republic.' It is a pretty heavy demand, and one which implies incidentally that a state of war exists with the six rebellious counties of the north-east.

How, then, are the relations between the Fianna Fail Government and the I.R.A. to be understood? The truth may be that the logic of the latter is more awe-striking than its military determination. This body, while adding greatly to its numbers (its strength is now given as 50,000), has been causing a great deal less trouble than it did under Mr Cosgrave's régime, and the ordinary citizen might scarcely be aware of its existence. The presumption is that there is an understanding of some sort between it and the Government. Blue-shirt propaganda has gone so far as to state that the irregulars, when they perform their *coup de main*, will appoint Mr de Valera President of the revived Republic. I should say that the understanding, if it exists, is vague and commits the I.R.A. as a whole to little or nothing. The statement is commonly made that the I.R.A. is about equally divided into two sections, one of which holds a strong personal respect and even has political trust in the Fianna Fail leader, and is of opinion that it would be undesirable to embarrass the

Government at this juncture, except with verbal argument. But the view of even the left-wing irregulars—outside, however, a small group of outspoken and avowed Communists—has been hitherto that Mr de Valera, although his present methods show a lapse from principle, retains the root of the matter in him so far as ends are concerned; and it is admitted also that the Fianna Fail party has still the 'confidence of the people'—which confidence, however, the I.R.A. can undermine at any time. The dispute, therefore, is couched in the language of politicians, with hardly a threat of force on either side. Like Mr MacDermot of the Centre party, the I.R.A. wants to know what is holding Mr de Valera back, and why he does not make the final republican gesture.

'Who is he afraid to alienate? After all, his present policy has already involved him in an economic war with Great Britain, the bitterest opposition from all Imperialist elements, a coercive régime against General O'Duffy, distrustfulness on the part of his own followers and of the Labour groups, and a state of armed neutrality with the I.R.A.'

Mr de Valera's own attitude seems to be modelled on that of Parnell, who, although a constitutionalist, sympathised with the Fenians and never attempted to break up their movement. He seeks to combine the office of President of the Free State Executive Council with that of the leadership of an unsatisfied Nationalist movement. It is even doubtful if one could quote him as having ever committed himself to the opinion that the Free State has a *de jure* as well as a *de facto* existence. His toleration of the I.R.A. amounts to allowing drill (but not public parades) to be freely practised, to refraining from 'going after' arms, to permitting complete liberty of nationalistic speech. He has good practical reasons for not declaring a Republic straight away, even if he agree with Mr MacDermot and the I.R.A. that England intends to take no action in face of such an accomplished fact. The Exchequer for one thing would be sadly depleted by the departure of many taxpayers to whom membership of the British Commonwealth is of primary and overriding importance. There

are also to be taken into account the inevitable and disastrous repercussions on the vast Irish population in Great Britain and on the Roman Catholic Church in its missionary enterprise. In present conditions, with England at least passively hostile, a social and economic chaos would be the first consequence of a setting up of a Southern Irish Republic. These are considerations to which Fianna Fail Ministers must privately attach due weight ; but to which they cannot publicly refer without bringing into relief the essential insignificance of their own anti-royalist moves in the matters of the oath, the Governor-Generalship, and so on. When they are asked what holds them back they can only resort to the plea about Ulster. Mr de Valera says in effect that he will not put himself or any one else to inconvenience for the sake of a Republic of twenty-six counties only.

Chaos, however, would have no terrors for the irregular republicans, who are revolutionaries in the social and economic as well as in the nationalist sense. The Army Council, in one of its last pronouncements, speaks of fundamental differences existing between Fianna Fail and the Irish Republican Army as regards plans for 'social and economic reconstruction.' We are here in the presence of the vexed question of 'Irish Communism,' to which the Bishops in their Pastorals have in the past few years devoted much attention. The appearance of a sort of off-shoot of the I.R.A., or of a society within it called Saor Eire—Save Ireland !—was the popular pretext, or rather the pretext which it was hoped might be popular, for Mr Cosgrave's Coercion Act of 1931. The Bishops were sure that Russian ideas had spread to Ireland, since this society failed to invoke the Deity in its title. One gathers, however, that the effort to establish a real Communist party in Ireland has not met with great success. There is a small section of I.R.A. men which boasts itself Communist ; but the motive is probably anti-clericalism, or a desire to provoke the Bishops (the leader is of Protestant origin !) rather than devotion to Karl Marx. On the other hand, the left-wing republicans—the men, that is, who are outside Mr de Valera's control, whether they be I.R.A. men or not—do clearly threaten all property owners in the Free State other than the



smallest landholders. The rhetorical assertion that the 'land of Ireland belongs to the people of Ireland' does not point to a Communist system but to a transference from the 'haves' to the 'have-nots,' without compensation for the former. In fact, however, Distributism and Bolshevism are closely related; as a critic of peasant proprietorship has remarked, the fall of the landlord system meant inevitably that the Irish countryside would suffer from the vices of individualism and Communism combined:

'In practice, Bolshevism, like Distributism, only sees the bird in the hand, losing a whole covey of birds in the bush, and therefore appeals to the mentality of the small owner; it is a matter of historical fact that the Distributist revolution in Ireland (the Land League and its consequences) involved a considerable amount of Bolshevism (and may yet involve more), just as the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia involved a great amount of Distributism.

'There are more deserted villages now in Ireland than in Goldsmith's day, and the case is not better when landlords decay. The landlord of a 500 acre farm may employ some twenty men . . . but peasant agriculture is either a sweated industry—or not an industry at all—on rich land. This is not theorising by the book. It is what has happened in Ireland in the last fifty years.'

This mentality of the small owner is what passes for democracy in the Free State (it is not as jolly a thing as Mr Chesterton supposes), and Mr de Valera and his Ministers are democrats in this sense, along with the men of the I.R.A. and even the Communists. The recent Fianna Fail Land Bill—designed to facilitate the compulsory purchase of holdings worth over 2000*l.*, or deemed to be improperly cultivated—means in principle the expropriation of the larger farmer who got good land under previous Land Acts (he has probably let it on short term for grazing and joined the leisured classes) together with the extension of agriculture as a sweated industry into the rich plains of Meath and Kildare. Fianna Fail, however, provides expropriated persons with compensation, and to this the I.R.A. men object, on nationalistic rather than on socialistic grounds—as though any owner of a farm of more than fifty acres must be an enemy of the nation. The Land Bonds with which the 'Imperialists' are to be

paid fall under the description of another British tribute. As the irregular armies are largely recruited from the young country unemployed and the land-hungry, the working of the Act will have important bearings on the future relations between the Government and the I.R.A. The land is there, and a complete machinery for acquisition and transference is also there: we may doubt, however, whether the practice of the measure will be as radical as its principle. Mr de Valera believes in the twenty acre farm; but the setting up of a new man on land, like the migration system generally, is a delicate operation for politicians, for it gives them one friend—if that—and raises against them ten enemies.

On a balance of the factors the situation still seems to favour Fianna Fail more than any other party, or even any other combination of parties. Much will depend on the course of financial and economic events—a subject on which prophecy always proves fatal. The general economic breakdown so confidently predicted when the 'economic war' began—one ex-Minister even anticipated ration cards—is not yet apparent. The cattle-trade of the bigger farmers and graziers has become a pathetic farce, but there has been no catastrophic decline in the condition of other classes of the population, not even in that of the rentiers, the middle people and larger shopkeepers of the towns, on whom the burden of higher rates and income tax, of the bounties on exports and the prohibitive British tariffs chiefly fall. Irish banks still pay dividends, budgets are fairly well balanced, and the smaller farmers of the south and west continue much as before in their self-contained existences—are even no worse off, since the remission of half their annuities counterbalances the lower prices they receive for the few cattle they bring to market. The country labourer eats meat which formerly was sold at high prices in England. But it remains to be seen whether the 'distributist' tendencies of the Government, together with the virtual destruction of the Irish export trade in cattle, will be found compatible in the long run with the maintenance of the capitalist structure. Mr de Valera must protect the employers from bankruptcy if his 'Christian State' is to work. It is not certain that a wave of political good-

sense will be a compensatory consequence of the appearance of a real economic crisis. Those who fancy that as soon as the Fianna Fail economics are shown up in their naked reality Irish opinion will forthwith react in a conservative, pro-Commonwealth sense, are living in a fool's paradise.

The strength of Fianna Fail is preserved so long as it has the appearance, first, of being a successful poor man's Government, and secondly, of moving along—or at least standing upon—the right national road. The fact is that the sort of voters whom Mr de Valera, on becoming a constitutionalist, detached in such large numbers from Mr Cosgrave like to feel that Ireland's face is set towards complete independence and unity, but they are in no particular hurry to leave the Commonwealth. Why not have one's cake and eat it, provided that it is a good cake? For this reason the I.R.A. is not likely to resort to force against a Fianna Fail Government on the purely political issue. The conditions for a psychological success, such as Pearse and his comrades achieved in 1916, are lacking. General O'Duffy and his organisers do good service, therefore, in directing attention to the fact that the I.R.A.'s only possible significance is that of a social-revolutionary force, the hopes of which must rest on rapidly increasing conditions of material decline and of intellectual and material cross-purposes. The corollary is that a purely waiting policy on the part of the Opposition—mere attendance until such time as Fianna Fail collapses from sheer inability to handle the situation it has created—involves the country in real danger of semi-Communist or 'Mexican' dictatorship. In the circumstances, it seems certain that the National Guard—under another name—will maintain its identity in the new Opposition combine, as a centre of Fascist criticism and a possible nucleus of Fascist action. There is even a chance of ordered emergence from the present confusion—the Opposition under its new leader may possibly be able to persuade public opinion that it is in possession of the secret that will bring north and south together; for it is as true now as it was before the Treaty, that the key to Irish internal peace and to Anglo-Irish peace is in the Six Counties.

## Art. 9.—THE MACHINE AND ITS PURPOSE.

WHITHER is the machine taking us ? What is its ultimate purpose ? Is mass production Robotising the industrial workers ? Will the constantly increasing use of the machine eventually Robotise the race ? Is the machine in the nature of a Frankenstein's monster ? These formidable questions have been argued 'in and out and round about' since the coming of the machine age some hundred years ago, and no doubt it will be a subject for discussion for many years to come. It will always be topical because the advancement of the machine is ever changing and infinite ; it advances more rapidly than man's power to grapple with its consequences. The industrial machine question of to-day is different from that of yesterday, to-morrow it will be as different again.

Just when we imagine we have at least partly solved the problem by trying to explain how a certain machine may find employment for the workers it has displaced in the new industry that it has created ; or how, by cheapening production and increasing demand, the machine will absorb into industry far more workers than it has displaced, along comes another mechanical masterpiece which upsets our calculations, and we have to begin all over again and search for fresh formulæ to explain the resultant unemployment. The very elusiveness of the solution to the problem makes the subject fascinating ; scarcely a day passes but some all-but-human mechanical device, incidentally presenting new problems, is announced. Samuel Butler must have foreseen this tendency for the machine to advance more rapidly than man's power to control it when he caused the Erewhonian philosopher to say :

' Reflect upon the extraordinary advance which machines have made during the past few hundred years, and note how slowly the animal and vegetable kingdoms are advancing. The more highly organised machines are creatures not so much of yesterday, as of the last five minutes, so to speak, in comparison with time.'

We need only turn to transport for evidence of this. In the comparatively short time of a hundred years we have advanced from Stephenson's locomotive engine, the ' Rocket,' which travelled at a speed of ten miles an hour,

to the latest giant of the iron road capable of attaining one hundred miles an hour. In seventy years we have passed from the first underground steam train with 'cattle-truck' carriages, to the modern clean, luxurious, one-minute service tube trains; from the stage coach and horse omnibus to the taxi, motor-bus and charabanc. Scarcely twenty years ago gallant pioneers of aviation were sacrificing their lives in conquering the Channel, and the world was laughing at Count Zeppelin's intrepid experiments with his air-ship. To-day girls hardly out of their teens swim the Channel and fly the Atlantic! But the great problem of land, sea and air transport remains to be solved, despite the appointment of a London Passenger Transport Board.

What limitless scope the rapid advancement of the machine offered to imaginative writers! The very infiniteness of the subject gave them licence to go to the limits of fantasy, and they were not slow to take advantage of it. The Erewhonian philosopher declared that 'There is no security against the ultimate development of mechanical consciousness, in the fact of the machines possessing little consciousness now.' Other writers have written thrillers—'R.U.R.' and 'Metropolis,' for example—showing humanity appalled at its own creations, and repelled by the perfection of the machines it has made. They have portrayed a fearsome picture of a mechanical Robot *with* a soul, and of a human machine operator *without* a soul—man stripped of every vestige of individuality in order to make him a more efficient machine! That man should lose his soul in the machine is a depressing thought. Ten years after having produced 'R.U.R.,' Karel Capek confessed:

'At an unhappy period of my life I was compelled by force of circumstances to perform useful work—in fact to type a number of things which did not interest me. The typewriter with stubborn malice, perpetuated blunders in spelling, no letter was in the place where my fingers sought it, and the type ribbons got in a tangle—in short, the machine made it clear that it did not intend to obey me.

'It was plain that I had not the slightest aptitude for useful work. Moreover, in my struggle with the rebellious machine I realised with sorrow that I was its slave.' \*

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\* 'Daily Herald,' March 23, 1930.

Hence 'R.U.R.,' one supposes. Because Herr Capek had not the sense to understand a simple machine that any intelligent schoolgirl could master after a little tuition, then mankind must necessarily be slaves to the machine!

Dr H. Stafford Hatfield, the creator of the chemical Robot, approaches the subject from another angle; he visualises a human Robot without a soul. In 'Automaton or the Future of Mechanical Man,' he first dismisses the problems of social economics by saying, 'The idea that the first function of industry is to find employment for the masses must be abolished in favour of making it supply our needs with the minimum of labour.' Few will disagree with that suggestion, but we must join issue with Dr Hatfield when he speaks of the need for 'communities of well-fed, well-washed, well-regulated, well-behaved, mildly-cultured people, as devoid of individuality as machine-made automata,' who shall be 'as monotonously alike and characterless as a herd of well-cared-for cattle,' and 'undisturbed by rude passions, whether animal, political, or spiritual.' Dr Hatfield is not alone in the belief that for modern industrial purposes 'a low grade of intelligence is a positive advantage, and even the higher traits of character are positively inimical.' It is a sad commentary on our much-vaunted civilisation that such a belief is spreading throughout the country like a creeping paralysis at a time when the world is commemorating the life's work of William Wilberforce!

To suggest that the purpose of the machine, representing the brains and ingenuity of countless engineers and scientists, many of whom sacrificed their life and fortune to its advancement, is to create and foster a slave-class of beings from whom all the distinguishing characteristics of manhood have been effaced, and who shall be nothing but unintelligent passionless instruments of mechanical action, seems little short of blasphemy, and if that were the purpose of the machines, then the sooner we emulate the Erewhonians and destroy them all, the better will it be for mankind.

This pagan belief can only be based on the assumption that the machine and science have made it possible for industry to be carried on by a class of congenital idiots, and such an assumption must presuppose that the machine eliminates craftsmanship and reduces workmen to mere



machine operators incapable of experiencing the thrill of individual effort, and that modern production is simply a series of mechanical actions—pulling levers, pushing knobs, and pressing buttons, counting, assembling, packing, and the like—requiring little or no mental effort, man being but an adjunct—an additional lever—to the machine. It also takes for granted that the lessening of human effort, the dullness of monotonous repetition work, 'de-humanises' the workman, robs him of all interest in his job apart from the weekly wage, crushes individuality, destroys the combative instinct, and stifles the creative impulse; and that the loss of these essential qualities inevitably leads to submissive servility, lack of leadership, and loss of enterprise. As a result the workman's mind deteriorates and he becomes intellectually stagnant. These premises are wrong. There is not even the remotest likelihood of craftsmanship being eliminated, however far the machine may advance; and the tendency of the machine is not to destroy individuality, the combative instinct, and the creative impulse, but to stimulate them and give them more scope. Let us examine the effect of the machine on craftsmanship.

It cannot be denied that the machine continually encroaches on the work of certain crafts and changes the form of others. It is also true that the number of mechanics in proportion to the total number employed in industry is less than formerly, but that is due more to the increase in the number of unskilled men than to the decrease of craftsmen. On the other hand, the machine has created new crafts. If there were any truth in the Robotic theory one would expect to find Robotic tendencies manifest in the industry which makes the machines. Are not engineers constantly employed in designing and building devices that will put themselves out of a job? Is it not true that in the past forty years the machine has advanced more rapidly in engineering than in any other industry? But craftsmanship still predominates. My own experience may not be uninteresting.

Machinery had hardly emerged from the embryonic stage when I entered the industry in 1896—mass production was almost unheard of, and the centre-lathe turner was the principal craftsman. The following year found me at Chater Lea's cycle works, then in London,

and I have the distinction of being the first operator of the first semi-automatic machine installed in that factory, and after a few days tuition I, a lad of fifteen, was producing more crank bolts in a day than two skilled turners could make in a week. Automatic machines quickly followed, and the first job to be transferred to them was that of making crank bolts, so I in turn was displaced by the machine. It was not long before most of the work went to the automatics, and one week-end all the turners were discharged, except three who were retained for tools and special work. Seriously alarmed, the men held a protest meeting at the local tavern—the cry went forth that engineering was finished and craftsmanship doomed. I was strongly advised to get out of the trade while I was yet young, but I stuck to it, and by the irony of fate, the lad who first put Chater Lea's turners out of a job, and who was himself displaced by the machine, afterwards became a skilled turner, and earned his bread as such for upwards of thirty years.

Since 1897, the machines have been almost perfected, and watching them at work one may be excused for wondering whether they do possess consciousness. On these mechanical wonders, aided by high-speed tool steels, the worker has increased his productivity a hundred-fold. But craftsmen still flourish—indeed they are more necessary than ever—every advance of the machine makes them increasingly indispensable. The machine has taken more work from the turner than from any other craftsman, yet the centre-lathe is still the supreme machine and the turner the principal craftsman. He is a different turner, however. Instead of working with crude callipers and rule he uses delicate precision instruments, he has a better machine and superior tools and equipment, and he is a more skilful man than the turner of forty years ago.

It is not the machine alone that menaces craftsmanship; the discoveries of metallurgists, chemists, and scientists have like effects. There is an apt illustration of this in shipbuilding. When vessels were 'Hearts of Oak,' they were built by shipwrights, an exclusive body of craftsmen who worked only in wood. The coming of the ironclad transferred the building of the hull to boiler-makers and riveters, the shipwrights retaining all internal woodwork. As I write, iron ship constructors are being

menaced by a new type of craftsman—the arc welder—and a first-class demarcation battle between the two sections of workmen looms ahead. Look at the changes wrought and riddles created by the coming of the motor car, and who will say that craftsmanship is dead in the automobile industry! The chauffeur (surely he is a skilled man?) superseded the carman—carmen are still about. The work of saddle and harness-makers was lessened, that of upholsterers increased. While chassis, bodies, and wheels were made of wood, such craftsmen as coach-builders, tyre-smiths, and wheelwrights had a prosperous time, which ended when steel and sheet-metal took the place of wood. It was then the turn of steel-smelters, blacksmiths, fitters, machinists, sheet-metal workers, panel-beaters, and painters to have a good time, until the engineer came along and built giant presses, huge drop-hammers, and paint-spraying machines. Is not the production of a modern newspaper more the work of engineers than of printers? And so one could go on, *ad infinitum*.

Then glance at the new crafts that have sprung up as a result of the machine—jig, tool, fixture, mould, die and gauge makers, for example! Imagine the high degree of skill, initiative and individuality needed to construct a complicated bakelite mould, an intricate press-tool or die, a composite jig or fixture! Apart from the extreme accuracy demanded, such craftsmen must have some knowledge of the stress and strain of metals, and of the nature of bakelite and other such compositions, in order to know exactly what to allow for contraction or expansion. The machine has entered all other industries—building, cabinet-making, clothing, furniture-making, shoe-making—but each retains its section of skilled craftsmen, different perhaps from those of pre-machine days, but highly skilled none the less. So much for the craftsman, we will now discuss the machine operator.

Is the machine operator the slave of the machine, or is he its master? The man is certainly held in bondage—but not by the machine—and he is often a drudge. But why is it assumed that this defect of our industrial system is the outcome of the machine? There were no machines in the days of Plato when 50,000 Athenians were able to live in garrulous idleness solely because they were relieved

of all necessity for toil by the labour of five times their number! Karel Capek made another confession in the article already mentioned. He said, 'Ever since I have watched with amazement people using a typewriter, it has been my belief that a person who controls a machine with ease, skill and precision, is its master.' That is true of any job, whether it be that of tending a machine or doing some other repetitive work. How in the name of wonder can a man be the slave of that which he masters? One is rather astonished to read of 'the wretched operator who stands all day feeding steel bar into an automatic screwing-machine.' If the man is wretched it is certainly not because of his job, and no one would more resent being so-called than the operator himself. After all, there is a right and a wrong way of putting a bar of steel into a machine; it would be calamitous if the steel happened to be of the wrong size. The operator must always be on the alert to see that the machine does its work properly, continually checking the screws to ensure maintenance of size. The man must be the master of his job. Supposing that the crew of the gigantic multiple press which is capable of printing, folding, and counting 40,000 copies of the 'Daily Call' every hour, consisted of men 'as devoid of individuality as machine-made automata'? Would we find that organ of public opinion beside the breakfast plate every morning? I fear not.

It would be folly to ignore the fact that there is a tendency for those employed on monotonous work to develop into automata, and that some succumb to that tendency. Robots have always existed, and, one supposes, will be found in any system of society and whatever the mode of production. There will always be people lacking in imagination and ambition who will be content to perform any task, however unpleasant and monotonous, without complaint. Such men and women desire nothing more than to be allowed to work, eat, and sleep, with an occasional visit to the pictures, and an annual crowded holiday. They have not enough imagination to lift themselves out of the rut, and insufficient ambition to envy those who have. But they are few in numbers, and there will always be unimportant jobs into which they can fit. Were it not for the human element—a factor frequently forgotten by many publicists—there

would be many more Robots. This human element in the average British workman—a traditional love of sport, fair-play, freedom, and independence—makes it impossible for him to submit to Robotic influences.

The employers of forty years ago discovered this when they tried to enforce in the factories the Taylor-Gilbreth system of scientific management. The scheme was excellent in so far that it dealt with machines and material, and in systematising production, but as soon as it regarded the man as a machine, and tried to force all workmen into a standardised method of working, regardless of individual differences, it ignominiously failed because it was psychologically unsound. The fierce and determined resistance of the men to the system was a revelation, and the drastic methods employed to sabotage it compelled the employers to withdraw its worst features. This same factor is behind the present resistance to the introduction of the Bedaux system of wage-payment and management. In America, according to the testimony of a Ford worker, 'The men work like fiends, the sweat running down their cheeks, their jaws set and eyes on fire. Nothing in the world exists for them except the line of chassis bearing down on them relentlessly.' That cannot be said of the men working on the chassis line at Ford's Dagenham works; or at Morris's or Austin's, or at any other mass production factory, although they have to keep constantly at work to maintain output.

In recent years the National Institute of Industrial Psychology has done much to counteract the effect of monotony in the workshop, and its success lies in the fact that the Institute bases its work on the fullest recognition of the human factor. Realising that every worker, no matter the occupation, has a mind and an individuality, and that it is a matter of paramount importance that that individuality should be preserved, the Institute always seeks to adapt the job to the individual. If, as we have tried to show, man is master of his job no matter how elementary it be, he must of necessity take *some* interest in his work. In some respects departmentalisation of work tends to widen the interest rather than narrow it. All departments are interdependent one upon the other. The work of one shop depends upon that of another, and should there be anything wrong with it the whole routine

of the factory will be dislocated. The men in the erecting or assembling shop depend upon the products of all other departments. Thus mutuality of interests is established and the team spirit developed, which can only be maintained by each man being individually interested in his own job. As a result of this mutuality of interest all are deeply interested in the firm's product. Take the employees of a big motor-car factory, for instance. Providing they are treated as human beings and not as machines, it will be found that, with few exceptions, all—from the floor-sweeper to the man whose skill and ingenuity makes the engine throb with life; from the office-boy and typist to the head draughtsman, manager, and director—have the keenest interest in that make of car, and in the fortunes of the firm itself. They assimilate every scrap of news about 'our' car. The office-boy at his boys' club, the typist at her tennis club, the labourer at his favourite public-house, the mechanic at his union branch, will hotly debate its merits to the disparagement of other types of car. Should one of 'our' cars make or break a record every one of them tingles with elation. The knowledge that something *they* made (it might be just a small screw), something *they* did (swept the floor or copied a letter), is embodied in the complete car, furnishes the interest in the job, and neither machinery nor mass production will stifle the creative impulse or the excusable pride which arises from the being able to point to something and say—with emphasis on the pronoun—'*I* helped to make that.'

Is repetition work necessarily monotonous? Is monotonous work necessarily 'dehumanising'? Some people find any kind of work a 'frightful bore.' Life itself is monotonous when you come to think of it—or it would be were it not for compensating factors. Repetition work, no doubt, was monotonous to the worker of forty years ago, not so much because of its monotony as because he had few interests apart from his job. Education was very limited. An elementary knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, taught in a dreary fashion, was thought to be sufficient for the future industrial worker, anything more advanced was deemed to be above his 'station in life.' If he passed the simple examination in these subjects, he could leave school and



go to work at the age of twelve. Individuality was discouraged; scholarships were few, evening classes were only just beginning, and continuation schools unknown. Consequently, the worker had little thought for anything apart from his work, and when the machine simplified work by standardisation, the workman found it irksome because the mental effort thus released had no other outlet. In the early days of the present century a complete change in the system of education began. The old mechanical method of teaching gave place to a new method designed to encourage individuality. Boys and girls were induced to take up swimming and physical culture, and to take an interest in football, cricket, tennis; in art, literature, music, science, and economics. Evening schools advanced rapidly, facilities for remaining at school beyond the leaving age were increased. It became easy to get to the central and secondary schools—it is now possible to get to the universities. Art, craft and technical schools developed—to-day there are thousands of different agencies for mental recreation and academic learning established throughout the country.

If we are to believe Chen-nan Li (a pro-Ford witness)

'The average Ford employee, like the average American working-man, is almost destitute of any academic interest. He has little or no interest in reading, except such things as concern his life immediately. He seldom goes to a library, attends a sermon, or listens to a lecture. He has no interest in art and no appreciation for music.'

That cannot be said of the average British working-man. He has learned how to employ his leisure profitably, be he craftsman or machine-operator. The machine has lightened the daily job, enabling him to do his work properly without any great human effort, and he leaves the factory at the end of the day mentally fresh and often eager to apply his mind to other spheres of activity. In a thoughtful article on Rationalisation and the Craftsman, Mr William H. Sessions has said :

'If I had to select an industrial occupation for a poet I would much sooner put him to the repairing of shoes, with its sameness of work, than make him a letterpress machine-room foreman, with its countless little problems to solve every hour of the day. I have sometimes envied the engineer

in what seemed to me as a purely repetition job of watching an automatic machine—what thoughts he can think as he does his work, because it is possible to do such work well and think at the same time.' \*

As a result of the advance in education the worker does think whilst at work. In my 'prentice days almost the sole topics of conversation in the shop were horse-racing, football, red-nosed comedians, and lewd stories. Any one who tried to introduce politics or other subject of serious concern would be received with ribald ridicule. To-day most workmen can and do discuss intelligently many topics. The active mind must find a suitable subject, and if the job does not call for any great human effort then it is bound to be usefully employed in leisure hours. Librarians report that although there is still a demand for trashy literature, there is a steady increase in the requests for good literature and works on the arts and sciences. We are continually reading in the Press reports of workman geniuses—a cloak-room attendant with a talent for designing illuminated addresses, a car attendant who specialises in drawings on wood; a van-boy of eighteen who painted 'Song of the Dove' with such technique and colouring that it gained the admiration of the Principal of the Royal College of Art. A London omnibus conductor with only a penknife, a file, and some glasspaper as tools, fashioned a wooden model of a church, complete with clock which kept good time. A Watford railway-guard built from scrap-iron a model engine capable of pulling two tons; another guard mastered twenty-two languages in his spare time.

These instances selected from many are sufficient to show that monotonous work does not destroy individuality, the combative instinct or the creative impulse, nor does it reduce the workers to Robots. And is it not significant that during the period of the mechanisation of industry, ordinary workmen have reached Cabinet office, have become Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and Councillors in great numbers, and that the Labour Party has risen from a mere handful of propagandists to the position of being able to form a Government? Is it not also noticeable that since the machine has invaded the home, releasing the house-

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\* 'The Human Factor,' June, 1933.

wife from much household drudgery, she has obtained the franchise, entered Parliament, and most of the professions? The machine, at any rate, seems to have brought woman her freedom.

People sometimes prefer a routine job, not because they are mentally lazy, but because they can do the job properly and think at the same time. The secretary of an after-school care committee recently told me of a brilliant scholar who bitterly disappointed her teacher by taking up a dull repetition job. 'When I was at school,' the girl ingenuously explained, 'I had no time to think, now I am able to think all day.' The most extraordinary case I came into contact with was that of a prison warder. I was immersed in John Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding' when he came along one day, from which incident there ensued many interesting chats on literature and philosophy. The man amazed me with his knowledge and learning. 'I can't understand a man like yourself being in such a sordid, unpleasant job as that of a warder!' I said to him on one occasion. 'Don't you get thoroughly fed up with it?' 'No!' he replied. 'The job suits me all right. The work is easy, it calls for no great mental effort, and it is only unpleasant if you make it so. It gives me plenty of time to think about the things we have been discussing!'

I have tried to show that industrial workers generally are not enslaved by the machine, and that, although fear of unemployment and its attendant evils may make them appear quiescent with things as they are, they possess the same individuality, the same combative instinct, the same creative impulse which characterised workers in the pre-machine age; and amid the roar of mass production plants they can be heard clamouring for greater expression. Factory workers are not Robots, neither are they likely to develop into automata; they, as truly as any other class, belong to the real driving forces of progress. On the other hand, baffled by its power, momentum and drive, dazzled by its omnipotence, we have surrounded the machine with a mysticism as fantastic as any of the old pagan beliefs. Instead of getting to the urgent business of grappling with its immediate effects, and trying to understand its true purpose, we fall to our knees and worship the machine; and this blind worship has made

us slaves to the idea that mankind necessarily must be slaves to the machine. We appear to think that the world must be planned on machine lines, that the machines must be kept going whatever the cost in human life and happiness; and that modern industry can be served by human Robots, not realising that the machine itself precludes such possibility.

We must face the fact that in the power of the machine we have the firm foundation for a new and wonderful civilisation wherein Robots could not possibly exist, and although we may have to go through much travail before we reach it, the machine is steadily working towards the realisation of such a civilisation.

Remember what the machine has already done in this direction. By cheapening print and book-making, the world's classics in literature, art and science have been brought within the reach of every one, and the advance of education has taught the people to appreciate them. The machine has shortened the hours of labour and given the workers more leisure to devote to cultural pursuits; by making the daily task easier it has enabled them also to think about higher things when at work. Electricity has harnessed a million horses for our use; even the elements, the air, the depths of the earth have been pressed into service. Time and space have been conquered, bringing the nations closer together so that they may the better understand and appreciate each other's problems. To what end?

In the field of industry production has increased a thousand-fold since our forefathers worked with primitive tools. Fifteen years ago, the late Lord Leverhulme said: 'Whilst we might with the means science has already placed at our disposal, and which are all within our knowledge, provide for the wants of each of us in food, shelter and clothing, by one hour's work per week for each of us from school-age to dotage.'\*

The machine has advanced since then, and will continue to advance, still further increasing man's productivity to beyond the dreams of engineers and scientists. To what purpose, we repeat? That the world's statesmen shall meet in conference to discuss the necessity for

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\* Preface to 'Wealth from Waste,' Henry J. Spooner, C.E., F.R.S. (1918).

increasing production, lowering wages, reducing the standard of living, the imposition of tariffs and economy and the necessity for workers to give even more manual labour or service for the wages they receive, whilst millions are unemployed and poverty stalks through the world? That, surely, is not the end of man's mechanical achievements! The only intelligible end is to give economic security to all—to provide every man, woman, and child with a happier life, teeming with richer possibilities. That is the true purpose of the machine.

'In any civilisation the soil out of which grows the flower of literature, of art, and all those things which, as the leader of the Everest Expedition said, are of no use but are worth doing, is the existence of a leisured class—not an idle class, but one freed from the constraint of uncongenial routine. Hitherto no known civilisation has discovered how to nurture such a class without also a complementary slave class or its equivalent. Can this be done? If we are all to dine at the Ritz, who shall wash the plates? It is the lofty function of the engineer to answer this.' \*

The engineer has already answered it—he has made the machine that washes the plates.

W. F. WATSON.

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\* 'The Philosophy of Engineering,' J. Edwin Holstrom, 'English Review,' February, 1927.

## Art. 10.—JOHN WESLEY.

1. *John Wesley*. By William Holden Hutton, D.D. Macmillan, 1927.
2. *John Wesley the Master-Builder*. By John S. Simon, D.D. Epworth Press, 1927.
3. *The Holy Lover*. By Marie Conway Oemler. Heine-  
mann, 1927.
4. *Wesley's Legacy to the World*. By J. Ernest Ratten-  
bury, D.D. Epworth Press, 1928.
5. *The Letters of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.* Standard  
Edition. Edited by John Telford. Eight volumes.  
Epworth Press, 1931.
6. *John Wesley*. By C. E. Vulliamy. Geoffrey Bles,  
1931.
7. *John Wesley*. By Bonamy Dobrée. Duckworth, 1933.
8. *John Wesley and the Eighteenth Century*. By Maldwyn  
Edwards. Allen and Unwin, 1933.

'OF John Wesley there exist busts and pictures innumerable, and they almost always depict a clergyman in full canonicals. Is this really Wesley as he was? Why is there no equestrian statue of John Wesley? He rode on horseback many thousands of miles, over roads dangerous and sometimes to all appearance impassable, to preach his message. He read and wrote as he rode, trusting his horse. If he did not, like Francis, speak of "Brother Wolf" and "Sister Birds," he surely said "Brother Horse" to the constant companion of his journeys.'

Thus protested Dr Rattenbury a few years ago, and it must have been specially gratifying to him when the first equestrian statue of Wesley, a notable work in bronze by Mr A. S. Walker, was recently unveiled in its place beside the stable of the 'New Room,' the earliest Methodist meeting-house, in Bristol. When their direct personal influence is removed, all great men are in danger of canonisation; and such, for a long time after his death, was Wesley's fate.

'His graven, molten, and carven images,' says Dr Rattenbury, 'were innumerable. I have counted, in one collection, sixty different busts of Wesley, in every conceivable material. His portrait was not only seen on the walls of devout Methodists, but it was woven into their counterpanes and



table-cloths, and burnt into their teapots and their crockery. The only conceivable thing with which I have not seen it associated was their carpets, presumably because they thought it disrespectful to tread on their idol. There must have been, in proportion to their membership, nearly as many portraits and busts of Wesley in the early nineteenth century in Methodist houses in England as Buddhas in a Buddhist country.'

The equestrian statue at Bristol, however, is but one sign of returning vitality. The books listed above—representative of many more—show that the reaction of apathetic formalism, following the long period of traditional idolatry, is over, and that Wesley is emerging again into public interest, not as a legendary saint, but as a man 'in his habit as he lived.' It is true that his saint-hood is not disputed; and this fact is the more striking because, while most great reputations revive after the inevitable phase of eclipse, the recovery is usually but partial. Hero-worship, moreover, is peculiarly alien to the temper of our own time, and anything that suggests pretentiousness in the familiar characters of the past is apt to move the modern biographer to a mirth that sometimes sacrifices historical perspective to the mere joy of 'baiting.' Not more remarkable, then, than the vast mass of recent literature about Wesley is the practically unanimous verdict of his critics that the more he is studied as a human being, the more impregnably is his essential sanctity established, and the more clearly is he seen to transcend his own age by very reason of the fact that he was so truly its own son and served so well its prime need. Wesley is taking his rightful place as the dominating figure of the century which his long life nearly spanned.

Mr Dobrée alone attempts to exalt himself at the expense of his subject. And certain aspects of Wesley unquestionably offer tempting targets to a biographer who approaches his theme with no religious instinct. Yet, as Mr Dobrée (for all his cleverness) demonstrates, the barbed arrows of cynicism, when levelled at a Wesley, rebound upon their thrower. In the end it is not Wesley but Mr Dobrée himself who suffers punishment. Wesley's introspective piety at Oxford, and all the vexations and vacillations of his two missionary years in Georgia, afford

a deeply human, and sometimes humorous, drama. There is something legitimately amusing, if also pathetic, in the story of his love for Sophy Hopkey. Both the humour and the pathos of that amazing episode are distilled, with sensitive insight and feeling, by Mrs Oemler in her novel, 'The Holy Lover.' Mrs Oemler, perhaps, in stressing Wesley's 'egotism,' makes undue allowance for the sense of religious vocation, however coldly ecclesiastical at this stage, with which it was inextricably allied. A great leader of men must have the self-confidence that comes from self-surrender to his mission, and until that mission is fully perceived something hardly distinguishable from self-importance will strike the dull observer. Yet Dr Rattenbury is right in saying that, even as it stands, 'The Holy Lover' can but endear Wesley the more to every sane admirer. His later stature grows in impressiveness when we realise that here, at the start, was a man of like passions with ourselves. But the pert thrusts of Mr Dobrée's method can only succeed when there is a fundamental flaw in the self-righteous armour of the intended victim; and, though he describes with unholy glee the fantastic incident of Wesley's lonely week's voyage with Sophy from Frederica to Savannah, not even Mr Dobrée dare hint at scandal. Wesley's ingenuousness is certainly a theme for quiet humour, and one of which his other biographers take fair advantage. But his gullibility and his blindness to average feminine frailties were, after all, but the obverse aspects of his fine chivalry and idealism; and his character and life, seen in the round, are adamant against the darts of innuendo. Later, Mr Dobrée returns to satire when he contemplates Wesley's love for Grace Murray and his disastrous marriage, in 1751, with Mrs Vazeille, the wealthy widow whose money Wesley refused to touch. Now and again, moreover, even when surveying the abundant fruits of fifty years' evangelisation throughout Britain and Ireland, which latter country Wesley visited twenty-two times, often having to wait a week or more for a ship in either direction, Mr Dobrée interposes such semi-taunts as 'Ambition? Not quite—at least in the ordinary sense.'

No, indeed! Ambition, 'in the ordinary sense,' craves respite, if only in the evening of life, for the enjoyment of its tangible rewards. Marlborough scorned

delights and lived perilous days, and Mr Trevelyan insists that genuine patriotism mingled with his personal aims. But Marlborough, writing on his campaigns to his beloved Sarah, reveals the secret dreams that sustain him—the thirst for glory ; the passion for money ; the vision of a country seat called Blenheim, to crown, to symbolise, and to perpetuate his triumphs. Wesley, however, said that ‘six foot square’ satisfied him by day or night, and, though his writings earned the vast sum for his period of thirty thousand pounds, he spent nothing on himself, but, spartan in habit, died, after a life of unremitting toil, with eighteen hours for his average working day, possessed of two silver spoons ! Well might a Mrs Wesley envy a Sarah Marlborough ! To be the wife of a wealthy and celebrated man who scorned riches and fame must have been a hard lot for a woman so conventional as Mrs Vazeille ; and if there be one serious charge against Wesley it is that he married her. Perhaps if Charles, his impetuous and slightly snobbish brother, had not thwarted his love for Grace Murray, the matron of his Newcastle orphanage, Wesley might have found a partner whose own zeal for his work would have brought happiness to the union. The only defence of his marriage with Mrs Vazeille is that he had warned her that he must not travel one mile or preach one sermon less. And it is to his credit that, despite the ravings of her frenzied jealousy, he would return post-haste to London on hearing that she was ill.

But while, in dealing with Wesley’s marriage and other incidents in his later career, Mr Dobrée relapses occasionally into ridicule, he himself finds that, after Wesley’s conversion, the game is really up. In 1738, he says,

‘a new Wesley, the real Wesley, emerged, the man of action, indomitable, full of explosive energy. The prig-Wesley of Oxford, together with the smoothly fashionable parson ; the rigid authoritarian of Savannah, together with the egotistic saviour of his own soul ; the torn and riven Wesley, the almost fanatical theolept of the recent months, gradually disappeared, to give way to the man who—the phrase is famous—transformed the countryside of England. To say that in his great leadership, in his organising which amounted to genius, in his passionate and untiring work of regeneration, he at last

found himself is in a sense true ; to say that he at last lost himself is truer still.'

Isolated, that last sentence is admirable ; but in its context it emphasises, by its very sanity, the disunity and inconsistency of Mr Dobrée's portrait as a whole. We know that Wesley's conversion was not sudden and violent, leaving in the new man no recognisable traits of the old : nor does Mr Dobrée pretend otherwise. Why, then, except to 'brighten' biography at the expense of truth, does Mr Dobrée scoff at the earlier Wesley from which the later Wesley, whom he is compelled to admire, was evolved ? The fuel must have been good fuel, it must have been well and truly laid, if the lighted match could cause it to burn steadily into an ever-growing and 'indomitable' flame.

Perhaps the main prerequisite to a focused view of Wesley is the recognition that in an age of reason none was more rationalistic than he. His father—the warm-hearted but impulsive Rector of Epworth, who, though tracing his line back to notable dissenting theologians, roused the ire of his parishioners by his fierce Toryism and High Churchmanship—said of his child John that he 'would do nothing—*non etiam crepitare*—unless he could give a reason for it.' Wesley, says Mr Vulliamy, was 'a Methodist from the cradle.' He was the fifteenth child born into that parsonage in the wild Lincolnshire fens, among a people 'drunken, surly, and violent,' though only five sisters and one brother were then surviving. His mother, who was yet to have five more children, was one of the miracles of history. To be the wife of an irascible, if affectionate, clergyman-farmer, often abstracted in literary labours, and often in debt through ill-luck, bad management, and a vengeful peasantry ; not merely to nurture a large brood of children, but to discipline them, without cruelty, so that they even learned to 'cry softly' ; to find time, amid incessant mundane cares, to give them all a sound literary, theological, and moral training ; and withal to be able, in emergency, to carry on successfully her husband's parochial work : such demands would have taxed all but supreme gifts and character.

'She was,' says Mr Vulliamy, 'a beautiful woman, with many accomplishments. In clearness of thinking, and in

quiet insistence on what she considered right, she was obviously superior to her husband. She was never loud or fussy. Her will, gently but deliberately enforced, ruled the affairs of Epworth Rectory; her influence, religiously impartial and consistent, operated in no uncertain way upon the growing minds of her children. Austere yet cheerful, dutiful, serene, with noble integrity of purpose, it may be said that she relied too much—and who, considering the circumstances, shall blame her?—upon exact regulation and the iron principles of unvarying discipline.

Wesley was, above all things else, the son of his mother. If, however, he derived from her his quintessential qualities, he did not, on leaving the Charterhouse for Christ Church in 1720, espouse her non-juring Anglicanism, but reflected his father's religious views. Nevertheless, then, as always, he was a rationalist. Like all rationalists, he worked from an assumption. His postulate was 'I am spirit come from God, and returning to God.' But the assumption had to be justified by reason; and the proof was not always forthcoming. Doubts of his own theological position assailed him, and he consulted his mother, who, answering him at great length, exquisitely blended discretion with the courage of her own broader opinions. At first, however, he did not allow his concern for salvation to overshadow his Oxford life. He enjoyed his tennis, his swimming, and his visits to the coffee-house. A veritable Prince Charming, he rode the Cotswolds to the home of his friend, Robert Kirkham, with whose sister Betty he fell in love. Through the same agency he met an attractive young widow, Mrs Pendarves, later to be known to the world of fashion as Mrs Delany. With her he carried on an affectionate correspondence—'Cyrus' to 'Aspasia'—for some years. That he married neither Betty nor Mrs Pendarves was probably due to his characteristic insouciance in *affaires de cœur*. In any case, his election to a Fellowship of Lincoln College in 1726 put all present thoughts of marriage from his mind. Mrs Delany lived to be eighty-three, and in old age she told a friend:

'Ah, yes! she had known the Wesleys—the Methodist preachers. . . . They were of a serious turn, and associated with such as were so. . . . That was a happy beginning, but the vanity of being singular and growing *enthusiasts* made

them endeavour to gain proselytes and adopt that system of religious doctrine which many reasonable folk thought *pernicious*. Well, well! Perhaps they did some good to the common people.'

'Enthusiasts'! 'Pernicious'! To the 'polite' mind of the day the words were synonymous. Perhaps Mr Vulliamy paints the age in its darkest possible colours. Dr Hutton, who, as a strict Anglican, essays the impossible task of reconciling his warm personal admiration for Wesley's character and work with an official protest against his 'autocratic spirit' which 'more than anything else' caused the separation from the Church, certainly goes to the other extreme. While Mr Vulliamy, with ample evidence, depicts the 'moral decay' of Oxford in Wesley's time, Dr Hutton seeks refuge in banter. 'Oxford, no doubt, was not so dead as it has been the fashion to represent: it never is. It did not wear its heart on its sleeve: it never does.' But, if it might have admitted a few greyer shades among the black, there can be little question that Mr Vulliamy's account of early eighteenth-century England is substantially true. 'In the whole life of the nation there seemed to be a fatal decay of moral fibre.' The Universities, like the Church, 'had sunk to the common level of rottenness.' Itself hardly more than a branch of the Civil Service, the Church reflected the base corruption of politics. Nonconformity, absorbed in mists of Deism or preoccupied with mere self-government, was bankrupt. The common people were poor, ignorant, and coarse beyond description. The torture of animals was their main pastime; crimes of violence were rampant; and 'the law treated men, women, and children with fierce impartiality, and strung them up on hundreds of gibbets.' And though Society enclosed itself within a high-walled garden of formal 'elegance,' a 'measured affectation concealed an almost universal depravity.'

Never at Oxford was Wesley 'enthusiastic' in the proselytising sense. But by 1725, when he was made deacon and preached his first sermon, his essentially deep nature, confronted with the prevailing apathy, had become enthusiastically devout. Prayer and other religious exercises filled a large part of his day. The death of a young friend, and the reading of Thomas à Kempis and



Jeremy Taylor, had roused him to a passionate quest for personal salvation. 'Leisure and I have taken leave of each other,' he wrote. He began his life-long practice of early rising, spartan habits, and generous giving. Although contemporaries speak of his 'seemly cheerfulness,' charm, and good temper, he had grown so serious that when Charles, the mercurial, gay, and whimsical, joined him at Oxford, he protested against his elder brother's wishing to make him a saint at once. Nevertheless, it was Charles who, four years later, founded the Holy Club, though John's experience and native authority soon placed him in the chair. The Holy Club was an informal band of pious young men. Essentially High Church, ritualistic, and ascetic, it was not evangelistic in spirit. If it became partly evangelistic in practice, through its ameliorating activities among the poor and in the prisons, it was only because its members held 'good works' to be an essential part of personal devotion. The Club broke up in 1735. Not long before its end, news was brought that a publican's son who had won his way to Oxford would like to join, but had hesitated, on account of his lowly birth, to seek entry. He was immediately admitted. His name was George Whitfield.

Wesley, on leaving Oxford, was a fastidious artist in personal religion. His growing experience and his reading—especially of Law's 'Serious Call'—were quietly stimulating his latent humanity. But, in Mr Vulliamy's words, he still 'accepted faith as a dogma, without perceiving its emotional essence, and without realising the intensely individual nature of communion with God.' Even in his later phase he was the antithesis of the 'revivalist' of popular fancy, in whom emotion is little governed by reason. Whitfield, though never superficial, conformed more to the normal type of 'evangelist.' Wesley, while essentially charitable and warm-hearted, distrusted emotion, and only gradually was it allowed to filter through his ritualistic austerity. The process received a sharp impetus when, sailing to Georgia in 1735, he met on the ship a group of Moravian Brethren. He was struck by their quiet, gentle manners, their happiness, and their indifference, amid dangerous storms, to the death which he himself feared so much. With characteristic enterprise and method, he learned their

German tongue, and their talk, confirmed by their conduct, deeply impressed him. On landing in Georgia he met the young Moravian minister, Spangenburg; and on that lonely palm-fringed coast a conversation fraught with vital historical issues took place. Spangenburg asked Wesley: 'Do you know yourself? Have you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God? Do you know Jesus Christ?' Wesley, new to this language, hesitated. 'I know,' he said, 'He is the Saviour of the world.' 'True,' pursued Spangenburg, 'but do you know that He has saved *you*?' Wesley, much confused, could only answer vain words. He saw that Spangenburg had an inward sense of God which he himself, despite his rigorous holiness, lacked. The time of flood, however, was not yet. Two years of disillusionment in Georgia reinforced the impression already made. Then, on returning to London, he met Peter Boehler, the Moravian, who further influenced him. At last, in May 1738, going 'most unwillingly' to the meeting in Aldersgate Street of a small religious society—composed mainly of Church of England members, though Boehler presided—there came a decisive 'warming of the heart' as some one was reading Luther's 'Preface to the Epistle to the Romans.' The last defence was down. Wesley was not so much a changed man as an enlarged man. He remained, and always remained, a sacramentarian. But he now felt direct contact with the spirit of Christ, and knew that formality was not enough.

Later in 1738 he visited Herrnhut, in Saxony, where, under Count Zinzendorf, the Moravians had their settlement. Zinzendorf, in protecting it, had imbued this primitively Christian remnant of the Moravian Church with quietism. Wesley, says Mr Vulliamy, 'felt at peace among these grave and good people, he loved their piety and industry, and he loved their trees and cornfields.' Yet, on returning home, he had doubts. Despite their charm and simplicity, were not the Moravians, at the opposite extreme to that which had hitherto imprisoned himself, too self-complacent; and was not the Count too much exalted? Wesley was of stuff too robust to yield to quietism. But, though he was soon to reject it as a system, Moravianism left its permanent mark upon him.

It had fired his arid ritualism with the warmer and gentler glow of humanity. It had played its part in establishing the vital synthesis which he was soon to achieve.

Even after the first definite stage of his conversion, Wesley was still preoccupied with his own religious difficulties, and, though he was following Boehler's advice to 'preach salvation by faith until you have it,' he had not yet fully learned the doctrine by doing the will. It was by chance that he found both his true mission in life and, through it, his full theological assurance. In 1738, Whitfield, with his freer and more ebullient temperament, had returned from Georgia, where, unlike Wesley, he had been successful. His oratory now drew vast crowds, but his 'enthusiasm' soon closed the churches against him. He started field preaching in Bristol, with amazing results, and appealed to Wesley for help. Every instinct in Wesley abhorred the idea. Nevertheless, even under the premonition of death, he went; and, preaching to the savage colliers of Kingswood, John Wesley, by saving others, himself found full salvation.

He eventually formulated his beliefs into doctrines. These need not detain us. We cannot give Wesley a place among the great intellectual reformers of the Church. 'But if we place what is purely spiritual above what is purely intellectual, if the elevation of philosophy is still below the elevation of saintliness, then we can surely place him in the highest company of all.' Thus, very finely, says Mr Vulliamy, though elsewhere, of course, he recognises that, if he were no great or original thinker, Wesley had both a very scholarly and very alert mind. It was because until early middle life he was essentially an 'intellectual' and an ascetic that emotion, when it was admitted, did not flood out his nature, but found disciplined channels for its true vitalisation. His power lay in the rare balance that he achieved, and thenceforward maintained, between intellect and feeling; between revelation and experiment; between collective authority and individualism. His very rationalism, now confronting human realities, made him 'beware of the reasoning devil.' 'We are out,' he said, 'to fight not notions, but sins.' He would never parley with extreme quietism or extreme Calvinism, and was drawn reluctantly into long conflict—sometimes waged very bitterly by his opponents—

with both heresies. He ceased, however, to quibble about superficial differences, and, after a severance, was gladly reconciled with Whitfield on satisfying himself that his Calvinism was nominal rather than fundamental.

Like all Protestants of his time, he distrusted Roman Catholicism. He believed, too, in the equal inspiration of the Bible. But his heart was greater than these limitations of his age. His prevailing charity had an essentially New Testament emphasis, and his ethical teaching was far in advance of its time. Of his forty-four 'Standard Sermons' one treats of Hell, while thirty-two deal with ethics. He insisted, of course, that salvation could only come through faith. But he held that works were necessary for *continuance* in grace. Only faith could fully vitalise works; but faith without works was, for Wesley, a contradiction in terms. 'Does not talking of a justified or sanctified *state*,' he wrote, 'tend to mislead men? almost naturally leading them to trust in what was done in one moment? Whereas we are every hour and every moment pleasing or displeasing to God according to our works: according to the whole of our inward tempers and our outward behaviour.' His unique strength lay in his own perfect harmony between 'inward temper' and 'outward behaviour.'

It was this *oneness* of 'the little great man,' neatly dressed in black and with long, silky hair curled over his shoulder, that was sensed by the rudest listener. Whitfield commanded every art of the orator. But, while his congregations were entranced, he did not make the penetrating and lasting effect which Wesley achieved without rhetoric or histrionics. People listened to Whitfield, said John Nelson, as to 'a man that could play well upon an instrument.' But each individual in a vast crowd felt that Wesley was speaking directly to him. His earlier evangelistic preaching, indeed, often produced shriekings, faintings, fits, and other convulsive phenomena. Alien as they were to his quiet, deliberate nature, Wesley at first accepted them as clear evidence of redemption at work. Ever the rationalist, however, he collected the fullest possible data, and later his attitude towards hysterical symptoms underwent severe modification. After a time, moreover, such symptoms ceased to recur—partly owing, Mr Vulliamy suggests, to Wesley's own

discouragement of them, but more largely because the number of suddenly convertible types had been exhausted : for it is in the crudest natures that conversion is most rapid and explosive. At all events, says Mr Vulliamy, nothing could be 'more villainously false' than the idea still sometimes held by ignorant people that Wesley worked upon the fears of the feeble-minded and 'preached against a lurid background of eternal conflagration.' Whether conversions were sudden or gradual, dramatic or otherwise, Wesley, from first to last, found the only proof of regeneration in a changed life.

Violent conversions greatly increased 'polite' anger against the two Wesleys and Whitfield. The churches were now everywhere closed to them, and riotous mobs assaulted them with the tacit consent, and sometimes the active encouragement, of magistrates and clergymen. Several of Wesley's earlier local preachers died martyrs' deaths ; but Wesley himself had an apparently charmed life. Moral and physical courage were perfectly blended in this little man, whose benign equanimity usually stayed, as by a spell, the taunts and stones of the wildest hooligans. His favourite method was to approach the ringleader and take his hand. 'It was my rule,' he wrote in later years, 'always to look a mob in the face.' The period of rioting lasted, with varying intensity, till 1760. Wesley lived long enough to become the best loved man in England, and the change is touchingly reflected in the two entries in his 'Journal' relating to Falmouth—the scene of one of the worst commotions in 1745 and of an almost royal reception in 1789. Mob violence was not the only opposition. There was the concerted attack of the Church and the Press. And ever Wesley was striving to steer the Revival between the rock of Calvinism and the quicksand to quietism. Constant difficulties, moreover, attended the evolving organisation of the Methodist societies. A passing tribute must be paid to the host of local preachers and class leaders without whose heroic help Wesley's own labours would have been vain. Yet upon himself devolved the main burden both of inspiration and of administration. Whitfield, who died in 1770, did indispensable work in preparing the ground, but lacked the genius for consolidation ; while Charles, though his hymns permanently and incalculably enriched

the Revival, was less active after his marriage in 1749. An additional reason for Charles's semi-withdrawal was that, always at heart a conservative Churchman, he foresaw more clearly than John the inevitable secession of Methodism. This did not take place till after John Wesley's death, and, though he had been compelled by the necessities of his movement to take steps that made ultimate separation unavoidable, John refused to the end to acknowledge dissent.

Seldom has it been given to man to be equally successful as the architect and the carpenter of a great movement. But here the title of Dr Simon's book—which, with his three earlier studies, supersedes all previous works as a full and authentic account of the growth of Methodism—suggests a truer metaphor. Wesley was neither architect nor carpenter, but 'The Master-Builder.' He was no more original as an administrator than as a philosopher. All his methods were invented by other people. 'He did with other men's suggestions,' says Dr Rattenbury, 'what Shakespeare did with other men's plots and with Holinshed's chronicles—he made them live.' Yet his superbly balanced nature would have been ineffectual if it had not been fired by a selfless devotion, a courage, an independence, and a tenacity for which history provides few parallels. It was certainly 'not quite' ambition, 'in the ordinary sense,' that inspired one of small physique, of gentle birth, of mellow scholarship, and of the exquisite refinement noted by Mr Dobrée himself, to travel thousands of miles annually along vile and dangerous roads, to preach several times a day in the open air, and to face, for many years, the violence of frenzied mobs. It was not quite ordinary ambition that prompted him—the substitution of a book-filled chaise for horse-riding being the only concession to increasing age—to sustain this activity until he died in full harness in his eighty-eighth year, during all of which time he not only shouldered the main burden of cementing and directing a vast organisation, but found time to visit the sick and to encourage his fellow workers throughout the kingdom with letters sensitively framed to their individual needs. 'Autocratic,' to some extent, he necessarily was. But if ever there were a benevolent despot, it was John Wesley. Of egotism, in the cruder sense, he had none. His last



thought as he lay dying, a very old and very happy man, was not of the magnificent life's work he had accomplished, but of the Master whom he had served. 'The best of all is—God is with us !' Such were his final lucid words.

But we have not yet exhausted Wesley's many aspects. He was, for instance, a pioneer in education. Like other people of his age, he did not understand child psychology, and his régime at Kingswood was spartan in the extreme. Yet many middle and lower class children received sound learning who, but for him, would have lacked any instruction ; and, while they fretted against their restraints, the children, sensing his disinterested affection for them, loved Wesley himself. He made opportunity, again, to continue his own classical and theological studies, to keep abreast with contemporary thought, to write and edit innumerable books, to found our oldest surviving publishing house, to run a monthly magazine, and to keep a lengthy 'Journal' that offers us an incomparable picture of his day. He was interested, too, in science. He experimented with electricity, and spread views on medicine and hygiene far in advance of their time. It is true that, with much that is wise and prophetically enlightened, his 'Primitive Physic' reveals an element of childlike 'faith.' About his 'credulity' on other subjects—such as the Epworth ghost or the direct intervention of Providence at critical moments—his biographers differ. Mr Vulliamy, remembering the materialistic age in which he lived, and reminding us that science is growing more humble to-day, regards Wesley's alleged 'credulity' as the reflection of open-mindedness and superior intelligence and sees in him a spiritualist before his time. Most of his critics recognise his sense of humour. Wesley could certainly have shone, had he wished, in the 'elegant' and 'witty' society of his period. But, as Dr Johnson, who enjoyed his company, lamented, he had no time for slippered ease. He knew that the prime need of his age was for a renewal of vital, practical religion. With this end in view, he appealed primarily to ordinary people. This fact involved some limitation of his message.

'No doctrine that was not practical or experimental,' says Dr Rattenbury, 'seemed to him worth a moment's thought, and while the result of this temper has been the

steady and increasing influence of his system on the ordinary mind, and on practical men in the two following centuries, it has perhaps entailed the loss of intellectuals. Methodism has produced artists, thinkers, and scholars, but has rarely kept them.'

Yet, as Dr Rattenbury reminds us, 'the Evangelical Revival was a watershed from which issued many streams,' of which Methodism, the largest Protestant sect in the world, is but one. The Revival indirectly reinvigorated every other religious community, and, as Dr Hutton gladly admits, its influence, 'even within the Church of England, radiates far and wide to-day.' Wesley's significance, however, extends far beyond all boundaries of organised Christianity. He was no politician in the conventional sense; but, in their effect, his preaching and example gave a vital impetus to philanthropy and social reform. He persistently adopted a social emphasis. Speaking of 'what are vaguely called "Gospel Sermons,"' he said, 'let but a pert, self-sufficient animal, that has neither sense nor grace, bawl out something about Christ, or his blood, or justification by faith, and his hearers cry out "What a fine Gospel sermon!" We know no Gospel without salvation from sin.' He repeatedly pleaded for 'good tempers and good works,' and declared that 'Christianity is essentially a social religion, and—to turn it into a solitary religion is indeed to destroy it.'

By directing the new democratic impulse into religious channels, Wesley helped to stabilise the national temper during the period of the French Revolution. Sociologists who narrowly pin their faith to programmes and shibboleths have contended that he only did so at the expense of curbing the rising demand for reform. This charge, however, does not survive the penetrating analysis to which Dr Rattenbury and Mr Edwards subject it. It is true that, while the main trend of revolutionary thought urged that the individual was to be perfected through changed institutions, Wesley (who, unlike most politicians, had the driving force to make his ideas actually operative) asserted that society could only be changed through individual men. Wesley, in converting them, imbued his adherents with new habits of sobriety and industry. Many of them, as he foresaw would be the case, became wealthy, and not all of them remembered his warning

against the deceitfulness of riches and his plea for the sense of trusteeship. When his own dominating personality was removed, the Wesleyan movement did unquestionably settle down, in measure, into theory and traditionalism, and become allied with some of the fallacies of post-Industrial Revolution thought. On the other hand, many of Wesley's followers, both in his lifetime and afterwards, were signally loyal to his own precept and example. The balance has unquestionably swung in the right direction, and the amount of social amelioration that derives from the Evangelical Revival is beyond computation. Mr Edwards, in his detailed 'study of his social and political influence,' stresses Wesley's limitations as a thinker, and reminds us that he never completely shed his inherited Toryism. While on questions like slavery and smuggling he was sound enough, upon other issues, such as the War of Independence, his far-reaching voice supported reaction. Nor, while he passionately loved the poor, did he believe in democracy as a political force. Mr Edwards regrets that he did not more fully see the need for altering man's environment as well as changing the heart. Yet he realises that, by transforming men from within, Wesley prepared the way for the reforms which he theoretically opposed. For, after all, he judged the spirit by its fruits. His central aim was to make men better citizens of the Celestial City; but he held that, being such, they must necessarily be better citizens of earth. No man ever preached or exemplified that faith with greater passion, and consequently no actual reformer ever influenced more deeply for good the social life of the world. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' That was the core of Wesley's message. Has a century of unprecedented 'progress' invalidated it?

GILBERT THOMAS.

## Art. 11.—FERRERO ON WAR.

*Peace and War.* By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Bertha Pritchard. Macmillan, 1933.

As insistently as the poor, the great question of peace or war is with us. In a world that still is exhausted after Armageddon it persists; and although many of the best minds have wrestled with it and the innumerable minor problems involved in it, it remains, like the dragons of romance, insatiable. Can anything new be said on the subject? No! Yet the question is vital. It haunts. It must be argued over, dwelt with. The most thoughtful hearts in the world are possessed by it anxiously, tortured by it, almost to a condition of despair. The volume named above, which has led to these easy moralisations and this essay, was evidently written in some such condition of spiritual despair; and with all the talk that goes on over the absolute necessities of peace and the impossibilities of war, such a message as this of Professor Ferrero is not only required but is urgent, as has been every voice crying in the wilderness—the sad, almost hopeless expression of some desperate need.

So that when, in 1930, he, probably the most cosmopolitan of Italian citizens and thinkers, was invited to fill the Chair of History in the University of Geneva—that central shrine for the worship of the lackadaisical goddess of peace—it was inevitable that his thoughts should be directed to the overwhelming subject of war in general and of the World War—the first of the ‘super wars,’ as he calls it—in particular, with all the associated and complicated mess of things made, first, by the warriors and, when their efforts of destruction were about exhausted, then by the appointed peace-mongers, who generally, it would appear, were, or acted as if they were, elderly men in a hurry. Overwhelming, assuredly, the subject is and will be, must be, for years to come. For ever since the enthusiasm following the Armistice of 1918 died down, the thought of war has been, as Professor Ferrero declares, an ‘obsession,’ and with all the exchanges of gestures and words, words, words at Geneva, at Locarno, and many places else, it remains a darkening burden at the back of the consciences of civilised mankind.

' Since 1919 the malady has grown more acute. In order to guarantee peace it has been necessary to remodel the map of three continents ; the most powerful dynasties have been exterminated ; one part of Europe has had its weapons taken off it, the other has been given too many. We have created the League of Nations, concluded alliances, signed pacts, drawn up treaties, outlawed war, convened international conferences by the score. It makes no difference ; people have never thought so much of war and its future horrors, real or imaginary—towns devastated in a few hours by a shower of bombs, poison gases capable of destroying in a few minutes every form of life in a city of the size of Paris, millions of men, women and children killed at a stroke. It would seem that our age has a foreboding that some day or other it is sure to be wiped out in some nightmare outburst of violence. Pacifism itself is only a form, perhaps the most hopeless form, of the war obsession.'

Are those words exaggerated ? Even if they are so, we still must mind them, and subject any extravagance they contain to the sympathetic measures of experience and reason, for they were not the result of any panic or fevered fancy, nor manifestly have they been uttered in haste ; while if they do express even but a part of the truth they deserve to be frankly considered and made the bases of such renewed readjustments of thought as may lead, let us hope, to the end of the mischief some day. Otherwise the only conclusion to the present havoc of ideas and of poisoned intentions must be another and more calculated war than that of 1914, with worse destruction and ruin and death yet wider-spread. The thing is to put off, ever to put off, the evil day.

For, at last, the truth has come home to the convictions of the thoughtful, that war has developed into the greatest of earthly evils, although even now, after the horrors our generation has known, much of the old-time glamour clings to it, mainly or only because man is a creature of the most obstinate illusions and invariably disinclined to look ugliness in the face. Possibly, to illustrate an enormous tendency with a trifle, it was a mistake so soon after the War, especially when pleas for economy were compelling, to put the Guards regiments back into their bearskins and scarlet, which belong to an age when a battle, however strenuous, was a piece of romance, a

spectacular part of the national story, and not the crushing affair of machinery and coldly-studied forces which the World War revealed it to be. Khaki meant business; business-like, efficient, and ugly fighting, and yet it may rouse thoughts of ennobling emotion because of the simple courage and self-sacrifice of the men, who in Lord Roberts' words during the Anglo-Boer War, 'were splendid.' But such colour and display as the old uniforms and the former trumpeting parades represent is still in some measure the carrying-on of the traditions of the days of Turenne and Saxe, when armies in plumed and burnished circumstance marched and countermarched, manœuvring through the summer season and then, when the weather grew inclement, retiring to winter-quarters until the new spring-time brought back the opportunity for a resumption of the long-drawn military picnic. The effect of the scarlet on any necessary recruiting can be but comparative, as is shown by the fact that the line regiments have kept to the khaki.

That earlier order of things, however, now is ended, and every future war—even the little campaigns which gave the British Army useful but sometimes misleading practice—must be remorseless and within its possibilities final. Napoleon was ruthless enough. He fought and strove to destroy; but destruction in his day was merely comparative; his gunfire, even his pet, the artillery, being toy-like by comparison with the lethal monsters which, as was proved in the doubly and trebly fatal German advance through Belgium, are able to crush fortresses that a little while earlier were deemed impregnable. Glory, *la Gloire*, the ignis-fatuus which especially has led so many Frenchmen to a spectacular doom, can hardly survive the powers of destruction achieved by the ingenuities of the chemists and the engineers of these days; but yet its allure clings and the risks of death, the horrors of sudden annihilation and dismemberment being even more carefully disregarded, are soon forgotten before the prospect of a fortnight's shallow fame. It has, of course, become proverbial that the charge of the light brigade at Balaclava while 'magnificent' in its dashing courage was, according to the French General Bosquet who saw it, 'not war.' How much less possible then will such cavalry charges and other effects of the



spirit of fine or showy military madness be when one bomb dropped from a giant aeroplane may obliterate a squadron? No, it is not pretty. It does not lend itself to the picture-sense. Even the careful genius of a Lady Butler or the honourable illustrated-journalism of a Caton Woodville could not represent the frank truths of such red havoc and horror as that.

All this has been said before, many a time; yet, unfortunately, it must be said again, and will be by others beside Professor Ferrero, because it is continuously necessary—lest we forget; and still the reminders and warnings will be soon for a time forgotten and we shall forget. For, as our author truly says, this war-thought obsession is especially—a fear. It is the lurking fear, a fear neurosis, which makes it the obsession that it is, and has made it so, a gradually increasing monster of growling suspicions and dread, since 1870, when the Franco-Prussian War, fulfilling the deep-laid plans of Bismarck, quickened the opposing spirits of militant arrogance and of *revanche*, with the result that all but a very few of the nations of Europe, catching the madness from their neighbours, armed and drilled their manhood with the prospect of conflict one against another. So the world drifted and fell to Armageddon; and so again it will come drifting or hurrying down the slopes of perdition, to super-Armageddon (there being no limits to the impossible) if ways and manners, minds and hearts are not mended and something more than mere political makeshift steps, legal phrases and tepid precautions, taken to prevent it.

For such thoughts as these—old thoughts, yet valuable, re-presented by this timely though obvious book—are bound to rise and lead to further, deeper, gloomier thoughts as to the futility of ordered civilisation itself and even of existence—God's world in its wonder and beauty and with natural wealth abounding—if it is to be destroyed, wantonly and hideously, as a result of the feuds, greeds, jealousies, and inveterate silliness of those favoured and spoilt creatures, humankind, when herded in close contact as nations and too often clique-led. The very efforts exerted in the treaty-making of 1919 and thereafter to re-establish nationalities have tended to emphasise and embitter the present discords and unsettlement. How short-sighted, in view of the hopes and the

results, we seem to have been, for it is of no use to cast on the leaders in the high places all the blame for the present wrongness of things. At the critical time the peoples generally acquiesced, and acquiesced noisily, in the sharp decisions, and knew that it really was good to be grinding the blatant nose of Prussia in the dust.

It is, however, well with all this consciousness of the beastliness of war also to recognise that it is sometimes justified, as 'when an old civilisation is smitten with sclerosis, when a system incrustated with conventions stifles and fetters the new forces that might regenerate it,' or as in a war of liberation, where one race had been held down for years tyrannously by another; or again, as in Russia now, where iron force is the monopolised weapon of a ruthless minority and used to subjugate basely and so far as possible destroy their class-opponents, while incidentally enforcing the practice of certain extreme doctrines, political, social, and economic. Jacobinism grown colossal. The history of humanity, ever since the first super-man in his pride and selfishness armed himself more strongly than his neighbours and grew ambitious, has been a dismal record of liberties repressed with the exercise often of dreadful cruelties—until the repression produced reaction and latent, then active, opposition to the powers above was aroused and an attempt made forcibly to get rid of the monster. Though not every such rising has led to the 'happy ending.' It has been said by some philosopher, generalising hastily as most philosophers do, that all rebellion is justified. A provocative question which, like most challenges of the kind, is not more than partially true. Anyhow, we need not at present here pursue it, especially as it is recognised that every successful rebellion—meaning that its objects were attained and not subsequently lost again—was its own justification. The world, however, still is too far removed from the eventual Eden or Utopia which the dreamers hope for to discourage the faith that such risings and wars are inevitable, and will be so for as long as man's inhumanity to man and his national greeds, pomposities, and vanities remain as compelling as they have been till now. The Old Adam takes a deal of putting-off and possibly is too much bred in the bone ever to be fully dispensed with. But to come back to the major question

of war, whether justified or wanton, the remedy exists, as others beside Professor Ferrero hope and believe, in the principles of liberty as expressed and practised in truly democratic institutions and free, ordered self-government, which possibly, however, is merely one more aspect (and infatuation) of Eden or Utopia.

For the recent mention of Russia and the suggestion made of the bitterness and tyranny of the Soviet régime, not only in keeping down violently all opposition but in destroying it, does suggest a doubt as to whether any people, any democracy, at the present stage of world-culture can implement effectually the ideals through which a universal peace may be secured and maintained. Where on the earth anywhere is Democracy clear-sighted or potent enough for that? It is certainly true that the Bolsheviks are not democratic and make no claim to be so. Theirs is class-government of the worst; in the name of the proletariat exploiting the proletariat and doing all that can be done to ruin and destroy every other class in the state for the benefit of their own hazardous predominance. All that, of course, is the very reverse of democracy; yet the people who in Russia support and keep the armed bigots in power are of the real stuff of the democracy, and it is impossible to conceive of any genuinely democratic state being established there without them. This only tends to show how very far the world must travel before international democracy is capable of fulfilling the human duties required of it by idealists like Guglielmo Ferrero, and apparently puts off the possibilities of world peace through the exercise of democratic institutions to a very dim future. Yet still we must persist and pursue the ideal although the means available for it appear so imperfect.

Democracy, under our own happy monarchical constitution, a crowned compromise as well as a crowned republic, is probably more serviceably complete than anywhere else, except in Switzerland; yet even with us it would appear at present to be only half-grown and hobbledehoy, something of a lout and in hours of excitement inclined to bullying; while when it had its chance in power it proved curious incompetent, though again it is doubtful whether a Socialist ministry can ever be strictly regarded as democratic, for as the name implies it is

determinately a class-government with certain close principles selfishly applied if possible.

British Socialists as a rule, however, are probably as high-minded and capable in an all-round practical fashion as are the Socialists of any other country and truer to the principles of democracy (whatever those be) than most. Yet their record in government, as shown during their two terms of office, was dismal, nerveless, uninspiring and ended in collapse; while the General Strike in 1926, that amazing class-endeavour inspired by the Trades Union Council deliberately to over-rule and upset the Constitution, setting their own precious selves in the seats of authority, was a convincing exhibition of the baseness and arrogance, as well as of the culpable futility to which small men may be liable when placed by submissive followers in a position near to autocracy. Of course that unsocial and essentially undemocratic endeavour soon failed, as it was bound to do at some time in a country as reasonably and generously free as ours; and through its failure so injured the Trades Unions themselves that they lost members and resources still in large measure not recovered. But again, that effort cannot be taken as really representative of democracy in power; it merely showed how far democracy still must travel and develop before it can be internationally workable and trustworthy. Yet international democracy, enlightened and not reactionary, when we can get it, does appear to be the likeliest instrument for securing and keeping peace and justice on the Earth. Whatever might be its diplomatic aptitudes it should anyhow be able to control the growth of armies and those financial commitments which, in the picturesqueness of realism, have been described as the sinews of war.

Meanwhile, the world must do the best it can, and a little better than it has done, with such instruments for peace as it ordinarily possesses, as it cannot afford to wait on the perfectabilities of mankind—Mars not being of a temper complaisant enough to consider his inferior fellows—and so we turn to certain suggestions made by Professor Ferrero. The first two of these, the revision of the post-war Treaties and International Disarmament, we can, however, leave aside, for they have passed the stage of general acceptance and received already no small measure of detailed thought and talk. The only point

worth noting here about the revision of treaties is Professor Ferrero's protest that, however unsatisfactory some of their provisions were and are, and urgently as they call for rectification, not one of the grievances thereby caused is worth another war, and with some courage he instances the Danzig Corridor, a geographical and political fact which must be haunting in dark anxiety the minds of all European statesmen. For, 'suppose the treaties were revised,' he says, 'the Danzig Corridor restored, reparations cancelled, the ban on armaments renewed . . . what then? Germany would still be a sick giant, as she is to-day, for her troubles arise from things far deeper than the errors or excesses of the peace treaties.'

What next he calls for is fifty years of absolute peace in Europe, and reminds us of the enormous advance made by the world in all social and material respects during the hundred years of comparative peace which elapsed between Waterloo and the Battle of the Marne. After the fevers of unrest and destruction which went with the final downfall of Napoleon, there was an opportunity well-used for the arts and crafts to be expressed, established, and developed, and no war in that period—the Crimean and the Franco-Prussian included—had more than local consequences, although the decay of happiness among nations did set in as a result of the victory and defeat of 1870. Well, according to our Professor—and who shall deny his accuracy in this?—the world needs a similar tranquil period during which no sort of war shall be permitted; not merely, of course, that the nations may renew their economic resources and confidence, but also that there may be a breathing space, an opportunity for foreign statesmen to come together in positive good-will and with a constructive spirit end the evils which hitherto have so bitterly divided them. Set down in plain words this does look like an ideal that is far too good to be true; but yet is anything inevitably beyond the range of the idealist? One will have to bridge abysses, however impossible they appear, if the divine gospel of Peace upon Earth is to exist in reality. Happily, impossible abysses have been bridged time and again in history and not only in the provinces of idealism. Generally there has been a dreamer somewhere at the back of all successful practical effort.

To ensure the breathing-space required, Professor Ferrero suggests that the four greatest powers, France, Germany, the United States, and Great Britain, should be allied and act together as an overwhelming force to compel peace. It is obvious that such a conjunction could ensure anything under the stars they had a will to, if they had a will to it. But, alas, once more a very universe dwells in that little word *If*! The mere association of France and Germany is, to the first view, a guarantee of the impossibility of such an idea being made effectual during the present stage of the evolution of nationalist mankind. It would be less easy of accomplishment than for the lion and the lamb to lie down together with the other contrary creatures, as in Isaiah's dream; for in such an association the lamb anyhow would not be restless, but how difficult it would be to induce a lion and a tiger, well-toothed and with the smell of blood still about them, to recline together in a gracious ease! France and Germany, unhappily, are still and for some generations to come are likely to remain, so far as they together are concerned, in the moods of the tiger and lion. But yet, under the broad-minded, hopeful influence of our Professor, we are encouraged to contemplate the success of a greater statesmanship among the powers than has yet been displayed, and in a vision witness as happy a *dénouement* as would appear if Germany and France worked together in mutual goodwill and determination towards a genuine and lasting peace.

Opportunely, Signor Ferrero's next constructive suggestion in the pursuit of his sublime purpose is a repetition of a famous Frenchman's great idea, the establishment of the United States of Europe, getting all those discordant races and people into one federal and customs union. It was a magnificent gesture on the part of M. Briand, especially as it was made while still there was ferment over the Versailles and the other treaties, and further ennobled the shadowed evening of his life; but the suggestion received short shrift, mainly because Germany, still smarting from the sores and territorial deprivations of the War and dreaming new material dreams, refused to co-operate in it. So, as a matter of fact, did Great Britain, but for the justified reason that we have our own Commonwealth of Nations and are better out of the European



system to which geographically we do not precisely belong. Of its very nature the idea of an European United States is more distant than the possibility of England and North America with France and Germany acting in a great partnership to put down by force any war among the lesser nations. By force. The repetition emphasises the extraordinary difficulty of the problem. With the sword to break the sword. It still is the gospel of—not peace. Yet probably this would be the best of the make-shifts sooner available, and the likeliest to end the evil—more likely anyhow than the platitudes of piety which the appeals and dreams of the pacifists almost invariably amount to. Yet war must end. The world, especially in its present lowered standard of culture (for the recent Armageddon had probably that ill effect), could not survive another ‘super-war.’ So very serious, therefore, is the alternative before mankind, even now suspicious and rearming, that we quote again from Professor Ferrero, who puts the facts with a clearness and a poetic frankness that may not be misread.

‘Can it be possible that the most humane civilisation in history remains untroubled by the huge bloodstain that has defiled it for the last thirteen years? Can we believe that it never wonders how, after twenty centuries of Christianity, it came to perpetrate the greatest massacre in history, killing, mutilating, crippling and blinding in four years more men than all the wars from the foundation of Rome down to 1914? Do ten million dead weigh so lightly on the conscience of our age that it is unmindful of them after thirteen years? Have we no other duty towards all these dead than to lay out vast cemeteries, set up a number of memorials, and gather from time to time beside the memorials or among those endless rows of tombs to utter once more our curses on the enemy?’

We have, of course, that ‘other duty’; and by moral suasion, so to speak, and effective means, whose effectiveness may have yet to be discovered, it must be realised. Professor Ferrero reminds us of the elementary requirement, born of the statesmanship of Moses and expressed in God’s command, ‘Thou shalt not kill.’ But when has mankind really worried over that; except when he was in the position of the one to be killed? The trouble of war, as with many other of the ills to which mankind is heir,

comes from the fact that the divine ordinances have been almost absolutely ignored (their frequent repetition spoiling their practice) and the history of Christendom, in consequence, is a record of shame to the Churches. The right of warfare has been preached many times since Peter the Hermit set Europe aflame against Islam; and in seriousness we ask, when has any organised Church really boldly advocated peace, at least after the flames of national anger were kindled and spreading? We have no wish to emphasise unduly this fact of the too-frequent sympathy with the idea of immediate war in those who have professed and called themselves followers of the Prince of Peace, for, as with another order of offence, who really has the right to cast those stones? Rather would we call upon the powers in the pulpits and appeal to their deep-felt influence at the altar now to recognise the spiritual duty of proclaiming and teaching persistently the truths that war and carnage are the children of Satan and the glamour which invariably goes with their beginnings (and all nations, however wrong they be, must be right in their own estimation when drawing the sword—and preparing the poison gases) is of the most doubtful of unspiritual origins.

We have, however, said enough of this highly-suggestive and stimulative and healthily-depressing book. It is not only about peace and war. Chapters are added of the ends—and the end—of the system of monarchy; of the power of wealth in affairs of states; of the trans-Atlantic significance of the skyscraper—pleasant essays and still promoting thoughts in various respects far-reaching; but nothing said after the first part, on 'War: Then and Now,' has more than a comparatively small significance, for which reason we have dealt almost exclusively with that.

# Art. 12.—SOME ASPECTS OF DISARMAMENT.

As the world becomes, through the medium of improved communications, increasingly an international organism, its problems tend to be more and more concerned with the rate at which that internationalisation takes place. The statesmen of the world are like mechanics in charge of a new and very powerful engine which they do not yet entirely understand. Their first object is therefore to prevent its getting out of control. They put on the brakes. That is one of the main causes underlying nationalist movements. It is the reason, too, why nations impose tariffs. But if they are anxious that the engine should not get out of control they are equally anxious that it should not stop altogether. For they realise quite well that without it civilised life, as we know it, would in most countries come to an end. Above all, should a workman, either through inefficiency or ill-will, drop a spanner into the delicate machinery, irreparable harm would, they know, be done. The biggest and most potentially destructive spanner that exists to-day is war; and that it should not be in the power of any nation to make war is therefore one of their most urgent concerns. This is perhaps the reason why the question of disarmament bulks so large in the minds of those who have charge of our destinies.

So far as the urgency of averting the danger of war is concerned, there is, one might say, almost universal agreement, except perhaps among the more extreme leaders of the Nazi movement in Germany. But as to the method by which that end is to be attained agreement is unfortunately much less general. There can indeed be no question on which there are so many shades and gradations of opinion. There are, first of all, those who are frankly against disarmament as a means of preventing war. Man, they say, like Herr Hitler, is a fighting animal, and they add that the only way to dissuade him from fighting is to let him see opposed to him yet more powerful armaments than those which he possesses. They cite in support of their contention the case of the American Civil War, where, at the beginning, neither of the two parties was armed, and yet the conflict was one of the bloodiest and bitterest in modern history, and they say that, in the

light of that example, to encourage nations to disarm is not merely futile but pernicious, in that it lulls them into a false sense of security. Then, in direct contrast to these, there are those who argue quite simply that war is a bad thing, that it is contrary to the teachings of the Christian religion and all morality, that armaments are manufactured solely for the purpose of making war, and that all armaments should therefore be abolished forthwith.

Finally, between those two extremes stand the moderates. These can accept neither of the contentions which an attempt has just been made to set out. To those who are in favour of maintaining peace by armament they say that if disarmament did not prevent the American Civil War, unlimited armies and navies led directly to the infinitely greater catastrophe of the War of 1914. To those who are in favour of immediate and complete disarmament they say that, however right their fundamental principles, the world has not yet reached a height of moral perfection when they can be put immediately into practice. No nation in the present state of international affairs could be expected to strip itself completely of its means of defence. The best that can be hoped for is that disarmament should be attained by stages. It is to this category of moderates that the great majority of those who think on such subjects belong, and it is on these lines that the governments of the world have been working at Geneva. But even here, where so large a common measure of agreement has been reached, there remains one wide line of cleavage as to the method which is to be used to attain their end.

One school of thought, of which France is the protagonist, holds that if national armaments are to be reduced they must be replaced by an international police force, or by an agreement among the nations to act as a police force, powerful enough to deal immediately and effectively with any nation which is guilty of the crime of taking the law into its own hand. The other school, of which Great Britain may be said to be the leader, believes that the time has not yet come for such far-reaching international commitments, that they would not be honoured in practice, and that our object should for the present be rather to discourage nations from going to war by diminishing the power of the aggressor. War, say

this school, is a gambler's throw. Under modern world conditions, it will only be attempted if there is a chance of immediate success. If by international agreement we can eliminate all the weapons which make immediate success possible no one will take the risk of going to war.

That this is the general line of thought in this country no one in touch with public life would deny. The ordinary Englishman is profoundly sceptical of far-reaching international commitments. He does not believe that even if they were entered upon by the governments of the world, it would be possible, under existing circumstances, to carry them out. It would, of course, be pleasant to feel that, if we were attacked by one of our neighbours, all the rest would immediately fly to our assistance. But suppose that the boot was on the other leg. Suppose that war was declared between two nations, say, in Eastern Europe, and that, in pursuance of an obligation which it had undertaken, the British Government was compelled to send troops to take part in a struggle of which the people of this country knew little and cared less. Suppose further that in the course of that struggle thousands of British lives were sacrificed and millions of British money squandered. No one who has been in touch with the electorate can surely believe that under such circumstances public opinion would support the government in question. There would, on the contrary, be an immediate and overwhelming demand for the repeal of the obligation. We have, it is true, under the Treaty of Locarno agreed to guarantee the frontier between France and Germany, whenever, in our opinion, there has been aggression by either party. But that is as far as the average Englishman is willing to go. Moreover, what is true of this country he believes to be true of every other; and it seems to him futile to build the structure of peace on a foundation which, when any strain is put upon it, is bound to crumble. While, therefore, the French Government have brought forward, as they have again and again during the last few years, proposals which contain the germ of international force and international commitments, the British have always advocated, as an alternative, the policy of making war more difficult by limiting the weapons at the disposal of an aggressor.

We have been absolutely consistent in our support of

this principle. It inspired the Resolution on Qualitative Disarmament which Sir John Simon moved at Geneva on April 20, 1932. It inspired our general acceptance of the Hoover Proposals. Nor was the other school less tenacious of the principle in which they believed. In M. Paul Boncour's 'French Plan,' and on many other occasions, they restated their conviction that some form of international force was an essential concomitant of any large measure of disarmament. So the year 1932 passed in inconclusive discussion: and by the beginning of 1933 it became obvious that unless something was done to lift the Conference out of the rut into which it had slipped nothing could save it. It would just fade away. It was the recognition of this fact that led the British Government to lay before the General Commission, in 1933, what was known as the Programme of Work. This was not a definite scheme. It was merely a piece of machinery designed to clarify the issues and provide a method of procedure by which the Conference might be brought to some conclusions. In attaining this object it cannot be said to have been very successful. But it did produce one very useful result. It brought the delegates sharp up against the fundamental fact that disarmament and security could not be considered separately. Each was entirely dependent on the other. From this conclusion flowed another equally important. The only chance for the Conference was that some one should lay upon the table a complete convention embodying both, so that the various delegations should be able to balance potential gains and losses, and see exactly where they stood. This very thankless task the British Government came to the conclusion that they were best fitted to perform. This may augur inordinate conceit on their part. But it is probable that they did not reach their decision because they thought that they were superior to any one else. They merely recognised the fact that at the Disarmament Conference the British delegation occupy a rather exceptional position. Great Britain is near enough to Europe to understand its difficulties. But it is not a continental European nation. It is essentially a world power. It has no territorial ambitions in Europe. Any proposals it put forward would therefore probably not be regarded by other



delegations as being dictated by ulterior motives, but would be recognised as having one object only, the maintenance of peace. It was this consideration which decided the Prime Minister to go to Geneva, and, on March 16, in a speech whose Celtic fervour would perhaps not have suited the House of Commons, but which made a considerable impression on the Conference, he introduced the British Draft Convention.

Space does not allow of a detailed examination of the provisions of the Convention, and they have indeed been so fully discussed, both in the House of Commons and in the newspapers, that they need no further elaboration. But it may be briefly said that the Convention enshrines certain definite principles. First of all it recognises the principle of equality of rights for Germany which had already received the approval of the Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States on Dec. 11, 1932. It further lays down that there shall be no rearmament of Germany. These two principles taken together connote disarmament by other nations. For if Germany is not to rearm then, obviously, to achieve equality, other powers must eventually come down to her level. But it is recognised that such a process must take time. It cannot be completed in one operation, but only by stages. Of these stages the present Convention is intended to be the first, and it is proposed that it shall remain in force for four years, after which there shall be further consideration of the next stage. The Convention is divided into five parts, the first of which deals with security, the second with disarmament, while the remaining three are concerned with other aspects of the question. It is not a mere skeleton, but a complete document ready for signature, containing actual figures for armies, navies, and air forces, and also for material of war, so that each nation may be able to balance what it is going to lose against what it may hope to gain. It contains provisions for the drastic reduction of so-called 'offensive' weapons, thus giving effect to the principle of qualitative disarmament, which this country has always upheld. It puts forward proposals for international supervision of armaments. Finally, in Article 88, it contains a provision which it may be worth while quoting, as its existence does not seem to be generally known. Article 88 lays down

that 'should any of the High Contracting Parties become engaged in war, or should a change of circumstances constitute, in the opinion of any High Contracting Party, a menace to his national security, such Party may suspend temporarily, in so far as he is concerned, any provision or provisions of the present convention, other than . . .,' and then follow two exceptions, the naval clauses, which are bound by the Washington and London Treaties, and the clauses dealing with chemical warfare. The importance of Article 88 cannot be over-emphasised. It provides a safeguard for any signatory, in the event of a vital change for the worse in his international position.

Such is the gist of the Convention which the Prime Minister laid before the Disarmament Conference at Geneva on March 16. The reaction of foreign nations to it was undoubtedly more favourable than had been anticipated by many of those who were in a position to know. This is not to say that it had been put forward in a spirit of despondency. It is true that it was regarded as a last hope of saving the Conference, but it was by no means a forlorn hope. It had much to recommend it. Every nation stood to gain something by it. The French stood to gain in security, the Germans by a nearer approach to equality, the Little Entente by a prevention of the uncontrolled rearmament of Germany, and so on. But though every nation stood to gain something, every nation stood to lose something too. It is true that every loss was balanced, or was intended to be balanced, by an equivalent gain. But such is the imperfection of human nature that what we are losing always seems more obvious to us than what we are gaining. It had, therefore, been expected that the publication of the Draft Convention would be greeted by a chorus of shrill and horrified protest. But, on the contrary, it was received, if not enthusiastically, at least sympathetically, both in the Chanceries and in the newspaper offices of Europe. The French and Poles were perhaps the most critical, and this is not surprising. The Hitler Government had just come into power, and Captain Goering was touring Germany and making speeches so provocative as almost to amount to direct incitement to war. Every time he opened his mouth a shudder went over neighbouring countries. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that

they should have been willing even to consider a scheme which involved drastic reductions in their armaments. The reason which actuated them undoubtedly was a desire to put Germany under some sort of control. They realised that the new German Government was susceptible to two arguments only: war, and the united force of world opinion. War could solve nothing. Even if short and decisive, it could only leave behind it increased bitterness, and it would strike a shattering blow at the already tottering edifice of international trade, upon which western civilisation depends. There remained only the second alternative, to bring Germany within the scope of some international agreement, which she could not break without alienating the other signatories and ranging against her the opinion of the whole world.

Germany's own motive for giving the Convention serious consideration was no less powerful. There is nowadays a tendency to interpret Hitler's overwhelming victory at the polls as the result of a sudden outburst of militaristic fervour among the German people. But surely this is to misread the events which led up to his accession to power. It was rather the outcome of a demand for firm government. For years Germany had had no effective parliamentary majority. For some time, it is true, Brüning balanced on a razor edge; but eventually he fell, and from that time governments lived, not by the will of the majority of the population, but by the will of the President. Parliamentary government, as the expression of the will of a democracy, had ceased to have any reality. Its prestige declined, and as it declined there arose beside it, dwarfing it, the two great non-constitutional forces of Fascism and Communism, the dictatorship of the Right and the Left, competing for autocratic power. The menacing shadow of civil war hung over the land. Only one chance remained of avoiding a conflict, and that was that one of these two forces should be given, by a vote of the people of Germany, constitutional power. It cannot have been a pleasant choice that the ordinary German voter had to take. He must have known that neither of these two parties was likely to rule in the way to which he had become accustomed. He must have known that, whatever way he voted, he would sacrifice his liberty. But the time for

hesitation was past. He had to make up his mind. In doing so there were two influences which must powerfully have affected him. First of all he had before him examples of the two systems already in operation, in Italy and Russia. To the average bourgeois German there can be no doubt which must have seemed the more attractive alternative. Hundreds of thousands of Germans, therefore, who had in the past supported the parties of the Centre, flocked to the polling booths to register their votes for the National Socialist and Nationalist candidates. There was, moreover, another influence which made this course the more palatable to them. Undoubtedly there had grown up in Germany, during the years that followed the War, a feeling of passionate resentment against what they considered the unfair treatment which she had suffered at the hands of the victorious Allies, and above all of the French. It may be argued that this feeling was unreasonable, and that a nation which has been defeated in war cannot expect to be restored at once to a position of equality with her opponents, especially when in that war she was the aggressor. But, rightly or wrongly, the resentment did exist, not merely among the Nationalists of the Right, the custodians of the old Prussian tradition, but among the great mass of the population. So long as Germany had a subservient Government, France, they were convinced, would perpetuate her humiliation. Now Hitler, whatever his faults, would not be subservient. He was constantly urging Germany to break her chains. They could rely on him to work for the restoration of the prestige of their country. And so they voted for him. By doing so it is true that they handed themselves over to a militarist autocracy. But that does not connote that they themselves were militarists. They were in many cases merely patriots. They did not want war. They wanted equality. It made no difference to them whether it was an equality founded on low or high armaments. This the new German Government must have known perfectly well, and if they wanted to preserve the unity of the non-Communist elements in the country they were bound to give serious consideration to any proposals which tended to equalise the status of Germany with that of the other great nations of the world. They must also have been anxious to

conciliate public opinion in foreign countries. When, therefore, in March, a resolution was put forward at Geneva that the British Draft Convention should be accepted as the basis of negotiation, they, together with the other nations represented there, voted for the proposal; and the delegates left the Conference for the Easter recess with the impression that there was a fair chance of its being accepted, if not in quite its original form at least with amendments which would not alter the essential balance of the document.

But during the weeks that elapsed before the Conference met again, events occurred in Germany which profoundly altered the European situation, and made the task of disarmament infinitely more difficult and dangerous. The Hitlerian regime showed itself in its true colours as a revolutionary dictatorship. Having climbed to power by constitutional means the leaders of the Nazi party set themselves immediately, and with ruthless efficiency, to destroy the constitution, and to reconstitute the structure of society on a model of their own, of which the main principles were nationalism and force. The principles which inspired the Nazi Movement had been set out in a book called 'Mein Kampf,' written by Hitler himself in 1929. This fantastic creed the Nazi Government began immediately to put into force. The first step was to muzzle all opposition. Socialist and Communist members were immediately clapped into jail. Mayors and local officials who were considered to be politically unsound were removed from their posts. Opposition newspapers were prohibited from appearing. Hordes of young men in brown shirts were allowed to roam the country under the command of irresponsible local leaders, beating up any private individuals whose past record laid them under the suspicion of being potential dangers to the new state. The next step was to Germanise Germany. All adulterating influences had to be swept away. Above all, the taint of international Judaism had to be eradicated. An intensive campaign against Jews was begun. None were spared. Obscure traders, doctors, lawyers, world-famous scientists and musicians, all were hounded from their jobs and replaced by pure-bred Nordics. The third and final step in completing the transformation of the State was to

inaugurate the reign of force. In future brain was to count as nothing. What was needed was brawn. As one of the Nazi leaders said : ' One storm trooper is worth a hundred intellectual beasts.' By every means in their power the German Government sought to inculcate this religion of force. To be a pacifist became a crime. Even to speak of international co-operation became extremely risky. Passionate orations were addressed by prominent politicians to huge gatherings, with a view to rousing them to the highest pitch of sentimental jingoism. Duelling was legalised. Semi-militarist organisations grew up like mushrooms. Already in the Nazi and Stalhelm organisations there were close on a million young men who had had some military training. Of these, many were enrolled as auxiliary police and armed. In addition, voluntary camps for youth training in what was called euphemistically ' defence sports ' were already in existence, whose avowed intention was to train ' instructors ' in those militant, if not actually military, forms of recreation. To those must be added the National Labour Corps of close on a quarter of a million, who wore uniform and were trained in camps under military discipline, and the training which was ordered to be given in schools and universities to children and boys of under military age. It will be seen that the German National Socialist Party did not propose to do things by halves.

To the rather naïve surprise of the Nazi leaders, who seem to have thought that they would pass without notice, these warlike preparations created a profound impression abroad. The brutal treatment of Jews and Socialists shocked public opinion deeply : and especially was this so in England. The English, as a whole, had, during the years which followed the Armistice, made up their minds that Germany meant to turn over a new leaf. They had felt in their heart of hearts that she had been rather badly treated since the end of the War, that her claim to equality was not unreasonable, and that now that the old Prussian spirit was a thing of the past it would be better to let bygones be bygones. They were therefore appalled to find that the old Prussian spirit was not a thing of the past at all, but was, on the contrary, very much alive, with an added touch of savagery. In a moment public opinion swung right round. Never



was such unity known. The lion lay down with the lamb, the 'Morning Post' with the League of Nations Union, Lord Hailsham with Lord Cecil of Chelwood. The Nazi mentality was adjudged a crime against civilisation, and England reacted passionately against it. Nor was the public conscience in other countries less profoundly moved. In France, in the United States, in the smaller nations of Europe, even in Fascist Italy, the progress of German policy was watched with growing anxiety, though in those other countries the reaction was not so spectacular—in the United States because it was so far off, and among the other countries because it did not change their point of view, but merely confirmed them in the opinion which they already held. It may seem to be unnecessary to emphasise these facts, which are known to every one. But it is really essential, for they are the background in front of which the Conference had to carry on its labours, and they profoundly affected what happened there. The situation had not, of course, fully developed when the Conference reassembled on April 25. The attack on the Jews had begun, but the deliberate character of the policy of force was not generally realised. Indeed, the preliminary discussions gave ground for hoping that the British Draft Convention might yet have an easy passage. But these early hopes were quickly dissipated.

In order to understand the course of events in this, the final and vital stage of the Conference, a word must be said as to the procedure which had been adopted with regard to the Convention. It was generally agreed that it must not be submitted to sub-committees. No scheme could stand that. For one thing the whole idea of laying the Convention on the table was to get a view of the picture as a whole, so that each nation might be able to balance the advantages against the disadvantages accruing from it. Split it up among committees and this gain would be lost. Moreover, experience had shown that such is the genius and enthusiasm of international statesmen for the elaboration of detail that, if an opportunity was given to them to discuss separately the different portions of the Convention, months would inevitably pass before any conclusions were reached. It had, therefore, been decided to take the document clause by clause in the General Commission, that is to say in British Parliamentary

language, on the floor of the House. It was, however, recognised that though many of the ninety-six clauses would pass without any discussion, some were bound to give rise to lively controversy. In order that these might be weeded out from the rest a special procedure was devised, by which there should be a first and second reading, of which the nearest British parallel would be two committee stages. On the first reading the agreed clauses would be got out of the way, while the clauses over which there was dispute would be postponed until the second reading, when a vote would, if necessary, be taken. For reasons to be explained later this procedure proved difficult to work. But it was the basis on which the Conference began its labours, and accordingly, on April 25, a start was made with Part 1, which dealt with security. Immediately the delegates found themselves face to face with a major difficulty. The security proposals of the British Plan were based upon the Kellogg Pact, as being likely to command the broadest measure of agreement, and in particular to be acceptable to the United States. It was laid down that 'in the event of a breach or threat of breach' of that Pact, a conference of the High Contracting Parties should meet at the request of any five of them, provided that the Government of one of seven great Powers named, the United States, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and Soviet Russia, joined in that request. The object of this conference should be to determine responsibility for the breach. It was purely consultative. It did not bind any signatory to take any action. But it did involve every signatory to this extent. Every nation which signed would become part of an international machine for the determination of responsibility. It would be called upon automatically to play its part. When the time came for the United States to express its view of the proposal in the Conference, the American delegate explained that he was not yet in a position to say whether his Government was prepared to accept this obligation. He would not say that it was not prepared. The question was still under discussion. But it would certainly be some weeks before he was in a position to make a definite declaration.

No one can fairly blame the United States Government

for the attitude it took up on this point. President Roosevelt had only just come into power, under circumstances of unprecedented difficulty. He could not be expected to take a decision which was contrary to the whole past isolationist tradition of his country before he was firmly in the saddle. But the effect of the United States delegate's speech was to make all further discussion of the security proposals of the Convention utterly unreal. The attitude of the United States in any international crisis that arose must be of vital importance. If they were signatories of the Consultative Pact it would immediately and automatically be made known what that attitude was. If they were not it would remain an unknown factor, and the security which the Pact gave would be to that material extent lessened. It was obvious that to come to any decision on the security clauses was quite impossible until the attitude of the United States was defined, and it was therefore agreed to postpone further discussion of Part 1 until the United States delegates were in a position to make a statement, and pass straight on to Part 2, which dealt with disarmament. Though this initial check undoubtedly had a prejudicial effect on the prospects of the Convention, which depended for its success very largely on the impetus with which it was launched and the speed with which it passed through the Commission, it was not in itself serious. For it disclosed no fundamental divergence of opinion. But as soon as the Commission came to discuss Part 2 of the Convention, which dealt with man power and armaments, a much more formidable situation developed, formidable not only because it revealed uncompromising opposition to some of the essential provisions of the Convention, but because that opposition came from a new quarter. Hitherto it had been France and her allies, Poland and the Little Entente, who in default of what they considered adequate provision for security had shown reluctance to accept any proposals that had been made. Now the opposition came from Germany.

It was the German delegation that sent in amendments. The French sat silent, looking with slightly malicious amusement at the turn of events. The particular issue on which the Germans flung themselves into the fray was the question of the standardisation of armies.

In the British Convention it had been proposed that all continental European armies should be organised on a uniform basis of eight months' conscript service. The principle underlying this proposal had originated in the French Plan, and had received the approval of the General Commission. It was one, moreover, which might well have been expected to be satisfactory to Germany, one of whose main complaints, during the years that followed the war, was that she was debarred by the terms of the Peace Treaty from reintroducing the traditional German system of conscription. But it was not put forward merely because it was likely to be acceptable to the majority of nations represented at the Conference. It was an absolutely essential pillar of the structure of the British Plan. A Convention which contains definite figures for the armies of the world entails the existence of some common standard on which these figures are to be based. It is impossible to balance the figures of an army of soldiers of ten years' service against the figures of an army of conscripts with eight months' training. One is a formidable offensive force ready for action immediately on the declaration of war. The other is a mainly defensive force. When, therefore, the German delegate rose to his feet and in an impassioned speech declared that under no circumstances would Germany agree to the abolition of the Reichswehr, it was obvious that a crisis of the utmost gravity had been reached. There was no equivocation about his words. They were brutally clear. The last words of his speech, 'You can be sure that we shall carry the demonstration of our good-will to the utmost possible limits. But there are some limits which one cannot really overstep, and I regret to say . . . that I cannot accept Chapter 2 as now set forth in the British Plan,' constituted a challenge that could not be ignored.

The Conference was now faced with two possible lines of action. It could leave this thorny question until the second reading, or it could insist that it should be settled once and for all, if necessary by a vote, before discussion went any further. There were grave difficulties attaching to either course. If the Commission adhered to the procedure on which they had originally decided, postponed decision on this vital point and passed on to the subject of material, it was obvious that other delegations, and

notably the French, would postpone decision on every other detail of the Convention, on the ground that they were all dependent on this essential question. Under these circumstances the first reading would not merely become a farce. It would waste very valuable time. Little more than a month remained before the meeting of the World Economic Conference, and during that month agreement would have to be reached on all the major problems of disarmament, if the Conference at Geneva was to have any favourable influence on the deliberations in London. On the other hand, if a vote was taken immediately, the Germans would probably be in a minority of one, and might easily leave the Conference, and this would certainly kill it. In this dilemma the only possible line of action seemed to be to postpone for the moment further public discussion, which could only exacerbate feeling, and see whether private conversations between the delegates of the great Powers, and notably between those of Great Britain and Germany, could find some way out of the impasse which had been reached. The Conference therefore adjourned for two days, and the adjournment was subsequently prolonged.

The days that followed would have tested the most convinced optimist. For one thing the weather was abominable. Geneva was shrouded in mist and rain, and this added to the general depression. In addition the news from Germany was most discouraging. The newspapers were filled with descriptions of vast military parades, of meetings on the Polish frontier at which impassioned and provocative speeches were delivered, of pronouncements by prominent politicians urging the German people to have no more to do with Liberalism and Pacificism, and to get back to the Middle Ages. Nor did the conversations seem to be making progress. The Germans appeared to be adamant. Moreover, a new and horrid doubt began to assail the Conference. What was the true motive behind the German opposition? Were they really so passionately attached to the Reichswehr as they pretended to be? It was strongly rumoured that they were not, and that they were merely using it as a bargaining counter to extract from the Conference concessions in a quite different field, the field of rearmament. A speech of Baron von Neurath, which the German delegation, with characteristic tact-

lessness, chose this particular moment to distribute in pamphlet form to the Press at Geneva, certainly gave colour to this view. For in it he said: 'Whatever general limitation and reduction of armaments, if any, is reached within the framework of the British Plan, it will compel us to supplement our armaments.' If this was the real German aim an impasse had evidently been reached, and many delegates began openly to talk of packing up and going home when an event occurred which produced a transformation so remarkable as almost to seem miraculous. This was the publication, on May 17, of President Roosevelt's declaration on disarmament. Why this document produced the remarkable effect on Herr Hitler which it did it is a little difficult to say. For though, in it, the United States did undoubtedly go farther in the direction of international co-operation than they had ever done before, notably by accepting the principles of international supervision of armaments and of the extension of no resort to force to the whole world, yet they did not go far enough to make any fundamental difference in the situation. Possibly he was really impressed by what the President said. More probably he saw in the declaration a way out of the appalling difficulties with which he found himself surrounded. For all that the German delegation at Geneva had seemed so arrogant and unyielding there is no doubt that they had become increasingly anxious at their position abroad. Not even in the War had they been so isolated. For at that time they had on their side at least Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Now they had no one, while England, friendship with whom was a cardinal point in Herr Hitler's policy, was, as Herr Rosenberg's visit had shown, more bitterly antagonised than any one. Here was a chance, perhaps the last one, of retrieving the whole position, and the German Chancellor, with a decision and promptitude which must win the admiration of all, leapt at it. He called an emergency meeting of the Reichstag, and in a skilful and conciliatory speech, accepted the Roosevelt declaration without reservation. Immediately a complete change came over the situation at the Conference. The difficulty, which had held up its labours for so long, ceased to exist. A meeting of the General Commission was held, at which the German



delegate smilingly withdrew his amendment on the question of the Reichswehr, conditionally, of course, on his Government being satisfied with the decisions on disarmament, and the Conference went on at once to discuss that subject. Hope sprang again.

But that hope was soon tempered by difficulties from a new quarter. So long as Germany had been in opposition the French and their allies had remained silent and apparently friendly to the Convention. Now they began to make difficulties. They would accept no figures as to material until they knew the exact position with regard to security. They demanded more and more guarantees, definition of the aggressor, the extension of 'no resort to force' to the world, increased supervision of armaments, even the dumping of war material in areas where it would not be available to an aggressor, instead of its destruction. There were points, too, on which the British delegation found itself in opposition to the rest of the Conference; such as the question of bombing from the air in outlying regions, though this was a minor matter. All those questions had to be postponed till the second reading of the Convention. The first reading was, however, completed, a considerable number of the articles were unanimously adopted, and on June 8 the Conference adjourned, agreeing to meet again when a sufficient measure of harmony had been achieved, by private conversations, on the main points at issue to justify its reassembly. Mr Henderson, the President of the Conference, hoped, it is known, that this happy situation might be reached in a month. But three months have passed, he has toured the capitals of Europe, and the situation does not seem to have advanced very far beyond where it was last July. It seems, therefore, pertinent to inquire, first, whether there is still any hope of success, secondly, whether, if success can be achieved, it is desirable, and lastly, if it is desirable, what steps can be taken, and by whom, to forward it.

In considering these questions, one fact must be faced. Nobody is now really anxious for the Conference to succeed, except ourselves and possibly Italy. The French do not want it, because they consider that it means stripping themselves of their means of defence in the face of a neighbour who is stronger in man

power, smarting under an intense sense of bitterness, and governed by men who do not believe in peace and goodwill but merely in force, and who have already shown that they are completely ruthless in attaining their ends. If there is to be a race in armaments, the French have a start, and they mean to keep that start as long as possible. And what applies to France probably applies also to Poland and the Little Entente.

Germany equally is not anxious for the Conference to succeed. For what will be the situation if it fails? Europe will go back to the position which existed before the deliberations at Geneva began: that is to say the Versailles Treaty, in its present form, will presumably for the present remain in operation. But, by the resolution of Dec. 12 of last year, Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States have promised to give to Germany equality of rights. This promise, she will almost certainly claim, has not been carried out, and she will hold herself free to rearm as and when she likes.

The United States would undoubtedly like to see a successful outcome at Geneva. But they have up to now been unwilling to take any effective steps to forward that end. They have even refused to become members of a consultative body to assess responsibility for a breach of a Pact initiated by their own Secretary of State, Mr Kellogg, though such membership would involve no executive action on their part. They wish to retain complete liberty of action. The immense influence which they would otherwise have is, therefore, largely nullified. Their pronouncements are welcomed, as President Roosevelt's declaration was welcomed by Herr Hitler, when they are convenient. But they do not bring to the French that sense of security which is for them an essential *quid pro quo* of disarmament.

If, then, a successful result is to be achieved, the initiative must come from Great Britain and Italy, and above all from Great Britain, as the sponsor of the proposals which are now before the Conference. If we wish to find some common ground of agreement we must conduct the negotiations and carry them through ourselves. Is this worth while? If any one has doubts let him consider the alternative. Suppose that the Conference does fail, and that Germany begins to rearm

in earnest. What action can France take then? She can embark on a defensive war, though it is not to be supposed that that is a policy which is likely to appeal to her, nor one which could be in any way helpful in the present situation of world affairs. Alternatively she can increase her armaments. But this can only lead to a race culminating inevitably in another catastrophe equal to, or even more disastrous than, that of 1914. Is either of these alternatives likely to lead to that increase of confidence and revival of international trade on which we, perhaps more than any other nation, depend? Let us not be led astray by those who urge that we should cut ourselves free from Europe, who say that the traditional policy of England has always been one of isolation, who argue that, as we are no longer a continental Power but a world Power, we can snap our fingers at anything that happens in Europe. How delightful, if it were true! But it is not. In the modern world no country can cut itself completely off from its neighbours. We have the example of the United States, a great self-supporting nation, which in the last ten years has tried and failed. If they cannot succeed what chance have we? Moreover, we are bound by treaty to preserve the independence of Belgium: we are bound, under the Treaty of Locarno, to maintain the integrity of the present Franco-German frontier against aggression from either side. We cannot shirk our responsibilities. If there is a war sooner or later we shall be drawn into it. Surely, then, we should strain every nerve to prevent such a catastrophe. We have strong cards in our hands. France cannot but recognise that our guarantee at Locarno entitles us to special consideration on her part, that moreover we could not be expected to continue permanently an undertaking to maintain the frontiers of a nation which persisted in pursuing a policy with which we were not in sympathy. Germany, too, cannot but hesitate before she finally alienates the only nation which is in a position to take a comparatively unbiased view of the European situation. The sands are running out, but there is no need to despair. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the government will not let slip an opportunity which may well be the last of alleviating the position in Europe, but will act, and act quickly.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

'*God and the Astronomers*'—Professor Santayana—*Midvics and King Edward*—*Two Misunderstood Statesmen*—*Imagination in History*—Sir George Arthur—*An Artist and an Actress*—*The Tragedy of Tolstoy*—'*This Was England*'—*Fielding as Magistrate*—*The Herschels*—*Tudor Times and Drama*—*The Roman Way*—*King Agis*—*The Sailor Laureate and Dante*.

It was inevitable that so acute and well-furnished a mind as that of Dean Inge should be concerned with the challenges of modern men of science—the Jeanses and the Eddingtons—over the truths, origins, and ends of universal existence and that, stretching the opportunity given by the Warburton Lectures, he should, in his own words, drive a coach and four through the trust deed governing them, and make that his subject and not some dreary question of Old Testament prophecy or the errors of the Church of Rome as prescribed. Is God supremely a Mathematician? Is the life of the earth running down like a clock, drifting slowly yet assuredly to inevitable nothingness and 'empty time'? It is a problem in its stupendousness for others besides men of science and philosophers to think about; but especially for Churchmen, in all the branches of Christendom, who have seen the old faiths, often materialist with all their ghostliness, held with a tame fidelity or not too subtly explained away. In '*God and the Astronomers*' (Longmans) the Dean puts his case frankly and courageously. Heaven, he grants at once, 'is not a geographical expression.' That, of course, is obvious to every modern mind, but the solidity of the future was, as it were, a very basis of former religious teaching. And what, then, is it? What explanation of the spiritual future can there be, if all that was given by our grandmothers to comfort their children is taken away? The Dean has plenty of courage. He faces the astronomers, the philosophers, and the unsundering Adamites and does make out a case, so far as possible convincing, for recognising that—

'the attempt to erect progress in time into a cosmic principle has failed and must fail; that organic evolution gives us very

inspiring prospects for a long period, but not for eternity; that the doom of our present world-order is fixed, for a very distant date; that for a long period before the final extinction life will probably have to assume simpler and what we call lower forms; that all the religions and philosophies which depend on any other view of the destiny of the cosmos are becoming untenable; and that the world-view of the Platonist, or Christian Platonist, remains untouched.

Then what does he put in the place, first, of the spiritual materialism that he has, doubtless reluctantly, but yet with necessary inexorableness, disestablished; and secondly, of the 'pannihilism' or 'acosmism' to which the astronomers tell us this world and the universe are drifting? He has a definite set of 'values,' more or less, to meet the need, and also there is the personality and example of Christ, who indeed was a reality which Christians still may endeavour to live by. This is a courageous and lofty-minded book; not everybody's sustenance certainly, but yet a genuine endeavour to come to the supreme problem that is at the back of every thinking heart in this age. Moreover, it is on 'the side of the angels'—but that is an expression which, in his philosophic moments the Dean of St. Paul's would probably regard as hazardous.

Charming and gracious, easy-going, almost pert, in view of the province they adventure in, are the '**Five Essays**' (Cambridge University Press), which, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, Professor George Santayana has issued. '**Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy**' is their general and more elaborate title, and certainly within the brief limits of this small, convenient book he gets a good many turns of thought out of the abundance of infinity. It is rather a *bonne-bouche* for philosophers in a lighter hour—if serious thinkers are capable of such an indulgence—than a contribution to sustained philosophy; as no sooner are we embarked on an appreciation of the position of Locke, a William James (whom Dean Inge, however, does not greatly admire) of the seventeenth century, or are celebrating fifty years of British idealism in the company of Dr F. H. Bradley, or contemplating Nirvana, or considering M. Julien Benda's theory of the relations between God and the world, or (best essay of all) realising the blatant

defects in the later science and relativity and the new physics, than—down comes the curtain! For what we have received we are truly thankful, but our gratitude might easily have covered a more elaborate feast.

We return, possibly, to more solid earth. The bombardment of the Victorians by the sometimes bright young things of this our fidgety day has gone on for so noisily and sufficient a while that it is refreshing to read the rejoinder of Lord Ernest Hamilton, who calls himself a 'Midvic' (dreadful expression!) in '**The Halcyon Era**' (Murray). Wisely, he makes concessions and wittily laughs at many of the absurdities of the 'sixties; but the opportunity for bombarding in return the giggling and shrieking shallowness of this day is so good that he scores easily—at least so far as concerns the green-nailed, lip-sticked golden-shabby chapter of Society which no more truly represents this age than voluminous side-whiskers and chignons altogether represented that. He refers, for instance, to the charm of amateur song in the 'sixties, and of the singers. 'Not only are there none such to-day, but an even sadder thing is that there is no demand for such in these tin-kettle, penny-trumpet days, when the cornrake ranks higher than the nightingale and when the drawing-room and the kitchen area pipe the same refrain.' So it goes on, a counter-blasting Apologia, with witty asides and reminiscences keeping the reader charmed with laughter, the happy prose being suitably adorned with Mr A. K. Macdonald's pencilled inspirations.

In fact, as in fiction, Mr E. F. Benson is a master of the easy, conversational, semi-ironic, gossipy (in the best sense) style. In '**King Edward VII**' (Longmans) he has scored another success. He has, it is true, no new material to draw on, but he has made the best of what is available. Possibly he follows the present fashion too far in exaggerating the rigours of the educational system to which the Prince of Wales was subjected, but it is hardly fair to judge such methods by the values of to-day. In those unenlightened, pre-psychoanalytical times, not only princes had to undergo rigorous and uncongenial methods of education, and it has yet to be proved that the results were unsuccessful. Mr Benson expends much sympathy on the Prince because he was denied official knowledge of affairs and official work. That the Queen



went too far in keeping him in the background is generally admitted, but in justice to her it may be suggested that the case would have been different if the Prince has shown himself to possess the qualities which she honestly believed to be necessary for the heir to the throne. Moreover, the way in which the question was often thrust on her, especially by Mr Gladstone, was neither tactful nor likely to lead to favourable results. It may also be added that, as a matter of fact, the Prince was unofficially kept very well informed of all that was going on behind the scenes as well as in front. His training for kingship was long and his actual enjoyment of it short; but of those few years he made the most and showed the great qualities which were in him. He stands out in this most readable book as a very human personality, genial, pleasure-loving, rather peppery but generous, with a keen sense of his position, great natural dignity, and a real flair for international affairs. If nothing could make him a book student and he was deficient in some of the virtues of his parents, he at least had outstanding gifts and qualities which they lacked—to their great disadvantage.

We pass to two statesmen, both of whom in their day were cruelly misunderstood. Possibly it is Byron's insulting poor couplet about Castlereagh which has kept in the popular mind the particular black mark against that statesman's name; but, in truth, so far have prejudice and ignorance prevailed that few historians have given a good word to him. Yet, as '*The Rise of Castlereagh*' (Macmillan) proves, no greater injustice in history probably has been wrought than that which tarred him as 'Bloody Castlereagh, the cruel and calculating fiend with a heart of stone and a mask of ice, the staunch advocate of martial law and torture.' One is somewhat at a loss to realise why Castlereagh was so much hated; less, it seems, in his active political Irish lifetime than after his tragic and mysterious death. Doubtless it was partly due to his reserve, the apparent coldness that came from sensitive shyness (and how often have those cursed with such diffidence suffered undeservedly in the opinions of their fellows!), but still more was it due to the work he did in fighting political passions as the minister of the 'ascendancy' in Ireland, doing much to counteract the rebellion of '98, and almost everything to

secure the passing of the Act of Union. Mr H. M. Hyde, the author of this volume, has described that sad and angry chapter of history with clearness and fairness. He re-establishes Castlereagh; but it will take years yet really to clear the reputation of that century-old scapegoat, for prejudice lives long. Even greater than the personal tragedy of the statesman is that which came to the Union, as in these pages is made evident. If the purposes of Pitt and Castlereagh in following up their Act with complete Catholic emancipation had not been ruined by the obstinacy and narrowness of King George, helped by weak-kneed or too-interested ministers, the Union must have been successful and would not have been repealed thirteen years ago.

Of less personal interest than Castlereagh, but of more historical consequence than generally has been supposed, and almost as equally misunderstood, though not pursued with a similar bitterness after death, was the first Viscount Melville, whose biography, '**The Life of Henry Dundas**' (Constable), Mr Cyril Matheson has written. Doubtless Melville was 'blanketed' by the greater genius of Pitt, whose right-hand man he was during the many years of that statesman's supremacy. Yet to read the record as here set down of the raw Scotsman, as he was at the first and to some extent at the last, is to be convinced of his national and imperial serviceableness. Incidentally, he made the generic name and standing of Briton tolerable to Scotsmen and carried such heavy burdens of the State as that of the War Minister against Napoleon during the Emperor's most ambitious and effective phases, at much the same time as he was also Home Secretary, the head of the Admiralty securing reforms, and responsible for India. In his multiplied offices, a reasonable forerunner of Pooh-Bah, he did such service as made him one of the earliest of our Empire builders. To him more than any other statesman we owe the possession of Cape Colony. Of course he made mistakes and had his enemies, leading to his unsuccessful impeachment, the last occasion when Parliament exercised that function. Possibly his raw Scots manner was against him, for he could not win the warm regard of the King; yet George paid him honour in the end. 'The person most prejudiced against Lord Melville, if he

could view the whole of his exertions at the Board of Admiralty, must acknowledge that in this department he has most fully done his duty.' We congratulate Mr Matheson on a difficult task well done.

Something of the imaginative quality is necessary to every readable historian. Otherwise he belongs, though it may be distantly, to the sapless generation of Dryasdust. Two volumes illustrate this truism. Mr Wray Hunt's '*Mediæval Studies*' (Fenland Press) is an example of its fruitfulness. A simple book, covering well-trodden ways, descriptive of the daily round, the common task, of mediæval citizens and country women and men, it is vivid enough, because the author with his mental eyes has seen what he describes, and, therefore, to some extent been able to picture to others what he has imaginatively seen—of all that busy, aspiring circumstance, ordinary to the times, yet to us full of colour and charm, which, from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries, was a part of the living story of England. His best chapter is that wherein he re-establishes the life of the old rambling roads and, incidentally, to point his moral, gives a glimpse of Chaucer and his pilgrims on their Canterbury way. And it is precisely so that we can best revisualise old England. But in criticising the mediæval mind for its credulity over 'the Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' Mr Hunt ought to have remembered that no less than Walter Raleigh (as Master Hakluyt beareth witness) recounted that thing. We venture also to question the statement that the Middle Ages broke down because their ideal was so high that men failed to live up to it. But, alas, there is only opportunity here to assert the fascinating doubt and leave it. It might require a volume to discuss it. We pass to the second book earlier referred to in connection with the blessed uses of imagination to writers of history. It would be unjust to bracket Dr P. Geyl with the fogey Dryasdust; but in his account of '*The Revolt of the Netherlands (1555-1609)*' (Williams and Norgate) he has deliberately set himself against the picturesque, though it may be misleading, practice of Motley in his popular study of that great revolution. Instead we are given a painstaking, closely wrought, but colourless, unemotional, dry account of the long and bitter struggle

against Spain for the religious and national freedom of the Netherlands; and such persons as Egmont and Horn, heroes of Motley's epic, are in Dr Geyl's study shadows fitting with small importance over the drab field. Even William the Silent is merely a transient perplexing phantom; while Zutphen—or Zutfen, as this author prefers to spell it—is referred to without any mention of Sir Philip Sidney, which, doubtless, is just and right in a balanced record, but yet expresses a tendency which does not help to readableness.

Three works of personal note. Sir George Arthur has had a varied and interesting life, and the account of some of his experiences as well as the character sketches of famous people given in his *'Septuagenarian's Scrap Book'* (Butterworth) make pleasant reading. So varied is the menu offered that we go from the Church and the Oxford Movement to Sarah Bernhardt and Beautiful Women; from King Edward VII, Gladstone, and Salisbury to Gastronomy and Peerages; from Kitchener and Curzon to Garters and V.C.'s. The Army, the Church, literature, drama, and politics are all of interest to Sir George, and, what is more important, he passes on his interest to his readers. It is rather a shock to find him misspelling such well-known names as Nicolson and Marschall von Bieberstein, but after all, these are small blemishes in a readable work. The blessings of a contented mind, proud in its Victorianism, are well-displayed in Mr James Thorpe's reminiscences, *'Happy Days'* (Gerald Howe). Mr Thorpe is one of Mr Punch's most acceptable artists, and it is clear from this book that his acceptability is due to charm of personality as well as to the skill of an observant pencil. His has been such a life as most of us live—with a difference due to his artistic gifts and the fact that not through pushfulness but through worth he has been able to progress easily along the ways that best suited his tastes and powers. As a schoolboy; as a cricketer, eventually to play for his minor county; as a hearty walker rejoicing in the winds and beauty of the sweet earth; in khaki during four years of the War; as a playmate to the right sorts of Bohemians and men, he has lived the happy days of his title, and found meanwhile a philosophy sensible and sustaining which it does the heart good to find

expressed. The book in its purpose is modest, but none the less enjoyably readable and well done. Unfortunately the same cannot altogether be said of Miss Lillah McCarthy's **'Myself and My Friends'** (Butterworth), for, although carefully written and expressing a lofty ideal of her art, it is often pretentious and gives too much space to exuberant praise of this big person and that, with testimonials to the author's graces, which certainly need not here have been printed. As to the rest, it is interesting enough, showing as it does the growth of a dramatic gift from rudimentary beginnings to the playing of such parts as Viola, Nan, Raina (which, by the way, Miss McCarthy surely did not 'create,' for 'Arms and the Man' was first produced some years before she joined any Shavian company!), Hermione, and much else. Such over-frequent little touches of humour as 'I had already begun to wonder whether perhaps the quality of "Mercia" [her part in "The Sign of the Cross"] was not strained,' possibly suggest why Miss McCarthy's best work has been in tragedy.

It is to be hoped that the protracted, unhappy story of the discordances between Tolstoy and his wife may now or soon be forgotten; especially as it could have no more fitting conclusion than this frank and sympathetic book, written, as 'a last word,' by his loyal daughter, Alexandra, **'The Tragedy of Tolstoy'** (Allen and Unwin). That the great Russian was cursed with the wrong sort of wife for his peculiar views and ideals is evident; yet his poor Countess, in her inability to apprehend his greatness, was her own worst enemy and, as her husband recognised, tortured herself all the while that she was torturing him. It is needless here to detail the long-drawn fever of domestic unrest and opposition which harassed Tolstoy and the whole of his large family; for the man was superior to his troubles—he took them as the spiritual discipline they were not meant to be—while, possibly, had he lived a life of entire domestic peace and had to suffer the family adorations which so often have injured greatness, he might not have filled that very high place from which, at least until the trends of civilisation are radically altered, he is unlikely to be removed. The charm and value of this book rest in the delightful glimpses it gives of Tolstoy himself, simple, genial, kindly;

at home, in his relations with the peasantry, in his attempts at teaching children ; in his social fervours and friendships, and especially in his love for those with whom he was most intimate, including his best daughter, Sasha, whose volume this is, and who gave to his care a loyal and unfailing devotion, which, indeed, was the working-out in reality of an ideal better than any taught in the personal gospel of her father.

In 'This was England' (Hodder and Stoughton) Mr Horace Annesley Vachell has given us a book as delightful to read as it must have been to write, and in which interest is just as great if it is opened anywhere at any time as if begun on page 1 in the conventional way. It might be likened to a dozen 'lucky dips,' one for each month. You may pick out a charming description of some historic bit of old England, or a good story ; a recipe for a succulent dish or a legend of some early saint ; a pagan myth or a racy example of old country folklore ; a reminiscence of sport or a useful hint about gardening ; a quaint byway of literary history or advice about wine or old furniture. You may travel with the author by little-known paths, by hill or dale, through the present-day countryside or find yourself wandering with him through eighteenth-century Bath in the company of the Sheridans, Beau Nash, or Ralph Allen. No one knows better than Mr Vachell how to provide a literary potpourri so that many diverse ingredients blend into a fragrant whole. How truly suitable it is that a book like this was written in a perfect eighteenth-century manor-house, once loved by Henry Fielding, and looking out over terraced gardens to Bath and the Somersetshire hills ! We pass on to that fine novelist and, as we now see, equally great magistrate.

The infinite capacity of genius for doing effectively more than its one particular job has been proved time and again—by Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, and now once more by 'Henry Fielding : Novelist and Magistrate' (Allen and Unwin), whose work as a law and social reformer stands out in its way as brilliantly as was his achievement in writing 'Tom Jones.' Often the poets and prose-writers, in plays and fiction, have dabbled in the law ; but, according to Mr B. M. Jones, the author of this first-rate book, only Shakespeare and



Fielding have done so without a mistake occurring. Even Scott, Writer to the Signet though he was, proved not faultless when he came to the legal points with which he loved to play. Fielding was a social reformer at a most corrupt time. The criminal with brains had it all his own way in the earlier eighteenth century, and the police force was almost nothing. Brutal robberies, even murders, abounded. Terror held the midnight streets; until Fielding, a Bow Street Magistrate, first devised methods for checking and controlling and in large measure ending the plague of criminality and evil. He made Bow Street a centre of prudent administration and firm justice; and although in his time he did not get due credit for his valuable work and influence in reforming things—well, he can secure it now; for this volume does justice to his resourceful insight and strong character.

The life-story of the great astronomer, Sir William Herschel, and of his loyal and helpful sister 'Lina,' which his granddaughter, Mrs Constance A. Lubbock, has compiled and edited from innumerable letters and documents, and published under the title of '**The Herschel Chronicle**' (Cambridge University Press), is a full book. Students of astronomy and of the history of that science, in which Herschel played a part almost equal to that of Galileo, doubtless will treasure every word of it; while for others of the appreciative general public—they can skip. Herschel deserves this monument; not only because of the work he gave to the research of the skies, which brought vast new fields of the heavens and innumerable stars, hitherto invisible, into ken, but also because of his inventions of astronomical instruments, including telescopes of such efficiency that the discoveries they yielded at first were not believed in, at least by the envious and by some of the official astronomers of his time. Beyond that, and not less of interest to the general reader of this volume, is its revelation of the man at home, making his music—for that was his earlier career—laughing, enjoying the social hours, and helping others to enjoy them. He certainly had genius and a charming personality, and, except for the genius, his sister Caroline was very like him. No great man better deserved his greatness.

We revert to the Tudors. After eleven years of  
Vol. 261.—No. 518. 2 B

hard, constructive work, Mr G. B. Harrison has concluded his series of four volumes which reproduce something of the daily round and circumstance of Elizabethan times. The present record, '**A Last Elizabethan Journal**' (Constable), covers the years 1599 to 1603 and, of course, ends with the great Queen's death. A good deal of ingenuity, as well as labour, has gone to these compilations; the result is suggestive and entertaining and to some extent instructive. Mr Harrison has made the most—and occasionally, it may be said, a little more than that—of his material, culled from contemporary documents and combined with some conjecture. We have a glimpse of the funeral of Spenser, are aware of the publication of certain of the plays of Shakespeare, recognise that with all the glory of a golden age the darkness of the persecution of witches still went on, and learn of the explorings of Sir Anthony Shirley in the wonderful East. But, of course, the Queen dominates, and herself, as we see in this volume, was often dominated or certainly harassed by the wildness and irresponsibilities of her spoilt favourite, Essex. Dr F. S. Boas had a grateful task, as he will have rightly grateful readers, for his '**Introduction to Tudor Drama**' (Clarendon Press). Pre-eminently the man for this book, he has produced a brief but stimulating work which is more than a mere introduction to his subject. Tracing the development of the Drama through the century which included Marlowe, but wisely is brought to an end before the sunrise of Shakespeare, he notes its progress from the early mysteries by way of the comedies and tragedies performed in schools and Inns of Court, and the masks and pageants in which that picturesque age delighted, to those finished, yet in many ways crude, works of Lyly, Kyd (for whom this author has possibly some partiality), Greene, and Peele to Marlowe, where undoubtedly genius was getting into its winged stride when a mean murder in Deptford brought it to an end. One small doubt in a work which defies destructive criticism: is 'wires' quite the word for those bars of the cage against which not only Bajazet but his wife Zabina dashed out their brains in Marlowe's thunderous '**Tamburlaine**'?

After an interval of three years, Miss Edith Hamilton has supplemented her inspiring study of '**The Greek**

Way' with a kindred volume on 'The Roman Way' (Dent); and although we prefer the earlier work, we have reason to admire them both. They stimulate and are written with care and charm; but we are more conscious of the omissions of great examples from the Roman work than was so with its predecessor. It largely depends on which is preferred, the Hellenic or the Roman ideal. For those ideals were different. Roman culture was based upon the Greek, but from those origins it departed along severely practical ways; so that not aesthetic and poetical beauty but power, law, discipline, order, and the spiritual qualities which sprang from those reasonable virtues were the things worshipped by the Roman heart. Duty, the joy and privilege of dying for one's country—who shall say they are not ideals as inspiring as any? Yet they did not so definitely lead to 'sweetness and light,' as did the ideals of Greece. But possibly we are permitting a personal preference to intrude into what should be an entirely reasonable judgment. The studies of the respective influence of Cicero, Virgil, Catullus, Juvenal, and others given by Miss Hamilton are admirable. A kindred book of less appeal, though fascinating to the comparatively few who are interested in the military art of the ancients, is Professor W. J. Woodhouse's '**King Agis of Sparta and His Campaign in Arkadia in 418 B.C.**' (Clarendon Press); the more so as it is to some extent a counterblast to Dr Bernard Henderson and other students of the Greek wars who, according to this author, 'prefer to stick to their old mumpsimus.' It is written with vigour and yet no bones need be broken by it. What was the strategy of King Agis in the crucial battle of Mantinea? And how much did accident, or valour, or cowardice, contribute to his victory, which, through its brilliance, obliterated the discredit that an earlier defeat had wrought? Advancing against the confederated enemy, he retreated suddenly, luring them to ground more favourable to himself; and when the armies were joined in battle in long lines—'to push of shield, man against man, weight against weight, morale against morale'—he instituted a move which is the subject of controversy. In the thick of crisis, to counteract inevitable and wasteful overlapping, by a predetermined plan

Agis created a deliberate gap in his left wing, intending to fill it with two battalions suddenly transferred from the right. A most critical and original move, in which, however, some one, and possibly two polemarchs, blundered. That is the point. Although the stroke failed, the victory still was won—and so we leave the text of Thucydides, with its omissions and perversities, to the experts, who surely will enjoy their researches and contrary thunderings.

The Poet Laureate had a task for his enjoyment when he set himself to write down the record of '**The Conway**' (Heinemann), the famous training-ship of the Mercantile Marine, from her inception in 1858 to the present day, for once upon a time he was one of her cadets, and he shows himself proud of the old association. In the spirit of a faithful historian, he has not shirked the less favourable aspects of his record, the earlier faults, personal and systematic, which sometimes spoil the happiness aboard ; but that side of the subject is small in comparison with the good he has to tell and tends merely to emphasise the brightness. Like all tales of sailor-men, it is a human story of duty, hard work, and play, stern and genial, and is revealing in the way it brings out the grit, resources, and readiness of the boys, which are the best results of that training. He has been helped by reminiscences sent to him by former cadets over many years, and is able thereby to make interesting comparisons and incidentally draw amusing and moving personal sketches of the old salts who taught those budding merchant seamen the tricks of their trade. There is also a touching note of the faith of the cadets that the gulls perched on the masts and rigging are Old Conways come back.

Finally, in these appreciations we note with gladness the publication in one comprehensive volume of the three parts of the 'Temple' edition of '**Dante's Divine Comedy**' (Dent), which for some thirty years has been a joy and a blessing to students of the brightest star of the Italian Renaissance. This sympathetic and rhythmic English version, with the original text printed on the opposite pages, more closely interprets the thought, spirit, and genius of Dante's poem than any other available version in verse or prose—and that we maintain after many re-readings.

# INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIRST VOLUME OF THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of  
articles are printed in italics.]

## A.

Abolition Society, 73-74.  
African Institution, 71, 81.  
**After the Verdict**, 189-210.  
Allen, W. E. D., 'A History of the  
Georgian People,' 53-66.  
*Allen, W. E. D.*, 'The Fascist Idea  
in Britain,' 223.  
Alverstone, Lord, 198-199.  
**Anglophobia in Japan**, 254-265.  
d'Annunzio, Gabriele, 139.  
**Anti-Slavery Movement, Wilber-  
force and the**, 87-84.  
Anti-Slavery Society, 82-83.  
**Arabs and the Jewish National  
Home, The**, 112-129.  
Arthur, Sir George, 'A Septua-  
genarian's Scrap Book,' 372.  
Asia, Japan's political aspirations  
in, 261-262.  
Atkin, Lord, 194-195.  
Atkinson, Charles Francis, trans-  
lator of 'A Cultural History of  
the Modern Age,' 130.

## B.

Bagratids, the, rulers of Georgia, 53,  
55, 57, 59, 60-63.  
Balfour Declaration, 112-113.  
Balfour, Rt Hon. A. J., 218-219, 222.  
Barrie, Sir James, 152.  
Beaconsfield, Lord, 215-216, 222.  
Behn, Mrs Aphra, 'Oroonoko,' 69-  
70.  
Bell, Gertrude, 144-145.  
Bellingshausen, Fabian von, 281,  
283-284, 286-287, 289.

Bench, the, and penology, 192-210  
—and Court and Prison officials,  
203-207—proposals for reform of,  
208-210.  
Benson, Mr E. F., 'King Edward  
VII,' 368-369.  
Bentham, Jeremy, 43.  
Bismarck, 14-15 *note*, 16 *and note*,  
17, 147, 164.  
Blake, William, 156.  
Bligh, William, and discovery of  
Fiji Isles, 279-283, 285-287, 290-  
291.  
**Bligh, William, The Vindication  
of**, 279-291.  
Blue-shirts, and De Valera Govern-  
ment, 292-293—origins of, 294-296  
and United Ireland Party, 296-  
298, 305.  
**Blue-shirts and the I.R.A.**, 292-  
305.  
Blythe, Mr Ernest, 294, 298.  
Boas, Dr F. S., 'Introduction to  
Tudor Drama,' 376.  
**Books, Some Recent**, 177-188, 366-  
378.  
Booth, Mr Charles, 'Life and Labour  
in East London,' 266-267.  
Borstal Institutions, 199, 204-205.  
Bourl'honne, Dr P., 'George Eliot,'  
184.  
Bridges, Robert, 'Testament of  
Beauty,' 153.  
**Britain, The Fascist Idea in**,  
223-238.  
British Draft Convention, reception  
of by foreign nations, 352-355—  
discussions on, at Geneva, 358-363.  
Brougham, Lord, 78, 83.

Browning, Robert, 152.  
 Brüning, Dr, 167-168.  
 Buchan, John, 'Julius Cæsar,' 21,  
 24-28, 30-31.  
*Burr, Malcolm*, 'Georgia,' 53.  
 Butler, Samuel, 'Erewhon,' 306-308.  
 Buxton, Sir Thomas Fowell, 82-83.

## C.

Cæsar, Julius, Mommsen on, 23, 28-  
 29—John Buchan on, 24-25, 27-28,  
 30-31—'Gallic War,' 31-32, 33-34  
 —letters of, 34-35—'Civil War,' 35.  
**Cæsar, Julius: Man or Super-  
 man?** 21-38.  
 Calpurnia, wife of Cæsar, 29, 38.  
 Calvert, the late E. Roy, joint author  
 of 'The Lawbreaker,' 189-190, 193.  
 Calvert, Mrs Theodora, joint author  
 of 'The Lawbreaker,' 189, 193.  
 Campbell, Lord, 42-43, 48.  
 Capek, Karel, 307-308, 312.  
 Capitalism, international character  
 of, 225, 228—and Fascist ideals,  
 231, 237—and democratic institu-  
 tions, 234.  
 Carpenter, Edward, 'Prisons, Police  
 and Punishment,' 47-48.  
 Cavazzoni, Signor, 166-167.  
 Centralverein deutscher Staats-  
 bürger juedischen Glaubens, 'Die  
 Stellung der Nationalsozialist-  
 ischen Deutschen Arbeiterpartei  
 zur Judenfrage,' 1.  
 Chamberlain, Rt Hon. Joseph, Un-  
 authorised Programme of, 211-213  
 —in Gladstone's third Ministry,  
 213-214—breaks with Radical  
 Party, 214-215—and Liberal  
 Unionism, 216-220—and Social  
 Reform, 220-222.  
**Chamberlain: the Second Phase,**  
 211-222.  
 Chancellor, Sir John, 122.  
 Children's Courts, 189, 191-192.  
 China, Anglo-Japanese rivalry in,  
 260-262.  
 Church, the, and Sociology, 266, 271  
 —wrong methods of, 267-269, 272-  
 274—needs of, 270, 274, 276, 278.  
 Churchill, Lord Randolph, 212, 216-  
 217.

Cicero, M. Tullius, 22, 27-29, 31, 34,  
 37-38.  
 Clarke Hall, Sir William, 39-40, 48.  
 Clarkson, Thomas, 70-72, 76.  
 Cleopatra, and Cæsar, 23, 29, 30-31,  
 37-38.  
**Clergy and Social Science, The,**  
 266-278.  
*Cohen, Israel*, 'The Jews in  
 Germany,' 1.  
 Collins, Michael, 294, 295 and note.  
 Commissioners of Prisons, Report  
 of, for 1931..189, 200-202.  
 Comte, Auguste, 159-160.  
 Congress, United States, and Presi-  
 dent Roosevelt, 97, 99-104, 109.  
 Contempt of Court, doctrine of, 193.  
*Conway, Professor R. S., Litt. D.,*  
 'Julius Cæsar: Man or Super-  
 man?' 21.  
 Cook, Captain James, 281-283, 285,  
 289-290.  
 Cosgrave, Mr, 292, 294, 296-298, 300,  
 302, 305.  
 Criminal Justice, English system of,  
 defects in, 190-208—proposals for  
 reforms in, 208-210.  
 Cripps, Sir Stafford, 229.

## D.

Dante, 135-136.  
 'Dante's Divine Comedy,' Temple  
 edition, 378.  
*Darvall, Frank*, 'President Roose-  
 velt's Policy,' 97.  
 Darwin, Charles, 159-161.  
 de la Mare, Walter, writer of intro-  
 duction to 'The Transition from  
 Roman Britain to Christian  
 England, A.D. 368-664'..179.  
 Democratic Institutions, origin of,  
 226-228, 234-235.  
 Democratic Party in America, 98,  
 103, 107-111.  
 De Valera, Eamon, 225, 292, 294,  
 296-299, 300-305.  
 Dilke, Sir Charles, 211-214.  
**Disarmament, Some Aspects of,**  
 347-365.  
 Disarmament, various schools of  
 thought on, 347-348—British atti-



- tude towards, 348-350—proposals for, in Draft Convention, 351-352—discussions on, at Geneva, 358-363—prospects of, 363-365.
- Disraeli, Benjamin, 68, 150, 215-216, 222, 229.
- Dobell, Clifford, F.R.S., 'Antony van Leeuwenhoek and his "Little Animals,"' 239, 251-252.
- Dobrée, Bonamy, 'John Wesley,' 320-324, 332.
- 'Doctor, A.,' 'Psychology in Court,' 189, 191, 206.
- Duclaux, Madame, 145.
- Duff, Douglas V., 'The Arabs and the Jewish National Home,' 112.
- Dundas, Henry, later Viscount Melville, and Slavery, 74-75, 78.
- Dutch Penal System, 198.

E.

- East, Dr Norwood, 200.
- Economics, Fascist, 232-233.
- Edwards, Maldwyn, 'John Wesley and the Eighteenth Century,' 320, 334-335.
- Effect of Circumstance upon Habit, The, 85-96.
- Egon Friedell, 130-140.
- Eldon, Lord, 42-43, 48, 52.
- Elliot, George, 145, 184.
- Ellenborough, Lord, 42-43.
- Endicott, Miss, 217-218.
- Ensor, R. C. K., 'Courts and Judges in France, Germany and England,' 189, 193, 198-199, 208-209.

F.

- Fascism and Nazism, 162-176.
- Fascism, the school as the political instrument of, 163—subjugation of all other forces to, 163, 173—excesses of adherents of, 165, 167-169—centralising policy of, 169-171—persecution of opponents of, 172—justification of, by its supporters, 173-174—widespread influence of, 174-176—creed of, 224-226, 230-233—widespread influence of, 233-234—in England, 236-237—appeal of, 237-238—and the Blue-shirts, 296, 299, 305.
- Fascist Idea in Britain, The, 223-238.

- Feder, Gottfried, 'Das Programm der N.S.D.A.P.,' 1.
- Ferrero, Guglielmo, 'The Life of Caesar,' 1, 37-38—'Peace and War,' 336-337, 339, 341-345.
- Ferrero on War, 336-346.
- Fianna Fail Government, and the Blue-shirts, 292-295—relations of, with I.R.A., 300-305—prospects of, 304-305.
- Fiji Archipelago, discovery of, 279-291.
- Fitzgerald, Edward, 141-142.
- Fletcher, Sir Murchison, 285.
- Fox, Charles James, and abolition of Slavery, 72-73, 79.
- Free Trade, effects of, 228.
- Friedell, Egon, 130-140.
- Friedell, Egon, 'A Cultural History of the Modern Age,' 130-140.

G.

- Gandhi, Mahatma, 225, 276.
- Ganz, Mr Charles, 'A Fitzgerald Medley,' 186.
- Garrow, Sir William, 42-43.
- Garvin, J. L., 'Life of Joseph Chamberlain,' vol. II, 211-218, 221.
- Gehl, Dr P., 'The Revolt of the Netherlands,' 371-372.
- Georgia, 53-66.
- Georgians, the, history of, 53-63—language of, 63-64—literature of, 64.
- Germany, The Jews in, 1-20.
- Gladstone, Rt Hon. W. E., 68, 150, 159, 211-215, 217-219, 222.
- Gordon, Douglas, 'The Effect of Circumstance upon Habit,' 85.
- Gordon, Sir Robert, 245.
- Graham Wallas, Mr., 'The Great Society,' 270, 275.
- Gray, W. Forbes, 'Wilberforce and the Anti-Slavery Movement,' 67.
- Grenville, Lord, 79.

H.

- Haber, Professor Franz, 6 and note.
- Hamilton, Miss Edith, 'The Roman Way,' 376-377.

- Hamilton, Lord Ernest, 'The Halcyon Era,' 368.
- Hardy, Thomas, 153-154.
- Hardwicke, Lord, 193.
- Harrison, Frederick, 160.
- Harrison, Mr G. B., 'A Last Elizabethan Journal,' 375-376.
- Hartington, Lord, 212-213, 215, 218, 221-222.
- Harvey, William, 247.
- Hatfield, Dr H. Stafford, 'The Automaton or the Future of Mechanical Man,' 308.
- Hayward, Abraham, 146.
- Henderson, Professor G. C., 'The Discoverers of the Fiji Islands,' 279, 284-289, 291.
- Hindenburg, President von, and the Jews, 13.
- Hirst, Mr Francis W., 'Money; Gold, Silver, and Paper,' 178-179.
- Hitler, Adolf, 'Mein Kampf,' 1, 3-5, 16 *and note*, 17, 162-165, 167, 169-170, 172, 231-232, 236-237, 347, 352-354, 362.
- Home Rule and Gladstone, 211-216, 218-219.
- Hooke, Robert, 245-246.
- Hoover, ex-President, 97, 101, 106.
- Hopkey, Sophy, 322.
- Housman, Professor A. E., 'The Name and Nature of Poetry,' 182.
- Howick, Charles, Lord, later Earl Grey, 68, 80.
- Hügel, Baron Friedrich von, 148.
- Hunt, Mr Wray, 'Mediæval Studies,' 371.
- Hutton, William Holden, D.D., 'John Wesley,' 320, 326, 334.
- Huxley, Thomas Henry, 159-160.
- Hyde, Mr H. M., 'The Rise of Castle-reagh,' 369-370.
- I.
- India, Anglo-Japanese commercial rivalry in, 257-260.
- Industrial Psychology, National Institute of, 313.
- Inge, Dean, 'God and the Astronomers,' 366-367.
- I.R.A., and Fianna Fail Party, 292-293, 300-305—and the National Guard, 295-297.
- I.R.A., Blue-shirts and the, 292-305.
- Irakli, King of Georgia, 53, 62-63.
- Ishii, Viscount, 260, 262.
- Islam, creed of, compared with Fascism, 224.
- Italian Popular Party, early support of Mussolini by, 164-165—struggle against Fascism of, 166-168.
- J.
- Japan, Anglophobia in, 254-265.
- Japan, industrial expansion of, 256-257—causes of anti-British feeling in, 256-262—and ways of overcoming this, 262-265.
- Jewish National Home and the Arabs, The, 112-129.
- Jews in Germany, The, 1-20.
- Jews, persecution of, by Nazis, 1-2, 13-18, 172—charges made against, by Nazis, 3-11, 162—services of, to Germany, 11-13—and the League of Nations, 18-20—and Arabs in Palestine, 112-129.
- John Wesley, 320-335.
- Jones, Mr B. M., 'Henry Fielding: Novelist and Magistrate,' 374-375.
- Jowett, Benjamin, 156-157.
- Judicial Bench and Reform, The, 39-52.
- Julius Cæsar: Man or Superman? 21-38.
- K.
- Kellogg Pact, 358, 364.
- Kinglake, A. W., 146 *and note*, 147.
- Kruif, Paul de, 'Microbe Hunters,' 239.
- L.
- Labouchere, Henry, 214, 217.
- Lamb, Charles, 141-142.
- League of Nations, and the Jews in Germany, 18-20.
- Leeuwenhoek and his 'Little Beasts,' 239-253.
- Leeuwenhoek, Antony van, 'Opuscula selecta Neerlandicorum de Arte Medica,' 239.

Leverhulme, Lord, 318.  
 Levy, Mr Reuben, 'Introduction to the Sociology of Islam,' 181.  
 Lister, Lord, 248.  
 Littré, Emile, 160.  
 Locarno, Treaty of, 349, 365.  
 'London Life and Labour, New Survey of,' extract from, 274.  
 Lubbock, Mrs Constance A., 'The Herschel Chronicle,' 375.  
 Ludendorf, General, 6 *note*, 8.  
 Lyall, Sir Alfred, 146-149.

M.

MacDonald, Mr Ramsay, 351-352.  
 MacDermot, Mr Frank, 296-298, 300.  
 Machiavelli, Nicolo, 135.  
**Machine and its Purpose, The**, 306-319.  
 MacMahon Agreement, 112.  
 Magistrates' Association, 45, 196.  
 Maine, Sir Henry, 146, 149-151.  
 Maitland, Mrs. E. Fuller, 155.  
*Malcolm, Sir Ian, K.C.B.*, 'Chamberlain: The Second Phase,' 211.  
 Marjoribanks, Edward, on Sir Edward Marshall Hall, 46—on Lord Carson, 46.  
 Marriott, Sir John, 'Life of John Colet,' 183-184.  
 Marx, Karl, 7, 139.  
 Marxism, and the Jews, 4-5, 7, 172.  
 Masefield, John, 'The Conway,' 378.  
 Matheson, Mr Cyril, 'The Life of Henry Dundas,' 370-371.  
 Mathieson, William Law, LL.D., 'British Slavery and its Abolition,' 67.  
 McCardie, Mr Justice, 41.  
 McCarthy, Miss Lillah, 'Myself and My Friends,' 373.  
 Meredith, George, 151-153, 158.  
 le Mesurier, Mrs L., 'Boys in Trouble. A Study of Adolescent Crime and its Treatment,' 189, 204.  
 Millin, Mrs Sarah Gertrude, 'Rhodes,' 177-178.

Moats, Mrs Leone B., 'Thunder in their Veins,' 179.  
 Mommsen, Theodore, 'History of Rome, 22-23, 28-29.  
 Montesquieu, 150-151.  
 Moraud, Dr Marcel, 'La France de la Restauration,' 184-185.  
 Moravian Brethren, and John Wesley, 327-329.  
 Morley, Lord, 213-214.  
 Morris, Sir Harold, K.C., 'The Barrister,' 46.  
 Mosley, Sir Oswald, 'Greater Britain,' 223, 232, 236-238.  
 Mowrer, Edgar Ansel, 'Germany Puts the Clock Back,' 1, 8-9.  
 Mulcahy, General, 294-298.  
 Murasaki, Lady, 'The Bridge of Dreams,' 187-188.  
 Murray, Dr Gilbert, 'Aristophanes,' 185.  
 Murray, Grace, 322-323.  
 Mussolini, Benito, 162-167, 169-170, 173, 175, 223, 231.

N.

Napoleon III, 147.  
 National Guard, and the De Valera Government, 292-293—origins of, 294-296—and the United Ireland Party, 296, 298, 305.  
 Nationalism, Fascist conception of, 224-225, 230-231.  
 Nazi Party, anti-Semitic programme of, 2-3—charges made against the Jews by, 3-11, 162—persecution of the Jews by, 1-2, 13-18, 172—strength of, in German Universities, 162-163—centralising policy of, 169-170—persecution of Jews by, 355-356—and Disarmament, 355-357, 359-365  
 Nazism, Fascism and, 162-176.  
 Neurath, Baron von, 361-362.  
 Newton, John, and Slave Traffic, 67.  
 Nicholson, Mr Harold, 'Peace-making, 1919'..177.  
 Novikoff, Madame Olga, 146 *and note*.

O.

O'Duffy, General, 292-293, 295-299, 301, 305.

Oemler, Marie Conway, 'The Holy Lover,' 320, 322.

Omar Khayyám, 141.

Owst, Dr G. R., 'Literature and Pulpit in Medieval England,' 183.

# P.

Pailthorpe, Dr Grace, 'What We Put In Prison,' 51, 200.

Palestine, campaign of Arabs against Jews in, 114-129.

Palmer, Mr Herbert, 'The Roving Angler,' 187.

Papen, Herr von, 162, 168, 232.

Parnell, Charles Stewart, 212-213, 215, 301.

Pasteur, Louis, 248.

Pearsall Smith, Mr Logan, 'On Reading Shakespeare,' 182-183.

Penology, judicial attitude towards, 192-210.

Peter the Great and Leeuwenhoek, 246.

Philip II of Spain, 137.

Pitt, William, and abolition of Slavery, 70-73, 75-79.

Plutarch, 21, 32, 37.

Pollock, Rt Hon. Sir Frederick, Bart., LL.D., 'Talkers I Have Known,' 141.

Pompey, Cn., 25, 27, 35, 58.

Positivists, the, 159-160.

President Roosevelt's Policy, 97-111.

Price, G. Ward, 263.

Probation, and criminals, 192, 194, 200-202, 205, 208-209.

Probation officers, 197, 200-201, 203, 206.

Psychotherapy in the treatment of crime, 189-190, 192, 200-202.

# R.

Ramsay, James, 70-71.

Rathenau, Walter, 6 and note, 9, 11,

Rattenbury, J. Ernest, D.D., 'Wesley's Legacy to the World,' 322, 332-334.

Raven, Alexander, 'Civilisation as Divine Superman,' 223, 230-231.

Reade, Mr Aleyn Lyell, 'The Doctor's Life, 1735-1740'..185-186.

Redman, H. Vere, 'Anglophobia in Japan,' 254.

Rees, J. R., M.D., 'The Health of the Mind,' 189, 200-201.

Reform, The Judicial Bench and, 39-52.

Renan, Ernest, 145, 160.

'Report of the Commissioners of Prisons, 1931'..189, 200-202.

Rogers, Clement F., 'The Clergy and Social Science,' 266.

Romilly, Sir Samuel, 41-42, 80.

Roosevelt, Policy of President, 97-111.

Roosevelt, President, character and importance of his policy, 97-99, 105-107—powers granted to, 99-100—relations with Congress, 100-104—possibility of welding his wide following into a strong party, 109-111—and Fascist economies, 233—attitude of, towards Disarmament, 358-359, 362, 364.

Rosebery, Lord, 214, 220.

Royal Society and Leeuwenhoek, 239, 242, 244-246, 248, 251-253.

Russell, Bertrand, 275-276.

Rutter, Owen, 'The Vindication of William Bligh,' 279.

# S.

Salisbury, Lord, 211-212, 215-219, 221-222.

Sankey, Lord, Committee of Inquiry of, 52.

Santayana, Professor George, 'Five Essays,' 367-368.

Schnadhorst, Mr, 211, 213, 218.

Sessions, William H., 315-316.

Sharp, Grenville, 70-71.

Sheldon, Mr Gilbert, 'The Transition from Roman Britain to Christian England, A.D. 368-664,' 179-180.

Simon, John S., 'John Wesley the Master-BUILDER,' 320, 332.

Smith, M. Hamblin, M.D., 'The Psychology of the Criminal,' 189, 190, 200.

Social Science, The Clergy and, 266-278.

Sociology, and the Church, 266, 271.  
 'Solicitor,' 'English Justice,' 196.  
**Some Aspects of Disarmament,**  
 347-365.  
**Some Recent Books,** 177-188, 366-378.  
 Stein, Sir Aurel, 'On Ancient Central-Asian Tracks,' 180-181.  
 Stephen, Fitzjames, 148-149, 191.  
 Stinnes, Hugo, 11.  
 Stirling Taylor, G. R., 'A Modern History of England,' 223, 227.  
 Strachey, John, 'The Menace of Fascism,' 223, 226, 229, 231.  
*Sturzo Luigi*, 'Fascism and Nazism,' 162—Italy and Fascismo,' 165 and note.  
 Swinburne, Algernon, 142, 145, 154-157.

T.

**Talkers I Have Known,** 141-161.  
 Tamara, Queen of Georgia, 56, 59-60.  
 Tasman, James, 281-282, 285, 287-289, 291.  
 Telford, John, editor of 'The Letters of John Wesley, A.M.,' 320.  
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 'Boadicea,' 157-158.  
*Thomas, Gilbert*, 'John Wesley,' 320.  
 Thomson, Sir Basil, 'The Fijians,' 281, 287.  
 Thorpe, Mr James, 'Happy Days,' 372-373.  
 im Thurn, Sir Everard, 'The Journal of William Lockerby,' 287.  
 Tolstoy, Alexandra, 'The Tragedy of Tolstoy,' 373-374.  
 Trevelyan, Professor G. M., 271, 323.  
 Tuckwell, Mr W., 146 note, 148.  
 Tugwell, Professor Rexford, 102, 104.

U.

Unauthorised Programme of Joseph Chamberlain, 211-213.  
 United Ireland Party, policy of, 207-299.

United States of America, meaning of recent events in, 98—effect of recent legislation in, 101-102—advance of socialistic ideas in, 102-104.  
 Universalism, Fascist concept of, 226, 232.

V.

Vachell, Mr Horace Annesley, 'This was England,' 374.  
 Vazelle, Mrs, 322-323.  
**Verdict, After the,** 189-210.  
 Vermeer, Jan, 239, 244.  
 Vinci, Leonardo da, 135-136.  
**Vindication of William Bligh, The,** 279-291.  
 Vinogradoff, Paul, 146.  
 Vulliamy, C. E., 'John Wesley,' 320, 324-326, 329-331, 333.

W.

Waley, Mr Arthur, translator of 'The Bridge of Dreams,' 187-188.  
**War, Ferrero on,** 336-346.  
*Watson, W. F.*, 'The Machine and its Purpose,' 306.  
 Wesley, Charles, 323, 327, 331-332.  
**Wesley, John,** 320-335.  
 Wesley, John, and the Slave Trade, 67, 69-70—human aspect of, 320-323—home influences on, 324-325—at Oxford, 325-327—and the Moravians, 327-329—ministry of, 329-333—varied interests of, 333, significance of, 334-3g5.  
 Whitfield, George, 327, 329-331.  
**Wilberforce and the Anti-Slavery Movement,** 67-84.  
 Wilberforce, William, nature of his services to Anti-Slavery Movement, 67-73—his parliamentary campaign for abolition of Slave Trade, 73-80—his later work for abolition of Slavery, 81-84.  
 Wilde, Oscar, 131-132.  
 Wilson, Captain James, 281, 283-284, 286-287, 289.  
 Willson, Mr Beckles, 'John Slidell,' 186-187.  
 Willson, President Woodrow, 101, 105, 107.

Windham, William, 80-81.

Wood, S., 'Leeuwenhoek and his  
"Little Beesties,"' 239.

Woodhouse, Professor W. J., 'King  
Agis of Sparta and His Campaign  
in Arkadia in 418 B.C.,' 377-378.

Wormwood Scrubs Prison, 204 *and  
note.*

## Y.

Younghusband, Sir Francis, 'The  
Living Universe,' 181-182.

## Z.

Zimmern, Professor A. E., trans-  
lator of Professor Ferrero's 'Life  
of Cæsar,' 21, 37.

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